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BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEMOCRATS

BY JOHN W. OWENS

THE question is this: Can they organize a posse and whip it into fury after the horse has been returned to the stable and the door has been banged, barred, and bolted?

The policy of the Republican strategists, planning the 1936 campaign against Mr. Roosevelt, is to bear down with unearthly solemnity upon the threat to the Constitution which is embodied in Mr. Roosevelt, his administration, and his works. Yet the plain fact is that Mr. Roosevelt's threat to the Constitution is a thing of the past, and if that immortal document is to take on mortality in the visible future it will be because of conditions and circumstances that have little or no relation to that somewhat elusively contradictory body of doctrine known as the New Deal.

In the first place, there is not the remotest danger to-day that the Supreme Court will leave the back door of the Constitution open for the entrance of wreckers. There is not the remotest danger that the Supreme Court will

feebly give its validation to legislation that is out of line with the familiar and conventional constitutional pattern. If anything, the danger to-day is that the Supreme Court will be so zealously on guard against legislation which might subvert the constitutional foundations that it may give the lie to the Constitutionists who assure us that growth and adjustment to all changing conditions are possible within the principles given by those elders whom the late Mr. Harding loved to describe as the Founding Fathers. In time, caution usually corresponds to danger. Mr. Roosevelt undertook to ride roughshod, in various respects, over constitutional principles that are as old as the nation. And for a time the Federal courts were very tender in their attitude. Much could be done of an unusual and, indeed, of an unprecedented character in time of emergency — provided remedies were as temporary as emergencies were assumed to be. But when remedies ceased to be remedies for emergencies and began to burgeon

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forth into permanent principles and policies of a nature beyond the ken of those Founding Fathers, when the Brain Trusters began to lay down blueprints for radical reorganization of our ways of living and of transacting business, the Supreme Court prepared for its hour. The fervor with which the nine members of that august tribunal deposited the NRA in the charnel house of laws was not the fervor of mere legal technicians. It was the fervor of sentries on duty in a wild night and forewarned of invasion. And the danger that the sentries may drift into the mood to shoot first and ask questions later was plainly suggested, if suggestion were needed, in the vehemence with which the Chief Justice assailed the attitude of the majority of the court in the railroad pension case.

No, the danger that Mr. Roosevelt would successfully attack the Constitution from the rear is a thing of the past. In fact, many of the very gentlemen who are foremost in demanding that the Constitution be protected against Mr. Roosevelt's machinations are also foremost in predicting that scarcely anything at all will be left of Mr. Roosevelt's legislation by the time the Supreme Court prepares for the summer holidays of 1936. If their forecasts are anywhere near sound, the death rate among the legislative children of the New Deal will be terrific, and, come next July, we shall be right back in that happy governmental state in which Mr. Hoover left us, plus rather substantial additions to the large deficits with which he unwittingly and unwillingly made smooth the way of the numerous varieties of American Keynesians whose motto is: 'When in doubt, spend some money!'

II

If Mr. Roosevelt is helpless at the back door of the Constitution, what shall be said of his prospects at the

front door? There are forty-eight states in this Union and thirteen of them can prevent amendment of the Constitution. A clear three-fourths majority of the states is necessary. And the thirteen states that can prevent amendment of the Constitution may be governed, in their action on proposed amendments, by provisions in their own constitutions which may permit a minority of popular opinion to control. The usual procedure in the states is that an amendment to the Federal Constitution must be given approval by a majority in *each* branch of the Legislature, and frequently the State Senate is weighted in favor of small communities. What would any political diagnostician say of Mr. Roosevelt's prospects of commanding the support of the six New England states for an amendment of the Constitution to validate legislation upon which the Supreme Court had placed its taboo? Not only is there the Rhode Island election; there is the well-known fact that the Democratic high command in Washington is in a state approaching despondency when it contemplates New England. And what would any diagnostician of politics have to say about the Atlantic seaboard states below New England? About New York? About Pennsylvania, where the New Deal Governor Earle lately lost a battle for revision of the state constitution? About Maryland, about Delaware, and about Virginia, both of whose Democratic Senators are in open revolt against the administration without any apparent danger of political extinction?

Nothing is easier than to count thirteen states in which Mr. Roosevelt must fight for his life in straight-out poll by heads, free of all the special rules and restrictions, all the deliberately placed barriers to hasty action, that lie in the way of steps to approve amendments to the Federal Constitution. No wonder the Republi-

can strategists plead with Mr. Roosevelt, as a candid man, to tell the people exactly what he proposes in amendments and, alternately, attempt to taunt him into some declaration! No wonder Mr. Roosevelt and his spokesmen offer unimpeachable generalizations that the Constitution was made for man, and not man for the Constitution, and hedge with consummate skill whenever anyone begins to ask, 'But exactly what do you mean?'

Of course, it is said that Mr. Roosevelt may pack the Supreme Court, and thus provide new and strange constitutional interpretations that will, in effect, drastically alter the great charter. But, passing over the pertinent question as to whether at some future date Mr. Roosevelt would be able to push through Congress revolutionary legislation to be validated by a packed Supreme Court, it will be observed by persons of calm mind that packing the Supreme Court is more easily talked about than done. One thing that stands in the way is the fact that the Supreme Court of the United States is probably the most superb health resort in the United States. The members of that court must be the despair of insurance actuaries. Many of them live to incredible ages, and they are not given to resignations or to early retirements. Seldom does a President have enough appointments to make any profound impression upon the collective thought of the court. Woodrow Wilson in eight years appointed but three members — Louis D. Brandeis, James C. McReynolds, and John H. Clarke. The Harding-Coolidge régime did have the appointment of five members, or a majority, but one was due to the almost unprecedented retirement to private life of a junior member. And Mr. Roosevelt passed the halfway mark of his administration without having a sign of a chance to appoint a single member.

Another fact to be kept in mind is that the members of the court by no means reflect the views of the President who appoints. President Wilson, liberal Democrat, saw Justice McReynolds turn out to be a stanch conservative. The ultraconservative Calvin Coolidge is responsible for the presence on the bench of the pronounced liberal, Harlan F. Stone. And when President Hoover appointed Chief Justice Charles E. Hughes, he doubtless shared the opinion of liberal critics that Mr. Hughes was an ultraconservative, which was one time that Mr. Hoover and his critics found themselves together, to find later that they were together only to be wrong.

Further to illustrate this aspect of the matter, let us assume that Mr. Roosevelt will have one or two appointments to the Supreme Court in the next eighteen months, and let us assume that there is truth in the Washington gossip that the Democratic leader in the Senate, Joseph T. Robinson, is to be rewarded (as the saying is) with a seat on the Supreme Court. Is there a single seasoned political observer in Washington who believes for one second that Mr. Robinson would be, as a justice of the Supreme Court, the faithful champion and spokesman of the administration's policies that he has been as the leader of Mr. Roosevelt's party in Congress? Is there any reason in the history of our public men, or in the character of Mr. Robinson, to believe that he would remain the advocate after being placed in a judicial office? The chances are heavy against it.

It is possible, to be sure, that a single appointment by President Roosevelt would shift the prevailing tendencies of opinion in the court and perhaps strengthen what is known as the liberal group, and it is possible that this might affect the fate of some important piece of New Deal legislation. But to think of this possibility in terms of subversion

of the Constitution, through complacency of the Supreme Court, is to surrender to incoherency of mind. Commonly, the liberal group of the court is supposed to consist of Chief Justice Hughes, Justice Brandeis, Justice Stone, and Justice Cardozo, with Justice Roberts inclined toward that group, but sometimes veering toward the conservative group composed of Justice Van Devanter, Justice McReynolds, Justice Sutherland, and Justice Butler. An appointment by President Roosevelt might conceivably swing the court in favor of some item of New Deal legislation in one of the famous five-to-four decisions. But would the validation of an item of New Deal legislation by the vote of a Roosevelt appointee, added to the votes of, say, the veterans Hughes, Brandeis, Stone, and Cardozo, have any special significance? Would it suggest that the new tail to the liberal group had wagged the old dog? The decision would, of course, take its place in the record with other five-to-four decisions. It might be right or it might be wrong; it might be wise or it might be unwise. But we should definitely be acting within the constitutional system and we should be in no more peril than we have been after any or all of the other five-to-four decisions in our history.

Boiled down, then, the fight of the Republican strategists to save the Constitution is a fight to save the safest thing in the United States. The Supreme Court has proved by its acts that it cannot be overawed and it cannot be overwhelmed. It has proved that it means to guard the Constitution. And Mr. Roosevelt has no practical prospect whatever either of changing the Constitution to overcome adverse decisions of the Court, or of doing any effective packing of the Court.

Nevertheless, there will be terrific efforts to raise and inflame a posse after

the horse has been returned to the stable and the door has been banged, barred, and bolted. The reason is simple. The Republicans are in desperate need of an intellectually respectable issue which also carries an emotional appeal. They might win in 1936 if they did no more than to mumble the baldest of platitudes while relying on the protest vote. The mounting volume of opposition to Mr. Roosevelt in the East has no affirmative objective. It is against Mr. Roosevelt. Likely as not it will grow; likely as not it will spread into the Middle West and perhaps beyond. Quite possibly that will be enough to elect any respectable third-rater whom the Republicans may nominate. But politicians without a 'cause' always feel like a man who has gone outdoors without his trousers. The weather may be balmy and the trousers may not actually be needed, but the man feels ridiculous without them. The protest vote may be sufficient and the 'cause' may not actually be needed, but the politicians feel ridiculous without it. Moreover, instinct confirms custom. There is always the fear that without a 'cause' to unite and point the protest vote, it may straggle and lose its onrushing force. Hence the passionate desire of the Republican strategists to rescue and restore the dear old Constitution months after the Supreme Court rescued and restored it before the eyes of all men. Blame them not, for other 'cause' have they none.

III

It really is astonishing to review the scene and to take account of the extent to which the Republicans compromised themselves in the issues on which Mr. Roosevelt has faced and is facing the heaviest barrage of intelligent criticism — the issues, indeed, as to which he has been most in the wrong. Take the AAA. It is the antithesis of the old American

idea. It repudiates industry and promotes indolence by paying men not to produce. It adds to this revolution in American values the hitherto hateful principle of coercion, however suavely or indirectly coercion may be applied. The American farmer, for a century and a half as independent a human being as ever trod this earth, becomes a tiny cog in an unimaginably vast machine whose throttle is in Washington. Meantime, the multitudes in the cities and towns of the country are being taxed savagely in their foodstuffs to provide money wherewith to bribe the farmer not to produce foodstuffs freely.

And face to face with this Rooseveltian fantasy of economics, what is the action of the Republican chieftains who have undertaken to save us from Roosevelt? Meeting in Washington in the early autumn, they decided that they would not include the AAA in the bill of particulars which they lodged against Mr. Roosevelt and his administration. Guffawing correspondents asked why. They were told that the reason was obvious and, in truth, it was. The Republican leaders are paralyzed in the presence of the issue created by the AAA.

The only essential difference between the Roosevelt fantasy of economics that is the AAA and the Republican agricultural policies that began with Mr. Hoover's administration is that the Roosevelt scheme does put money into the farmers' pockets. The money is taken from the sweating masses in the cities, and in the long run the scheme will react against the farmers. But the Hoover scheme also was to take money from the sweating masses in the cities, and it required not even the long run to react against the farmers. It reacted without a decent delay.

The brutal truth is that both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hoover have tried to soothe the farmer with schemes

to rig markets. Both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hoover avoided a head-on collision with the problem of agriculture.

What the farmer needs is to get markets open. Mr. Roosevelt has not tried to achieve that, in any serious way, although his 1932 campaign placed that duty upon him. Mr. Hoover's part was worse. He was in the Harding and Coolidge administrations which did all in their power to close markets for the farmers by raising tariff barriers so high against manufactured articles that other nations could sell relatively little to us, and therefore could buy relatively little except while we were lending them money with which to pay for our goods. This strangulation of natural trade, added to the passion for agricultural self-sufficiency at any cost which gathered force among the nations during the war and continued in the stress of the post-war period, threw the American farmer upon his haunches. For a time he was beguiled by additional tariff 'protection' for his own products, but in due course he became aware of the shabby fraud of 'protection' for commodities in which there is an exportable surplus. Therefore the cry for the McNary-Haugen Bill, to which volume was added by the voices of Frank O. Lowden and Charles G. Dawes. Mr. Hoover's response in his own administration was, on the one hand, the Smoot-Hawley tariff law which added to the farmer's woes by further closing markets, and, on the other, an attempt to raise agricultural prices arbitrarily and artificially against the American consumer by taking agricultural commodities off the market (without any idea of what was later to be done with them) and by operating in commodity markets.

To-day, the Republicans are hooked. They can go into New England and raise a tempest over the processing

taxes which are used to pay off the farmer for not working so hard and not producing so much, but they dare not go out into the West and tell the farmer that, if given power, they are going to wipe out the whole business. For one thing, they are chiefly responsible for the farmer's belief that there must be some way to provide him with a bounty, direct or indirect or both, which will be equivalent to the bounty given the manufacturer indirectly in the system of unprecedented tariff protection which has been the law since Mr. Harding led the nation back to normalcy. As late as the time of the 'grass roots' convention in Springfield, Illinois, former Governor Lowden was warning his party comrades that, while protectionism prevails for manufactures, some equivalent of bounty must be provided for agriculture. For another thing, the Republicans are unable to go to the farmers and say that they will reduce the manufacturers' tariff as a compensation to agriculture for the stoppage of its bounties. The farmers would not believe any Republicans who told them that. And while the manufacturers probably would not believe it either, they might act as though they believed it when campaign collectors came around.

There is nothing for the Republicans, facing the issue of AAA, to do. They must squirm and hedge. And they will be fortunate if the Supreme Court is merciful in its treatment of the AAA system. If that, too, is invalidated, the farmers are likely to back both parties against the wall and ask, 'What now?' Hedging, already difficult and ludicrous, may become impossible for the brethren of the G. O. P.

If the Supreme Court had not invalidated the NRA, the Republicans would have been little less embarrassed in taking advantage of the practical breakdown of that system which

preceded the court's action. In the effort at 'planned economy' by planners who could not see three inches beyond their noses, Mr. Roosevelt undertook a system of controls over business that was as violently in conflict with the traditional American idea as his agricultural schemes. He caused Congress to attempt to obliterate the lines of the states and to arrogate to the Federal Government complete power over industry and trade — power, too, that was not the sum of previous state power plus Federal power, but that far exceeded the total of *all* power previously exercised by government in this country. And, having had Congress attempt to arrogate this unprecedented power to the Federal Government, Mr. Roosevelt had Congress attempt to lodge the whole of it in his hands. Very well! Consider that arrogation of power — consider it as set forth in the opinion of the Chief Justice — and then see how many Republican leaders you can identify with the opposition to the NRA at the height of Mr. Roosevelt's popularity!

Go a little farther. Look into the ranks of the great industrialists who write the ticket on which the Republican leaders travel and see how many of those powerful men-behind-the-scenes were absent from Mr. Roosevelt's cheer section when the NRA spread over the land in 1933. The prospect of escape from the antitrust laws, which they discerned in the NRA, brought those gentlemen into the open. Under the inspiring leadership of Mr. Henry I. Harriman, then president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, they were the most vocal band of idealists with whom the nation has been blessed since the emotional days of the Great War.

And think back, if you are interested in the Republican conduct in that period, to the outrageous effort of Mr. Roosevelt's administra-

tion to bludgeon Henry Ford into clicking his heels before the image of the Blue Eagle. Think back to the administration's attempt to set up a boycott against Ford and to the administration's simultaneous admission that it had no evidence that he had violated the automobile code, and try to count three eminent Republicans who boldly and persistently challenged Mr. Roosevelt on this act of oppression.

IV

The record runs on. There is the Roosevelt gold policy, which the President does not usually mention these days except in the West. When the entering wedges of that policy appeared in the late spring of 1933, it was a Democrat, Carter Glass, who roared forth the orthodox doctrines to which both parties had been pledged in the campaign of the previous year. And, as against the echoes of Glass's fury which came from the Republican David A. Reed, there was the melancholy headshaking of William E. Borah, whose fear was that the Thomas amendment would *not* ensure inflation. He is the same Borah who was but lately the choice for the Presidential nomination in 1936 in a poll of Republican workers, and who, opposed by others because of his age or other reason, remains the general type of Westerner toward whom the hearts of good party men yearn in this hour when, we are told, national salvation summons the Grand Old Party to the post of duty. And if you look behind the political façade to discover what was being done in those days by the men of affairs whose advice is given respectful attention in Republican councils, you will find that the prevailing mood was one of sweet reasonableness toward Mr. Roosevelt's monetary experiments. 'Something had to be done.' Moreover, evil though inflation be, there was the possibil-

ity that temporarily it would restore vitality to various cats and dogs that were lying around in bank vaults and in the more spacious private boxes.

All in all it was a poor day's work. The Republicans had 'gone bust' as doers in the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover New Economic Era and they capped the record by going bust as critics in the days when Mr. Roosevelt rolled up his sleeves and began to make over America. They are not even in a position to enter a close-quarters debate on the budget with any comfort or assurance. For not only must the Republicans reckon with Mr. Hoover's great deficits — as to which it may be said that they were the result of bleeding to death, while Mr. Roosevelt's deficits at least provided a high old time; the Republicans must also face up to the financial consequences of their own New Dealism. They will not say that they intend to cut off the farmer's bounty. They will not say that they intend to cut off relief. They will not say that they intend to cut off the Federal Government's contributions to social services. And, of course, they will not say they intend to cut off veterans' benefits or outlays for new military and naval undertakings. They will not say in any tangible terms that they intend to *cut down* these expenditures. They are appalled by Mr. Roosevelt's spending, — and some of them are quite sincere, — but they are miserably entangled by their past performances and their present exigencies. They will be mighty men in abstractions and generalizations, but they will be cautious men when toe to toe with combative Democrats armed with statistics. If, as seems probable, their ultimate farm policy calls for bounties and yet for removal of processing taxes, they may create a new budgetary problem before which they will be utterly helpless.

Unless the Republicans are to depend upon dumb luck and the protest vote, they must go to the country with something better than criticism of Roosevelt policies on which their own record has been (and to an extraordinary degree continues to be) pitifully befuddled and baffled. They need, if their campaign is to have any of the positive quality which may be imperative in a fight against an adroit and audacious foe, an issue that will be so inclusive as to sweep over and to hide the ghastly wrinkles in their record and the gaping holes in their programme — an issue that will carry pervasive and potent symbolism and will stir emotion. The Constitution is their bet, and their shrewder strategists recognize it as such and have been drumming it into the popular imagination with untiring reiteration.

Logically, of course, they are in no better position with the Constitution as an issue than with any of Mr. Roosevelt's drastic policies to which they presented a muddled or acquiescent front. People who quit when the NRA fight was on, or actually supported that revolutionary project, are not in respectable position to appear as saviors of the Constitution. People who now give their assent to AAA, whether it be constitutional or unconstitutional, are scarcely eligible to lead crusades. But it is not logic to which the Republican strategists plan to appeal. Their appeal is to the emotions of men who have wandered after strange gods and are weary. In that mood, men are not overly critical of the priests who hold up to their eyes the sacred writings.

The Republicans have better than a chance. Lately, a retired clergyman, scholarly and a lifelong liberal Democrat in a Republican community, made a visit to his old home in Maine. He talked with friends of boyhood and early manhood, and among the stories

they told him was one of a widow doing her best on a farm. She had butchered two hogs for the use of her family. Some time later, Federal employees heard of her action and called on her. She told them that she had raised the two hogs and had butchered them and was using the meat in her home. They laid upon her penalties of eighteen dollars, which she paid out of her scant store. 'I would not,' said the minister in his quiet and gentle voice, 'have supposed that such things could happen in our country.'

This clergyman had felt that the emergency of 1932 and 1933 warranted, and indeed commanded, bold action, and he had weighed Mr. Roosevelt's devices in a calm mind, trained to liberal inquiry. There had been doubts and the doubts had grown. But still he held a judicial calm and sought to balance good against error. And then one day these logical processes were exploded by a charge of emotion. The image in his mind of a free people had been brutally demolished and the image of a people under overseers had been erected. Perhaps the Federal agents who gouged eighteen dollars out of the widow's poverty did not know the laws and were unwittingly abusing them as well as the widow. Perhaps it was all a mistake. But the widow did not know the law; she could not. And the widow could not afford to hire lawyers and investigate and test the complex provisions of the agricultural acts, fashioned by a centralized government for the control of a continent. When the long arm of Washington reached out, there was nothing for her to do but submit and yield of her pittance. And at last account the clergyman, lifelong liberal Democrat, was prepared to vote for a Republican in 1936, even, as he said, for Senator Dickinson. He wanted to go back to the old body of ideas. He wanted to restore the old fundamentals. He wanted the old sense of liberty and

of individual rights. He was back in the belief that a benevolent despotism is an abstraction of the mind, and never a reality of government. And, as every observant person must know, this clergyman is a type whose number has increased enormously within the last six months.

V

In 1933, 'planned economy' were words with which to conjure. To-day, they are almost as bedraggled as 'technocracy.' Mr. Roosevelt still has popularity, and, in some sections, great popularity. But it is the popularity of a man who remains in many hearts as a gallant leader who dared and risked for the sake of his suffering countrymen, and who champions the underdog. His no longer is the popularity of the great lawgiver. Read the popular defenses of his administration as they appear in letters in the newspapers. This defense can be compressed into a single sentence: 'Grant that he made a mistake here and a mistake there, and that many of his ideas have not worked out, are you not better off than under Hoover?' For that matter, the same defense is made in substance by the accredited spokesmen of the administration and of the Democratic Party. For they face a people plainly disillusioned as to 'the peaceful revolution.'

Two years ago suffering had so ravaged the people that they were impatient of anything short of miracles. 'Planned economy,' in the sense of *controlled* economy, responded to the agonized mood. Government and business and labor were to coöperate in Washington so to regulate industry and trade that production would be balanced nicely to consumption, and jobs would be evenly divided. Where were we to find the geniuses who would build and operate this gigantic machine?

The question went unnoticed. The

people had suffered too greatly to be denied the dream. Were the geniuses to be the same industrial and financial geniuses who had ruled the nation in the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover régime? If so, why would they be wiser in swivel chairs in Washington than they had been in swivel chairs in New York? Or were the geniuses who would rule in Washington to be originals, and, if so, who?

No answer to these questions. And was there danger that the genius would not appear at all, and that the petty functionary would descend upon the land in swarms, to harass the people and consume their substance, after the manner of authoritarian governments from time immemorial? Still no answer. Was there not danger that the pursuit of absolute security through a controlled economy, rigorously governing industry, agriculture, and finance, would prove a mirage, while the hard-won rights of the individual would be invaded and largely destroyed? Still no answer.

The people asked for miracles and would not be denied. But to-day they are aware that Professor Moley started out to be receiver for a bankrupt world and ended as receiver for a bankrupt hotel; they have seen coöperative, 'lend-their-services' magnates descend upon Washington in front-page headlines and depart in footnotes, and they also have a fairly good idea as to the number of their neighbors who are on the government's pay roll, and how they got there and what they do. The result is pronounced nostalgia for the governmental home in which we made shift for a matter of a century and a half.

The mood is deepened by the low moral estate to which dictators have fallen in the last year or so. They have embarrassed some of our thinkers, and alarmed others. For a good many years the sort of people who are now

faithful readers of the bulletins of the Liberty League were accustomed, over coffee and liqueur, to exchange profound thoughts on the merits of dictatorship. It probably was too much to expect in these United States, but it was pleasant to dream. And as the depression gathered weight beyond all calculation, some of these dreamers began to dream in daylight, and the idea took a vague kind of hold among a good many of the middle class and was not always a cause of rage among the workers. At least we could have a powerful, regulatory government in Washington. There was Russia, with a powerful authoritarian government of the Left; and there were Germany and Italy with powerful authoritarian governments of the Right. We were out of style and old-fashioned and therefore probably stupid. Could we not have something of this sort — American brand, of course? And, indeed, Mr. Roosevelt with his high-handed methods and his gayly democratic manners served very well for a time. But, as it happened, almost at the same time that the people began to realize that professors were falling down while the functionaries who collect eighteen dollars from widows were climbing up, things began to happen abroad. Stalin

killed off a number of dissenters in very unpleasant fashion. Hitler's brutalities became even more grotesque, while word spread that his finances were in a deplorable state. And not long after, Mussolini, darling for a decade of our 'upper classes,' followed up reports that he, too, was on the verge of bankruptcy by embarking upon the high adventure of shooting Ethiopians sitting. The result is that in almost any casual conversation one hears the word 'liberty' mentioned, often with respect.

All in all, the play of our Republican friends is good. Barring some upheaval in world affairs which may extend its influences directly and sharply into our politics, the revived interest of the people in the rights of the individual, as against an overlordly busybody of a government in Washington, seems likely to wax and to spread. The Republicans should be able to do a good deal in converting that sentiment into a Save the Constitution Movement. It will be a movement to rescue the rescued. The old horse is safe in the stable and comfortably munching hay under the affectionate eye of Hostler Hughes. No matter, say the strategists; let's all go out and organize the biggest band of vigilantes anybody ever has seen.

SIGNOR SANTA

BY JO PAGANO

I

THE whole blame, says my mother, lies on my father's *stubborn insistence* that he play Santa Claus. If he had taken her advice in the first place and minded his own business, everything would have turned out differently; as it was . . .

'But what was I to do?' cries my father. '*Corpo di Bacco!* Why lay all the blame on me? It was not my idea in the beginning. Gianpaolo himself suggested it. With my stomach, said he, I would make an admirable Santa Claus — and I thought, for the sake of the occasion . . .'

And so on and so forth. Nevertheless, in all fairness, I do not think it just to lay the whole blame for what happened on my father. Certainly he acted from the best of motives — that much cannot be denied; but can the same be said of Signor Simone? In this there are those of us who are inclined to take my father's view of the matter; indeed, we are inclined to feel that if ever the last detail of all that bewildering tangle of cross-purposes which went to make up that fateful Christmas Eve were finally unearthed and laid fair and square before an impartial jury, Signor Simone would not have a leg left to stand on. On the other hand, there is also, without doubt, a certain amount of reasonableness in the position taken by my mother — that is, that my father would have been much better off if, in the first

place, he had gracefully withdrawn and let Signor Simone go ahead and *be* Santa Claus, since his heart seemed so set on it; still, can one exactly blame my father? After all, why *should* he have given in? Who did Signor Simone think he was anyway? Simply because he was Gianpaolo's wife's second cousin . . .

But let us not anticipate. To begin at the beginning: —

It was a couple of weeks before Christmas that we first learned of the great gathering which our *paesanos*, the Maccaluccis, were planning on having that Christmas Eve. (May God help us some day to forget it, as my mother wailed afterwards.) The celebration was to have a dual function, for not only were we to gather in humble memory of the Holy One, we were also to give honor to Erminio, the Maccaluccis' second son, who was returning for his Christmas vacation from the seminary where he was studying to become a priest. They were going to have a great celebration — cards, music, dancing, as well as the traditional Christmas Eve supper, and they had invited all of their friends.

Gianpaolo grew very excited as he told us about it. Like all peasant-Italians, he had a devout respect for holidays and formal occasions of any description, especially those of a churchly origin, and if necessary he would have mortgaged his house in order to

celebrate this Christmas in a fitting manner — but fortunately such a drastic measure was not necessary. As usual, it was my father who provided the necessary finances — fifty dollars, to be exact. ('He must think you really *are* Santa Claus,' said my mother.) But to proceed: —

All, no doubt, would have gone without mishap, had it not been for the unexpected arrival, some ten days or so before Christmas, of Mrs. Maccalucci's second cousin, Silvestro Simone. (Accursed be his name!) He was an imposing individual, matching, in fleshly bulk, the two hundred odd pounds with which Heaven (and my mother's spaghetti) had adorned my father; he had a face like a beefsteak, a voice like a steam roller, and a huge belly which seemed almost too much for the rest of him to carry around. This man, this contemptible, loathsome scoundrel, had worked alongside my father and Gianpaolo in the Colorado coal mines of their youth, but it had been nearly thirty years since he and my father had seen each other. ('Could he not have made it thirty more?' wailed my mother.) During this time, much water, as the old saw has it, had flowed under many bridges; the passing years had carried my father and Gianpaolo many miles from those dark tunnels beneath the earth in which they had spent their first years in this country. These same years had carried Signor Simone many miles from the coal mines also, but in a different direction; for, while Gianpaolo and my father, imitating the course of the sun, had traveled westward, arriving, by successive stages, in California, Simone had journeyed east. He had been married (as we were to hear a dozen times from his own lips) three times; he had had six children by his first wife, four by his second, and eight by his last. ('By God, Luigi, I bet you can't beat *that* record!' he roared to my father.) During these

years he had been in one business after another — saloon keeper, restaurant owner, hotel proprietor; and he had wound up in Boston (where he had spent the past six years) as the proprietor of a fancy Italian grocery.

II

So much for a few brief facts about this reprehensible individual. Would any of us have resented him on the basis, so to speak, of himself? In all fairness, I must say *I do not think so*. We did not begrudge him his money, the diamond-studded elk's tooth that dangled like a glittering eye from his stomach, the fancy Italian grocery (which from his description must have put to shame the Grand Central Terminal); certainly he could have had a dozen wives and fifty children for all we cared about it. What then? Just this — *we did not like his manner*. As my father so succinctly put it, who did Simone think he was anyway? He moved in on Gianpaolo, accompanied by his wife and the four youngest of their eight children, without warning, without apology, seeming to think that the mere fact of his presence was sufficient to put the Maccaluccis in a very ecstasy of appreciation; he ate their food, drank their wine, slept like a king in the paternal bed (which, for want of another, Mr. and Mrs. Maccalucci had had to give up to the Simones, themselves sleeping on a mattress in the attic); and he did not offer to buy even an ice-cream cone for the children! And there is something more, too. In the morning, when the children were waiting in line, so to speak, to get to the bathroom, he — but let us not go into that; enough is enough; suffice it to say that never, in all of our collective experience, had we run across anyone with such a positive genius for making himself offensive.

Does this not make understandable,

then, my father's attitude in the matter? Had it been anyone but Simone (as my father himself will vehemently tell you), he would have withdrawn courteously at the first indication of a misunderstanding as to who was to play Santa Claus. But for nearly a week — that is to say, ever since the Simones had popped in from Boston for their 'visit' — we had been hearing reports, from both Gianpaolo and Mrs. Maccalucci, about his patronizing behavior; and therefore when, at dinner the Sunday before Christmas (to which the Maccaluccis had invited us in order to meet their house guests), Simone gave indication that he himself had intentions of playing Santa Claus at the celebration, we were more than prepared to resent his presumptuousness.

Long before he proclaimed his intention, however, my father had had more than enough of Signor Simone. He had never liked him, even back in the old days (as he later confessed), but in spite of this dislike, which he had almost forgotten, and which had been revived by the reports Gianpaolo had been relaying to us regarding his guest's behavior, he had looked forward to seeing Simone again, to reminisce about the days of their youth, to discuss old names, old friends, old experiences which they had had in common — this was the spirit in which, accompanied by my mother and me, he had gone to the Maccaluccis' for dinner, prepared, that is to say, to ignore all the ancient dislike and to meet Simone as an old friend, found again after many years of parting, with whom he could drink a glass or two of cordial wine for the sake of the old times. And did Simone make such an agreeable reunion possible? Did he, indeed? *I will present only the simple facts.* Would you like to know the first remark he made to my father as we entered the house?

'Luigi Altieri!' he roared, pumping my father's hand and nearly knocking

him down with a terrific blow in the small of his back. 'You alive after all these years? By God, I thought you'd be dead long before now!'

This, the greeting he gave to my father; and to my mother?

'Rosa, Rosa!' said he, as though reproachfully. 'You still? But how have you been able to endure each other?' And then he laughed, and threw his massive arms about her. 'But how fat you've become!' he cried. '*Per Dio*, I should never have known you!'

My father, trying to recover his breath, which had been knocked out of his lungs by the pounding Simone had given him, coughed, sputtered, wheezed; my mother extended one cheek for the kiss which Simone straightway implanted on it through his moustache.

'And this young man?' said Simone, fixing a curious eye upon me. 'Your son, no doubt?'

'This is Robert, my youngest,' said my mother coldly. 'He is an artist.'

'But no!' he said, his features expanding; and suddenly he clasped my hand in a grip that made my toes quiver. 'An artist! Well, don't worry, I won't tell anyone!' he cried, and opening his mouth he let loose an extraordinary sound that seemed to begin somewhere in the innermost depths of that remarkable stomach and thence to billow up through his lungs and out of his throat like the mounting roar of a flood-burst; he laughed, chortled, groaned; the walls rocked, the diamond elk's tooth quivered; tears came to his eyes, and he slapped his stomach with his hands.

Was it then so humorous? We all stared; my mother coughed discreetly behind her handkerchief; I drew myself up, and —

But no matter.

III

Such was our introduction to this monster, but unfortunately our ac-

quaintance did not end there; we had come to the Maccaluccis' for dinner, and to dinner we stayed. Meanwhile, we met Mrs. Simone, a pale, ferret-eyed wisp of a woman, and the Simone children, two boys, two girls, the oldest ten, the youngest five; Mr. and Mrs. Maccalucci hovered around us anxiously, took our hats and coats, pulled out chairs, poured some wine; and at last we sat down to dinner.

In the meantime, Simone plied my father with questions: how had he fared during all these years?

'One thing is sure, you have n't starved!' he said, glancing jocularly at my father's stomach. 'Do you have so many friends, then?'

My father laughed politely and muttered something behind his moustache; and at that moment the spaghetti arrived.

'Ah!' said Simone, tucking his napkin into his collar contentedly; and forthwith proceeded to heap a good half of the platter onto his own plate.

Midway through the meal the talk turned to the forthcoming Christmas celebration, and then it was that Simone made the remark which, like a lighted match tossed carelessly into a haystack, started everything.

'I have been told,' said he to my father in Italian, 'that you are planning to play Santa Claus for the children?' And, before my father could answer, 'That will have to be changed,' said he (precisely, as my father remarked afterward, as though he *owned* the place). 'For the past five years I have played Santa Claus for my children, and,' said he (waving his fork in the air), 'they would not know you, they would think you were an impostor —'

'But, my good friend,' began my father courteously, glancing timidly toward Gianpaolo, whose face had turned blood-red . . .

'And besides,' Simone continued obliquely, 'you have not got the figure

for it. Look!' he cried, pounding his stomach. 'You should see what a Santa Claus I make — ain't that so?' he added in sudden English to his wife.

At this point Gianpaolo, who had been making an ill-concealed attempt to disguise his mounting anger, exploded into action.

'Eet'sa too late!' he said, so excited that he too lapsed into English, which language, for some reason, he invariably used when he wished to be emphatic. 'Eet'sa too late!' he repeated, and then, finding he could not go on without resorting to his native tongue, he let forth a torrent of voluble Italian. The plans had all been made, he explained heatedly. It was impossible to change them now!

But why? Simone demanded. What difference did it make? It made lots of difference! said Gianpaolo. The plans had been made, and made they must stay. *It was too late to change them!* At this point a gleam came into Simone's eyes. And what of his children? he demanded. How would they feel to see an unfamiliar Santa Claus? That could not be helped, said Gianpaolo, his own eyes glinting; Simone's were not the only children who would be present; *did Simone by any chance think the celebration was being given for his special benefit?*

'*Sangue de la Madonna!*' bellowed Simone, crashing his fist against the table. 'What do you mean by that?'

Gianpaolo leaped up from his chair, quivering with fury. Simone rose like a great shaggy bear to meet him.

'Stop!' cried my father, getting between them. What nonsense! he added. He would gladly withdraw in favor of Simone —

Not for one moment, said Gianpaolo, looking venomously at Simone. *The plans had been made, and made they must stay!*

Simone shrugged and sat down again; finally Gianpaolo resumed his seat, and

we went on with the dinner as though nothing had happened.

The question of who was to play Santa Claus at the celebration was not mentioned again, but once or twice I caught Simone giving furtive glances both to Gianpaolo and to my father. Ah, had we but known what lay behind those glances!

But we did not know. The following afternoon my father (despite the warnings of my mother that he had better mind his own business) went downtown, as per arrangement, and rented himself a resplendent Santa Claus outfit; and so the great day arrived.

IV

It was not yet five o'clock when we approached the Maccaluccis' that fateful Christmas Eve, but already darkness had fallen. It had been drizzling all afternoon, and the streets were filled with puddles; long before we got to the house itself we heard the sounds of the gathering; the windows were ablaze with light, and we could hear singing and laughter, the lilting strains of an accordion, the strum of guitars. They had put holly wreaths and silver crosses in the windows, and through the panes we could see the shadowy forms of people moving about.

My father hid the box containing his Santa Claus outfit in the back of the car, and we went up the steps and into the house. There, in the small living room, dining room, and kitchen, upwards of fifty people were gathered. There was a huge fire roaring in the living-room fireplace, and underneath the Christmas tree stood a miniature manger, complete with the infant Christ, the Virgin Mother, and the Three Wise Men of Bethlehem, all in tiny figures of wax; the walls and ceilings were festooned with ribbons of colored paper and the tip of the tree was crowned with a gleaming star. As

Gianpaolo proudly told us, no expense had been spared to make the celebration a magnificent one; he had invited all his friends and their children, and the tables groaned beneath the pitchers of wine, and the house was filled with the tantalizing odors of the feast which the women were preparing.

In the midst of all this sat, in lordly fashion, Simone, ensconced in the most comfortable chair in the house, a goblet of wine in one huge hand; he nodded to us coolly as we entered, and I thought I saw a peculiar gleam, as though of calculation, come into his eyes as we went past him into the bedroom to dispose of our hats and coats.

Our arrival had interrupted the music and singing, but as soon as we had greeted the assembled guests and paid our respects to Erminio, who, since he was one day to be a priest, was treated with considerable awe by the rest, we found places and joined in the festivities. The accordionist and guitar players formed as it were a hub, from which all the other activity radiated; almost all joined in in the singing, and we heard again and again the familiar melodies of the land from which we had stemmed, — *O Sole Mio*, *Ciribiribin*, *Santa Lucia*, — folksongs, too, the songs of the field and the plough, deep in the memories of the oldest present; my father beamed and swayed and shouted; my mother nodded her head with a far-away look in her eyes. . . .

As it neared time to eat, the gathering became increasingly exuberant; the wine flowed more and more freely, faces became flushed, voices grew louder; the musicians perspired and struggled with their instruments and the house rocked to the sound of stamping feet and clapping hands. In the midst of all this, it was announced that the feast was ready, and in a few moments more great steaming platters were brought in and laid upon the tables set in the living and dining rooms.

In obedience to the Catholic custom, there was no meat. The main courses were of spaghetti with a savory sauce composed of olive oil flavored with garlic, parsley, and ground hot peppers; a dozen different kinds of fish, fried peppers in oil, olives, three or four kinds of salads, roasted chestnuts, a dozen varieties of Italian pastry drenched in honey, dates, dried figs, fresh grapes and apples and oranges. . . . For upwards of two hours we sat and gorged ourselves, while the flickering candles grew shorter and shorter, and the wind lashed the rain against the windows, and the logs crackled in the fireplace. Gallon after gallon of wine had been consumed, and by the time the feast was over there was not an adult present, at least among the men, who remained sober.

And what of Simone, during all this? He ate and drank as much as any four people present, making slanderous remarks, all the while, regarding the food: the spaghetti had not been salted enough, the fish was undercooked, the olives were dry. . . . Several times it looked as though Gianpaolo, who was seated opposite him across the table, were on the point of throwing some of the cutlery in his direction; but nothing, fortunately, happened, and the meal was concluded without mishap.

As soon as we had finished, the tables were cleared of everything save the fresh fruit, the nuts, and the wine, and the festivities recommenced. In obedience to the Italian custom, the plans were to eat, drink, and make merry all the night long, then go in a troop to early-morning Mass, then return for the Christmas Day dinner. Those who wished could catch an hour or two's sleep in the meantime, but usually there were few, aside from some of the oldest, who slept; the festivities by tradition usually continued without let-up from the afternoon of Christmas Eve on through Christmas Day.

V

It was now approaching ten o'clock, but the exuberance had not abated. At the tables the men played cards, shouting and slapping their hands on the table as they brought the cards down; the women busied themselves washing the dishes and cleaning up the kitchen; some of the younger couples danced. And through all this the children ran about playing games, shouting, crying, throwing candies and cookies at each other . . . frantic mothers scurried about, trying to control their offspring . . . an argument or two developed amongst the card players . . . someone spilled a pitcher of wine on the floor . . . yes, everything was progressing beautifully.

And then the fateful hour of midnight approached.

The plans, which my father and his *paesano* had gone over carefully a hundred times, were as follows: a few minutes before midnight my father was to take his Santa Claus outfit and go out in the back to the garage. Here a great sack had been hidden, filled with presents for the children. In the house, meanwhile, the children were to be herded into the living room, around the Christmas tree. Promptly at the stroke of midnight my father was to appear, dressed as Santa Claus, the sack of presents slung over his shoulder.

These, the plans; and what happened?

Fifteen minutes or so before midnight, my father and his *paesano* exchanged a knowing glance. My father coughed, glanced at the children blandly, then, motioning to me to follow him, he got up from the table and went out the front door. We got the box with the Santa Claus suit from the car, then went around the house and to the back, where Gianpaolo was waiting for us in the garage. In a few minutes we had helped my father change into the

Santa Claus suit, with its red coat and pantaloons; he stood up proudly and stroked the white whiskers which enveloped his ruddy face like a cloud.

'Well, how do I look?' he demanded.

But he looked magnificent! Gianpaolo reassured him, in a very ecstasy of enthusiasm; he straightened the coat, patted my father's stomach, tucked one sagging corner of the trousers into the boots. Magnificent, magnificent! he repeated. And now for the presents, he added, turning to a canvas which had been laid over some jugs in one corner of the garage, where the sack of presents had been hidden. He lifted the canvas — and then it was that we gained our first inkling that all was not to happen, this fateful eve, as planned. *The sack with the presents had disappeared!*

'*Sangue de la Madonna!*' Gianpaolo ejaculated, wrinkling his forehead in agony, and staring at the blank space beneath the canvas. He tore the canvas off frantically and began to search among the jugs, throwing them this way and that wildly.

But what was the matter? asked my father courteously.

Matter! said Gianpaolo. The presents — *someone had stolen them!*

What? said my father. But that was impossible!

At that moment, from the direction of the house, we heard a familiar voice calling our *paesano's* name.

'Gianpaolo, Gianpaolo!'

We rushed out into the yard. Mrs. Maccalucci was running toward us, her hair flying wildly in the drizzling rain.

'What's-a-matter?' cried her husband.

'Simone!' she gasped, then began to wail some more and wring her hands. Gianpaolo grabbed her by the shoulders and shook her.

'What's-a-matter?' he repeated.

Simone had stolen the presents and, dressed in a Santa Claus suit of his own,

was even now preparing to give them out to the children!

'*Corpo di Bacco!*' bellowed Gianpaolo, and, pushing her aside, he ran toward the house, followed by my father and me.

We rushed up the back steps, through the kitchen, through the dining room, into the living room — and sure enough, there he was, surrounded by the awe-struck children, dressed in a resplendent red Santa Claus suit, complete with whiskers and all.

'Simone!' screamed Gianpaolo.

And do you know what Simone did? *He turned and looked at us blandly!*

'*Che fai*, what are you doing?' stammered Gianpaolo, so beside himself he could hardly talk.

'But can you not see?' retorted Simone suavely. 'I am giving the children their presents!'

'You? You?' cried Gianpaolo; then, 'Monster!' he cried, and, leaping forward on his short bandy legs, he swung his fist against Simone's jaw. Simone ducked, and with a push of one huge paw knocked Gianpaolo to the floor. My father stared at his undersized friend, where he lay on the floor, then turned to Simone.

'So!' he said; and without another word he leaped upon his friend's assailant. The women screamed, the children whimpered and wailed, the other male guests began milling around excitedly; and in the middle of all this my father and Simone groaned, flailed, tugged. Suddenly my father dealt Simone a resounding smack that knocked him into the fireplace. He bellowed and struggled to regain his feet; suddenly the flames leaped over him and his whiskers caught fire.

'*Mamma mia!*' he screamed. 'Help, help!'

From victorious antagonist my father turned abruptly to the rôle of rescuer; he reached forward and pulled Simone upright, slapping at the whiskers to put

the fire out. Simone, however, apparently mistook these friendly blows as the signal of a new attack; he hit back; they began to wrestle; suddenly my father's own whiskers caught fire.

They released each other and began dancing around, pulling at their smouldering whiskers. Someone threw a pitcher of wine over them; then all at once there was a scream: —

‘Fire! Fire!’

The paper festoons had caught flame; in a moment more the fire had swept to the curtains and the ceiling; pandemonium broke loose. Hysterical mothers grabbed for their children; the men rushed back and forth from the kitchen frantically, bearing buckets and pans of water; someone put in a call for the fire wagon.

From this point on so many things happened at once it is impossible to relate them with any pretense of order; the fire wagons arrived with much clanging of bells and screaming of sirens, and a great crowd of people collected in the street. We had already put out the fire, however, and presently the engines departed. Meanwhile a couple of police patrol cars arrived on the scene, and to these worthy guardians of the public morale much explanation had to be given before they could be persuaded not to herd ‘the whole damn bunch of us’ down to the station. Simone, upon orders of his erstwhile host, packed his clothes (still maintaining stubbornly that it was all a misunderstanding, that his intentions had been the most honorable), and, accompanied by his wife and children, departed in a huff for a hotel; then the guests, one by one, began to leave. At the last, none were left save the Maccaluccis and their own children, my mother and father, and me. My mother and Mrs. Maccalucci were weeping; we sat desolately amidst, as it were, the ruins, and surveyed the charred walls and ceiling,

the water-drenched furniture, the sorry remains of the magnificent Christmas tree.

‘*Per l’amore di Dio!*’ wailed Gianpaolo. ‘Cousin or no cousin — if I ever see him again I’ll kill him!’

At that moment there was the sound of someone coming up the front steps, then entering the house.

‘But who can that be?’ muttered Gianpaolo, and, mumbling to himself, he started to rise.

At that moment — yes! — we saw the countenance and figure of Simone (carrying an umbrella archly) appear in the doorway.

He stood and looked at us all haughtily.

‘Excuse me,’ he said coldly. ‘I forgot my shaving brush.’

Gianpaolo stared at him; then suddenly he let out a scream, and, picking up a long knife from the table, he started after Simone. Simone stared at the knife, paled, dropped the umbrella, then, whirling around, started pellmell down the steps, with Gianpaolo hard after him.

VI

These, then, are the simple facts of the case. In conclusion it may be added that Gianpaolo received thirty days for attempted assault with a deadly weapon; Simone, on the other hand, went scot-free, and even now, no doubt, is back in that magnificent Italian grocery in Boston, safely barricaded behind his salami and cheese. Is this, then, justice? On top of all that, my father had to foot the bill for the damages — one hundred and six dollars and eighty cents, to be exact. It is such things that make my mother bitter. If my father had not been so *stubbornly insistent* in the first place, says she, all might have turned out differently; as it was — But enough of all that; we shall leave it for the reader to judge.

FATHER COUGHLIN

BY FORREST DAVIS

I

THE scene is an assembly room, bare except for sacred chromos, potted plants, and small desks. It is the school of the Shrine Church of Saint Thérèse of the Holy Face and the Child Jesus, the Little Flower, in Royal Oak, Michigan. Nominally a parochial school, it is the Reverend Charles Edward Coughlin's first 'anti-Communitic school.'

Several hundred boys and girls, of ages varying from eleven to fourteen, file in from play, shuffle into crowded rows, and respectfully eye the priest who faces them. Father Coughlin, stoutish, his round youthful face unseamed, regards the rows of adolescents challengingly. He utters a word of command and four hundred arms shoot out horizontally. Two hundred childish crosses stand awkwardly at attention. His own arms held at an angle of ninety degrees, the famous pastor leads his innocents in a vow.

The mellow organ familiar to millions of radio listeners swells militantly above the treble of the children. Shrilly they pledge themselves to hate Communism, but to love Communists as 'Christ loved His executioners on the cross.' They frown, striving to look as fierce as the words sound. They gather intensity for the final resounding crash of will: 'I pledge myself to do all in my power to destroy Communism. If necessary, I will surrender my life . . . rather than obey the dictates of Karl Marx and those who hate our country

and our Church.' The children drop their arms, and the daily demonstration against the 'red flag' is at an end.

Is this disquieting tableau perhaps a bit of political strategy? The Presidential campaign of 1936 is at hand and a mass leader must prepare his rôle. Father Coughlin launches his Youth Movement, hoping to introduce the anti-red oath into parish schools everywhere. A new 'red hunt' may be in the making at Royal Oak; one recalls that a campaign on Soviet Russia and American Marxists, pacifists, pinks, and political liberals served to extend his audience and fame in 1930.

This winter he resumes the Sunday afternoon broadcasts over thirty stations, two more than he used last spring. He renews the epithetical feud with international bankers and selected industrialists, to say nothing of 'outworn capitalism.' He enjoys a breakfast at Hyde Park. He organizes a dubious union of automotive workers, in competition with the American Federation of Labor — a union which, bound to peaceful association with the employers, surrenders in advance its right to strike. He stoutly repudiates reports that he intends to extinguish the National Union for Social Justice, his vast, inchoate lobby.

Where will Father Coughlin stand in 1936? He refrains from public commitment for or against Roosevelt, for or against the Republicans or a new party.

Does his voice, rising from the Michigan prairie, still carry weight with millions of spellbound voters? Has he a balance of power in ordinarily doubtful states — for example, New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Ohio, and Illinois? Must he be reckoned with by candidates — cajoled as the Roosevelt Administration has flattered, favored, and used him? With Huey Long's demise the influence of the politician-priest now presents the most fascinating enigma of the gathering campaign.

The answers to those immediately practical questions would be entertaining, perhaps useful, but what of the long-range influence of this ecclesiastical phenomenon? In his relatively brief span as a political leader, he has been called by various names. H. G. Wells found him a 'raucous voice' with a 'method of empty poverty.' Dr. Butler dubs him a 'boisterous foe of the general welfare.' The Augustan Cardinal Archbishop of Boston has branded him a 'hysterical demagogue.' Assorted rabbis decry him as anti-Semitic. He is, by turns, a Peter the Hermit, a Savonarola, a Talleyrand; radical, Fascist, an agrarian agitator, a present-day Populist. With reckless joy Hugh Johnson rated him a Pied Piper as well as a 'political termite.'

The rough, factual outline of Father Coughlin's career is a success story, widely familiar. Born of working-class parents of Irish blood in Hamilton, Ontario, he sprang into world-wide notice by means of his old-fashioned oratory, his unbounded self-assurance, and his novel manipulation of the radio. It is common knowledge that his American-born father was sexton of a Catholic cathedral; that his great-grandfather helped pick-and-shovel the Erie Canal; that in school he was called 'Chuck,' played a hard game of 'rugger,' and in 1911 took his bachelor's degree from the University of Toronto at the age of twenty. The resource-

ful young priest's early struggles in the missionary parish of Royal Oak, where he was settled in 1926, his naïve determination to make use of expensive radio time to increase his congregations — these, too, are part of the Coughlin legend.

Father Coughlin's mail is greater in volume than that of any other American individual or institution; he speaks familiarly with Presidents and Senators, he wields an indefinable power. Making the radio technique peculiarly his own, he added a new dimension to political leadership. Coughlin's oratorical equipment was sound. He had been trained in an old school; his method was dogmatic affirmation. He lashed the objects of his aversion with whips of thongs, his rounded tenor voice rising and falling into the microphone. He despised the balanced, objective statement. Now reverential, now raging with a righteous fury, he buttressed his assertions by quotations from the Bible, from the Fathers, holy doctors, and Popes, from documents, records, and the press. Above all, he named names, and when he had finished, the enemy lay all about, whether Bolshevik, prohibitionist, birth-control advocate, international banker, pacifist, or General Johnson. He justified personalities on the ground that he but imitated the Fathers, who, in extirpating heresy, invariably made the heretic as uncomfortable as possible. He cited Saint Cyril of Alexandria and Saint Athanasius, recalling that, not content with denouncing the Nestorian and Arian vagaries, they saw to it that Nestorius and Arius personally were visited with the scorn of true believers.

The style of what he called his discourses was illiberal, intemperate, florid. He had a talent for crudely poetic hyperbole. In January 1930, he first tasted the sweets of political controversy in a series of discourses aimed at the 'red menace.' He entitled his

opening sermon 'Christ or the Red Fog,' initiating the calamity phrases which he has made familiar: 'Christ or Chaos,' 'Roosevelt or Ruin,' and even, in a moment of exasperation with the AAA, 'Christ or Tugwell.' His text dealt with abolition by the Kremlin of holly and mistletoe as furbishings for the Soviet Christmas. His remarks provoked the wrath of many letter writers. He returned to the attack the following Sunday, linking divorce with Bolshevism and depicting the horrors of free love, a practice which he associated exclusively with Socialists.

'Christian parents,' he inquired, 'do you want your daughter to be the breeder of some lustful person's desires, and, when the rose of her youth has withered, to be thrown upon the highways of Socialism? Do you want atheism in her home and in her heart? Choose to-day! It is either Christ or the Red Fog of Communism. It is either the marriage feast of Cana or the brothel of Lenin.'

That was a sample of the young leader's persuasiveness in 1930.

II

Father Coughlin was born in 1891. Although the coincidence is no doubt irrelevant, in that year Pope Leo XIII replied to the challenge of Marx. In a notable encyclical, the Holy Father bade such of the Catholic laboring classes as had been seduced by Marxism to return to their mother, the Church. His declaration, on the other hand, admonished the employing classes that labor was not a chattel, that the worker possessed human dignity, that wealth was merely a stewardship, and that the Church expected capital and labor to collaborate peaceably to the greater glory of God.

Pope Leo's labor encyclical was but one of the shafts which that vigorous pontiff hurled at the enemies of Peter.

In the late nineteenth century Rome had set itself sternly against Marxism, Modernism, and Liberalism. The postulates of Marx were weaning large sections of the Catholic workers from the Faith. Modernist skeptics reflected the unsettlement in the non-Catholic world induced by Darwin and Huxley. Politico-economic liberalism, the laissez-faire Manchester school of rugged individualism, never accorded completely with the Church's mind and conscience.

The labor encyclical stirred intellectual eddies throughout Catholic Europe. Penetrating the universities and seminaries, the Leonine concept of a reorganized modern state with a strong theocratic bias, devoid alike of Marxist and Liberal, created a political ferment. Seminary students, preparing to work in the industrial cities, seized on the encyclical as a weapon with which to beat off scientific Socialism. At Innsbruck, in the Austrian Tirol, no student of the Jesuits pondered the utterance more deeply than Michael James Gallagher, an American. The encyclical, as he confessed many years later, conditioned his whole life as a priest and bishop.

In Europe the encyclical was translated into action. A Catholic labor movement grew up in various parts of the Continent. Catholics entered politics as a party, to oppose the free-thinking Liberals and the Social Democrats, and after the World War these clerical parties of the centre became decisive elements in the defeated Central Powers. The Church in America inspired no sustained labor movement, nor did it, as a minority, care to introduce a clerical faction into the two-party system. Here the encyclical remained an echo in the minds of socially conscious clerics and a topic of academic discussion in the seminaries.

As priest and bishop, Michael James

Gallagher retained his associations with the Tirol, with Austria and Hungary. Revisiting the country yearly, he maintained friendships, many in high place. After the war, he mourned over the disintegration of the Hapsburg empire. He contemplated the red régime of Bela Kun in Hungary with horror and applauded the counter-revolution of Admiral Horthy. Although the Regent is a Calvinist, they became fast friends and the bishop was a frequent guest at Horthy's palace in Budapest. In post-war Austria, the American prelate's friends were predominantly Monarchists and clericals. When Monsignor Gallagher became Bishop of Detroit in 1918, he was sufficiently familiar with the political success of the Austrian clericals. The priest-statesman Seipel, who ruled post-war Austria, inspired the formation of the Heimwehr, a private army of the royalists, landowning aristocrats, heavy industrialists, and the Church, to counteract the new Republic's parliament. Seipel was succeeded by Dollfuss, a fervent clerical, who in 1933 seized dictatorial power and promulgated a new constitution which, he proclaimed, had been outlined by God!

Bishop Gallagher enjoyed Dollfuss's friendship, being a welcome caller at the Ballhausplatz in Vienna. There he might easily notice the savagery vented by the dictatorship on the virtually disarmed Social Democrats of Vienna. He might also have seen that Dollfuss ruled without the advice of even Catholic labor groups and that his régime practised a subtle anti-Semitism. When the Little Chancellor was murdered in August 1934, Bishop Gallagher followed him to his grave. In Austria, the American had seen two Fascisms existing side by side — the Heimwehr of Prince von Starhemberg and the clerical dictatorship of Dollfuss. Bishop Gallagher's associations are with the clerical or Christian Fascists, who claim

to rule by the principles of Leo XIII and Pius XI.

Pope Pius's social encyclical, supplementing and extending the pronouncements of Leo XIII, came thundering from the Vatican in May 1931. It too condemned Peter's familiar enemies, Marxism and Liberalism. Pope Pius trained his criticism upon unrestrained capitalistic enterprise, the rugged individualism of American idiom; he outlined as his formula for a regenerated society a state scarcely distinguishable from the syndicalism of Mussolini's corporative pattern. 'Now this,' wrote His Holiness, 'is the primary duty of the state and of all good citizens; to abolish conflict between classes. . . . Little reflection is required to perceive the advantage of the institution thus summarily described; peaceful collaboration of the classes, repression of Socialist organizations and efforts, the moderating influence of a special ministry.'

Strikes and lockouts, as in Italy, Germany, and Austria, would be unnecessary with the state supreme. The Pope took note of objections from Liberals that the corporative state possesses an 'excessively bureaucratic and political character.' However, for the 'initiation of a better social order' he relied on the 'coöperation of all men of good will.'

Specifically, he scored free capitalism: 'Immense power and despotic economic domination are concentrated in the hands of a few . . . frequently not the owners, but only the trustees and directors of invested funds. . . . This power becomes particularly irresistible when exercised by those who, because they hold and control money, are able also to govern credit and determine its allotment, for that reason supplying, so to speak, the lifeblood to the entire economic body and grasping, as it were, in their hands the very soul of production, so that none dare breathe

against their will. This accumulation of power, the characteristic note of the modern economic order, is a natural result of limitless free competition which permits the survival of only those who are the strongest, which often means those who fight most relentlessly, who pay least heed to the dictates of conscience.'

Economic interests dominate and corrupt the state, and 'the state,' so affirmed the Holy Father, 'which should be the supreme arbiter, ruling in kingly fashion far above all party contention, intent only upon justice and the common good, has become instead a slave, bound over to the service of human passion and greed.' For those evils he prescribed a rigidly controlled state which might avoid the 'dangers of individualism and collectivism. Free competition, and still more economic domination, must be kept within just and definite limits, and must be brought under the effective control of the public authority.'

The encyclical called for a 'just' wage, the principle of stewardship, public ownership of such property as carries with it 'an opportunity of domination too great to be left to private individuals without injury to the community at large.' It was silent on the means of enforcing the 'just' wage, stewardship, and public ownership. Communism and Communists, 'cruel and inhuman' monsters, were sternly dealt with as enemies of society. 'Evidence for this,' said Pope Pius, 'is the ghastly destruction and ruin with which they have laid waste immense tracts of Eastern Europe and Asia, while their antagonism and open hostility to Holy Church and to God Himself are, alas! but too well known and proved by their deeds.'

Bishop Gallagher received Pope Pius's social reasoning with delight. He characterized the Pontiff as 'a leader who feared a revolution unless

the malpractices of capitalism were immediately rectified.' Dollfuss, as we have seen, clasped the encyclical to his bosom; Mussolini could find no fault with it. In the main, it was sound Fascist, as well as Catholic, doctrine.

III

The Tower of the Crucifixion, which rears its yellow rococo bulk one hundred and eleven feet above the shrine and the prairie at Royal Oak, wears an image of Bishop Gallagher on the front elevation. Following the mediæval whim of church builders in substituting the features of contemporaries for those of apostles and saints, the bishop peers out over Woodward Avenue in carved limestone as the Archangel Michael. It is a mellowed, kindly face with humorous lips and shrewd eyes—a countenance in the best traditions of the Roman prelacy. For the bishop is charitable and forthright. During the depression he hypothecated his life insurance to give more abundantly to the poor. With fervor he led the fight among American bishops for a free Ireland, inviting De Valera to speak in his see city when to do so seemed offensive to Great Britain.

Bishop Gallagher's image on the tower is tangible. Another, intangible image exists in the minds of many. It is that of an aging and indulgent bishop who passively supports the broadcast ministry of an audacious, gifted young pastor. In this visualization of the relations of priest and ordinary, Father Coughlin stands out as boldly as his tower, with the bishop in the shadows, useful because of his power to protect his subordinate, but otherwise secondary. This picture scarcely does justice to the strength of Bishop Gallagher. He is no man's shadow. And, since we lack positive information either way, it is not unreasonable to suppose that

the bishop, zealous for the Catholic truth of Leo XIII and Pius XI, sympathetically observant of the Church in action abroad, is himself directly responsible for the social doctrine preached from that continent-wide pulpit. It might not be excessive to suspect that, whereas the voice of social justice is the voice of Father Coughlin, the inspiration is that of Bishop Gallagher. The bishop, older, wiser, and subtler than the priest, never has withheld sanction from Coughlin. Indeed, in June 1933, when powerful interests were attacking the radio preacher on his currency attitude, the Bishop issued a blanket and retroactive endorsement, saying, 'I made no mistake and have never doubted my judgment in putting him before the microphone.'

Father Coughlin's social broadcasts antedated the reaffirmations of Pope Pius. In the fall of 1930, having opposed birth control, pacifism, prohibition, and Communism, he advanced tentatively into economics. He was quick to observe technological unemployment, and, quoting Pope Leo on the 'enslavement' of the masses by the 'very rich,' attacked the concentration of wealth in America. At that time he formed an intellectual alliance with Representative Louis McFadden, of Pennsylvania, a Jew-baiter and, for a not wholly clear reason, an enemy of the international bankers and the settlements arranged at Versailles. As an indirect result of the McFadden association, the priest was subjected to his first public test. The Columbia broadcasting chain, alarmed at the vigor of the priest's attacks on the bankers, urged moderation. He carried the case to his listeners and won. The Columbia offices in New York were swamped with telegrams and letters of protest after Father Coughlin announced that he had been 'gagged.' His biographer, Louis B. Ward, terms

the incident the 'turning point in his career.' This was in January 1931. That fall, both major broadcasting syndicates having shown themselves to be inhospitable, Coughlin organized his own chain.

Throughout the winter of 1931-1932, Father Coughlin pursued the social gospel, but in the fall of 1932 he diverged, or so it seemed, to espouse currency reform. Plunging into the so-called inflation fight, he advocated revaluation of the dollar downward, issuance of currency against the resultant profit, cash payment of the bonus, immediate redemption of wartime bonds, and elimination of tax exemptions. He demanded an 'honest dollar,' with which the producing West might pay its score with the creditor East. He sought the monetization of silver. Emphatically the priest urged the state to recapture its prerogative of issuing currency and to take ownership of the flow of credit by nationalizing the Federal Reserve System.

The influence and audience of the political pastor increased throughout 1933 and 1934. Attaching himself to the New Deal, he magnified it into 'Christ's deal.' It was in this period that he discovered the President to be 'twenty years ahead' of sociological thought in this country. He assured a House committee that 'God Almighty' was preserving Roosevelt from mistakes.

Father Coughlin led the successful fight for revaluation of the dollar, and in the course of it descended to New York publicly to castigate Alfred E. Smith, who appeared to be wedded to the 'despotic economic domination' of the money masters. Smith paid for his obstinacy in the coin of public disfavor. His fellow New Yorkers booed his name. The priest's tide was at its full, his strength unmeasured and hence impressive, his sway over governmental policies considerable.

Coughlin is restless, overflowing with energy. In November 1934, he committed himself to a new adventure. On Armistice Day he announced a bid for leadership of a mass movement, the National Union for Social Justice. The title was ambitious, the scope no less. It is not certain whether the example of clerical parties in Europe, based on the teachings of the Popes, inspired his act. Nor is it apparent that he knew what limits to set to the movement when, in the November eleventh discourse, he challenged the 'Herods of high finance' as well as the Marxists, bidding his congregation to accept a 'new call to arms,' adjuring his faithful following 'not to become cannon fodder for the greedy system of an outworn capitalism, nor factory fodder for the slave whip of Communism.'

In his address, he failed to limit the Union's function. A week later he replied to critics by a denial that it would be a 'new political party,' any more, he added, than the Steel Trust, the United States Chamber of Commerce, or the other powerful lobbies in Washington. Proudly he predicted that the Union would have to be 'reckoned with by every Senator, every Congressman, and every President whom we elect to legislate and execute the laws of this country.' Father Coughlin, in his political aspect, never errs on the side of humility.

Conscious as he is of the Church's inhibitions against separate political action in America, aware of the difficulties of third-party movements, it seems incredible that he ever conceived of such a venture. Yet, as memberships poured in from hundreds of mailbags that winter at Royal Oak, he obviously began to toy with the possibility of another type of political organization — a tightly knit, nonpartisan bloc which might be deployed against offending candidates in the time-honored fashion of the American

Federation of Labor, the Anti-Saloon League, and similar pressure groups. Early in 1935, he announced his intention to organize the National Union by states, by Congressional districts, even by townships and wards. He scheduled twelve 'conventions' in populous Northern and Middle Western states. The first took place in Detroit in February. Up to the day of the convention, his office gave assurances that Michigan would be organized on that occasion with a host of minority groups, — labor, housewives, students, farmers, small merchants, — formed along vocational lines, in Pope Pius's pattern, coöperating to go through the formality of electing officers and opening headquarters. Something went awry that day. Without explanation, the organizational project was abandoned. Whatever happened, whether a potent hint or genuine pressure from high authority, representatives of the groups were told that organization had been deferred for two weeks. It never was consummated. Moreover, until this is written the National Union has not been made organic. It remains a paper organization, with an aggregate of non-dues-paying members estimated at anywhere from two to nine millions. It remains a lobby — not a potential party or a bloc, but a tremendously effective lobby, as was amply demonstrated by the flood of telegrams to Congress when the World Court and bonus measures were under discussion.

The National Union possesses a platform, a generalized statement of sixteen principles, which, rumor has it, were improvised from the encyclicals and the currency proposals in the space of one all-night session. On November 11, they were proclaimed from the Tower by radio. In gist, they are as follows: —

1. Liberty of conscience, education, and choice of vocation.
2. A 'just and living wage,' commensu-

rate with American standards of decency, for all citizens willing to work.

3. Nationalization of banking credit and currency, power, light, oil, and natural gas, and 'our God-given natural resources.'

4. Private ownership of all other property.

5. Control of privately owned property for the public good.

6. Substitution of a government-owned central bank for the banker-owned Federal Reserve system.

7. Return of the right to coin and regulate the value of money from the 'hands of private owners' to Congress.

8. Management of the currency's value in terms of commodities and debts by the central bank.

9. Cost of production plus a 'fair profit' for farm producers.

10. Government protection of the labor unions against the 'vested interests of wealth and of intellect.'

11. Recall of all 'nonproductive' bonds.

12. Abolition of tax-exempt bonds.

13. A broader base for taxation, 'founded upon the ownership of wealth and capacity to pay.'

14. Simplification of government, relieving the 'slender revenues of the laboring class' of 'crushing taxation.'

15. Conscription of wealth, as well as of men, in wartime.

16. Vindication of human above property rights, with the government showing 'chief concern' for the poor because, 'as it is witnessed, the rich have ample means of their own to care for themselves.'

The platform, as may be observed, is primarily a statement of desirable objectives. Many of the planks are either vague to the point of inexplicitness or merely express pious sentiments — for example, numbers 1, 2, 5, 14, 15, and 16. As a formula for political action, the platform comes nearest to effectiveness in the currency, monetary, and credit items. Here Father Coughlin was realistic; here he expressed the historic Western demand for a change in status between debtor and creditor. He wishes, specifically, a managed currency in the interest of the

debtor, easy and politically controlled credit in behalf of the Western producer, and destruction to the vested interest of the banks in issuing money and to the rentier class who escape taxes through tax-exempt bonds.

Apart from the Populistic definitions, the platform leans on the encyclicals. Nine of the planks stem from those sources. Others, such as the demands for a state-owned central bank and state-issued currency, partake of the spirit of the encyclicals. In the sections derived from Papal utterances the platform manifests its Fascist tendency, showing hostility alike to rugged individualism and collectivism. From the encyclicals, Father Coughlin took the planks calling for liberty of conscience and education, the just wage, nationalization of certain classes of property, assertions of a dual nature of private property, government control of labor unions, taxation relief, and the generalization about human rights. It is significant that the first plank omits reference to liberty of speech, press, and assemblage. Those are 'liberal' privileges, regarded with reserve, if not downright disfavor.

The language of the labor proviso is explicable only by reference to Pope Pius's prescription of the corporative state; for 'vested interests . . . of intellect' read any labor movement not controlled by the priest as in the Detroit automotive situation. Father Coughlin proposes that the state provide a 'just' wage, take over banking, exercise control over the function of privately owned property, manage the currency, regiment labor into government guilds, and guarantee the farmer a fair profit. He has frequently elsewhere stated his broad objectives in the form of a synthesis: 'production for use at a profit,' combining the incentives of free capitalist and Marxist. He stands for a reorganization of the economic order, and his

formula, resembling Socialism almost as little as it does traditional capitalism, might, without violence, be described as an approach to the phenomenon known in Europe as Fascism — the nearest approach, it may fairly be said, yet made in America.

In an attempt to orient his political philosophy, the priest recently explained that he and his followers 'reject atheistic Communism. We disavow racial Hitlerism; we turn our backs upon industrial Fascism. We have no part with plutocratic individualism and less with immoral capitalism as we find it in the United States to-day.' The sweeping nature of his repudiations left scarcely any category into which the National Union might be fitted. He omitted, however, to reject Christian, or clerical, Fascism as we have seen it, typically, in Austria. If the omission was intentional, it indicates that Father Coughlin has been able to relate his movement to the most nearly comparable politico-economic sect in Europe's post-war assortment.

IV

Personally the Royal Oak priest is magnetic. He has bounce, sweep, and ambition. Living strenuously, fed by the adulation of millions and the sensual sound of his own rough-hewn metaphors, Father Coughlin seldom mistrusts the quality of his leadership or the accuracy of his interpretations. He can scarcely escape the thought that everywhere east of the Rockies bewildered little people, hurt by economic maladjustments, look to him for a silver-tongued expression of their resentments and hope. He has a hold on a certain section of the mass mind, and no mistake. Whether the grasp is weakening no one may say definitely.

The enemies of his continued leadership would appear to be a European or a world war and/or marked business

recovery. Given the emotional distractions and prosperity of a large-scale war in which we are not engaged, or given prosperity from another cause, and Father Coughlin, whose prophetic rôle has been based on economic calamity, may prove to be a voice crying in the wilderness. One thing seems certain: if business recovery is at hand, currency inflation is a dead issue. Money reform is an ephemeral product of depressions. It is useless to speculate on whether he could find a new tangent. He assuredly would make the effort. No man willingly surrenders such wide power; and Father Coughlin thoroughly enjoys authority and its soothing perquisites.

A leader is compelled to whip up his following by new incitements to mass desire and action whenever the old hopes grow dim. Where will Father Coughlin turn if currency reforms and the feud with the bankers fail him? At a guess, based on his conduct during the autumn of 1935, I would suggest that he will renew his drive on Marxists, shading over into the pacifists and concentrating heavily on the parochial schools; that he will advocate preparedness against a world war; and that he will convert his wish to distribute well-being into espousal of Major C. H. Douglas's Social Credit movement. The fight on Communists is safe, it is susceptible of melodramatic treatment on the air, and it has the added virtue of repairing the priest's standing with the timid prelates, clergy, and laymen of his own faith. Although Rome reputedly smiles on its voluble son, so effective in his Michigan outpost, Father Coughlin himself regrets the breaches he has torn in the fabric of American Catholicism. A lusty thwacking of the Communists might bring reconciliation with Cardinal O'Connell and Al Smith. Signs are not lacking that Father Coughlin's two-year-old flirtation with Social

Credit may be ripening into a union of true souls. Social Credit, with its painless panacea for making the poor rich, the rich richer, attracts the clergy. Within a few weeks recently, Father Coughlin received and 'blessed' the new Social Credit Prime Minister of Alberta (a former itinerant evangelist) and the Anglican Dean of Canterbury. The priest and the Dean, here on a Social Credit mission, united in a statement implicitly approving the Douglas programme.

We may expect more encomia for the New Deal. On the whole, Coughlin has supported Roosevelt. The alliance has been uncertain, spotty, and punctuated with occasional diatribes. It neared an open break in April 1934, when, at the height of his crusade for silver remonetization and currency expansion, Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau made public the result of his silver speculation inquiry. The Treasury Department list of silver purchasers showed Father Coughlin to hold, under the name of 'A. Collins, Royal Oak, Mich.,' the largest block of silver futures in Michigan — 500,000 ounces. Nettled, he explained that the silver was in reality owned by the Radio League of the Little Flower and held in the name of the League's secretary-treasurer, Miss Amy Collins. Miss Collins is one of Father Coughlin's four secretaries. Her duty it is to care for the financial side of the broadcasts, to receive, account for, and expend the vast flood of dollar bills and coins which flow into the Shrine. Her duty is no light one; the cost of radio time, printing, postage, clerical help, and incidentals mounts to a staggering weekly total that has been estimated as high as \$25,000. Presumably this money all comes from free-will contributions through the mails. Temporary surpluses have, from time to time, been invested in commodities or securities.

Father Coughlin retorted with char-

acteristic vehemence. 'This silver investigation smells to high heaven in so far as it is a dead [correct] herring smeared across the path of monetary reform,' he observed. 'It definitely places Mr. Morgenthau on the side of the international gold bankers to whom the word "silver" is anathema.' More of the same, including what was interpreted as a sideswipe at the Secretary's race — a description of the white metal as 'gentile silver.' But the volatile priest's annoyance with the New Deal did not survive a week, or a fortnight at most. Presently he was uttering fresh endorsements of the New Deal.

Politically, I hazard the prediction that Father Coughlin will be found in 1936 marching down the middle of the road with Candidate Roosevelt, assuming the President's renomination. However unstable he may be in political utterance and his attitudes on matters not delineated and specified in the Church's doctrines, he never consciously strays from the two encyclicals. Roosevelt represents, in his tentative statism, the nearest approximation by any paramount political leader to the ideals of Leo XIII and Pius XI. Coughlin cannot go to the left of Roosevelt. He has no stomach for a genuine Labor party, nor for political liberalism or the rugged individualism almost certain to be professed by the Republicans. The Rooseveltian yoke may sometimes feel like a hair shirt, but the founder of the National Union for Social Justice has never been able to throw it off.

Over the longer range, the future of Father Coughlin's clerical Fascism must be bound up in the general prospects of that form of political subjugation known as Fascism. In the by no means impossible event that Democracy and Capitalism break down, he is likely to have a share in shaping a succeeding order. His is the most incisively Fascist voice in America.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JUBILEE

BY ANN BRIDGE

I

LOOKING back on May the sixth, 1935, that day of sun and warmth so strangely interposed in the grimmest and harshest of English springs, blowing cold and gray from the northwest week after week, one has the feeling that that unexpected and spontaneous rejoicing of a whole nation, carefree and happy in a world shadowed by the storm clouds of calamity, was like the day itself — a lovely thing, a perfect moment of consciousness suddenly vouchsafed to the most patient, the most pedestrian, the most inexpressive and subconscious of peoples. I am glad that I was alive to see it; it brings warmth into more wintry days to remember what I saw, what I heard — just in what manner England for once knew her soul and was glad.

I was at Oxford. The Bach Choir and the Oxford Musical Society had decided to celebrate simultaneously both His Majesty's Jubilee and the anniversaries of the two great musicians, Bach and Handel; and for a whole week of Festival the Holy City of the Humanities expressed its rejoicing in the clear, formal, and lovely strains of two centuries ago. But the great day was Jubilee Day itself, when in the eighteenth-century elegance of the Sheldonian Theatre the massed voices of youth and age sang not only Bach's most glorious motet, 'Sing Ye to the Lord,' but also the anthems which Handel had written for the Coronation of an earlier King George of England. I have heard

mixed choirs sing in many parts of the world, but never anything lovelier than the quality of those sopranos at Oxford: the preponderance of girls' voices, young and high, gave it a freshness, a ringing clarity like the notes of birds at dawn.

But the day did n't begin with the concert. That was in the afternoon. In the morning I drove a car crammed with girls in pretty summery frocks through the gray dignified streets — here and there blossoming trees, flowering over the ancient walls, reminded me of how Oxford, old and wise, forever blooms afresh with the youth that fills her, century after century. Perennial magic of that perennial union, in the most beautiful of cities, of all that is most lovely and precious out of the past with all that is most youthful and ardent in the present. Quiller-Couch's wistful lines came into the mind: —

Know you her secret none can utter?
Hers of the Book, the tripled crown?
Still on the spire the pigeons flutter,
Still by the gateway flits the gown.

We went up to a house in a beautiful garden on one of the hills above the city; there, between limes and lilacs and flowering cherries, the eye traveled down to Oxford's towers, spire and dome and pinnacle; and there, while the bells of Magdalen and the deeper notes of Great Tom at Christ Church came up to us through the sunshine, we listened over the wireless to the hum and shuffle of the waiting crowds in the

London streets, and the joyous pealing of the bells of St. Clement's and St. Paul's. We heard the clatter of the feet of cavalry, the sharp voice of command; and then the roar of cheering, swelling like the sound of surf on a shore, as the King passed up Ludgate Hill and entered the Cathedral.

II

Listening to the service in St. Paul's, I was principally struck by one thing — the familiarity and antiquity of the *form* of the service. I had spent the early part of the spring in Germany and Italy, and in both countries I had attended various celebrations of a national character. Under these new dictatorships the formulas for rejoicing are new, and new songs are sung, like the *Horst Wessel Lied* — a rather uninspiring pæan — and the new verses to *Deutschland, Deutschland über alles*. But when Great Britain celebrated the Jubilee she used forms which were familiar to every English person since childhood — the prayers, the clauses, were part of the ordinary furniture of our minds, and when we sang the *Te Deum* we sang the very words which England used to rejoice in the victory over the Armada nearly three hundred and fifty years ago — words which have been used on every solemn occasion in the nation's history since that day. And recalling the rather febrile note of those Continental rejoicings, the undercurrent of uncertainty and strain, I could not but feel the contrast — what a sense of stability and strength there was in these ancient usages, with their centuries of memories behind them, their dear and customary simplicity to-day. The Old Hundredth Psalm — since Cromwell's time we have sung that when Kings were born or married, or battles won by sea or land, or the State delivered from any peril. And the Archbishop's sermon,

brief, direct, and homely, was in key with all the rest. There were no flights of oratory or difficult turns of phrase — very simply and quietly he voiced what was in the nation's heart, and suddenly we knew what we were feeling. Later in the day we were to realize our emotions more fully, and recognize their nature with a certain surprise, but the Archbishop's sermon was the first intimation of them.

There was just one new thing in the service — one hymn which was not centuries old and hallowed by custom. This was 'I Vow to Thee, My Country,' written by Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, onetime British Ambassador at Washington, after his son had been killed in the war, and set by the late Gustav Holst to one of the noblest of his melodies. I quote it in full, because I should like the world to know what new song it was that we in England sang in the hour of our rejoicing: —

I vow to thee, my country — all earthly things
above —
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my
love,
The love that asks no question: the love that
stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best:
The love that never falters, the love that pays the
price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long
ago —
Most dear to them that love her, most great to
them that know —
We may not count her armies: we may not see her
King —
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suf-
fering —
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds
increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her
paths are Peace.

Here, you see, was no pride of conquest, no dream of dominion, no rattling of sabres and sounding of drums. And as I listened to the voices of that vast concourse in St. Paul's, pouring out, with a sincerity of emotion which the

radio could not mask, their aspiration toward that city not built with hands, that invisible kingdom of the spirit which knows no earthly boundaries of race or speech, whose gates stand wide in welcome to all men of good will, I had a passionate wish that by some sudden Pentecostal illumination all the statesmen of all the countries of the earth could hear what I was hearing, and each 'in his own tongue in which he was born' could know the words we were singing and the spirit in which they were sung. 'Her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are Peace' — repeated, the words died away, lingeringly, into silence. It was the nation singing! And that was England's aspiration to-day, in a world racked with disquiets, economic and political, feverish with suspicion and fear and distrust. I could just remember the Diamond Jubilee, and the tone of our rejoicings then — militant, arrogant, imperialistic, crude, in fact really rather juvenile; and in a flash of understanding I realized a new fact about my country: as a nation, Great Britain had grown up.

A little hushed, a little sobered by the splendor of the Cathedral service and the thoughts which it engendered, we passed out into the sunshine again, packed into various cars, and went down into Oxford to get some lunch before the concert in the Sheldonian. The concert over, the National Anthem sung, the conductor raised his baton for silence. 'The choir and I,' he said, 'for our own pleasure, and to celebrate this day, are going to do Bach's "Sing Ye to the Lord" all over again. The audience can leave or stay, as they please.' Many stayed — others, we among them, went out and sat in the sun on the flagstones under the gray walls of the lovely circular building, among the crowd of dons, musicians with their instruments, visitors, and undergraduates, settling what we should do next. We had heard

London's celebrations over the radio, we had taken part in Oxford's concert — now, we decided, we would see what the English countryside was making of the Jubilee. And to that end we arranged to go out and dine at Abingdon, where the Crown and Thistle (a thoroughly appropriate hostelry for a Jubilee dinner, we felt) offered a fairly sophisticated meal.

III

Abingdon lies on the river, about six miles out of Oxford — a beautiful little town of old red brick, approached by a long and noble bridge of gray stone, carrying the road across the willow-fringed water meadows and the quiet Thames; with a fine gray church, and a huge market square adorned with an elegant eighteenth-century Town Hall. We chose Abingdon not only because of the probable merits of dinner at the Crown, but because it is the heart and centre of a large tract of agricultural country, lying between the river and the Downs, ill-served by road and by railway, and containing a population more simple, rustic, and unmodernized than almost any other in the South of England. When you go into the villages of South Oxfordshire, you go back sixty years, in customs, outlook, and speech. Now it is the habit of these villagers, on market days, Saturdays, and all occasions of holiday or importance, to go into Abingdon to hear the news, gather opinions, and see life generally, sitting in the small dark pubs or hanging about the bus stop in the square. And we assumed that on Jubilee Day they would probably have mustered there in force.

We were right. They had. As we drove along through spring woods sky-floored with bluebells, whose scent, piercingly sweet, floated in through the car windows and reached us as we sat, we overtook little parties walking

cheerfully along the road — Father, rather stiff in his dark Sunday best, pushing the perambulator; Mother, gayer in hers, holding a child by either hand and calling to the others to ‘mind they motors, now!’ By the time we reached the bridge the groups had thickened to a crowd, through which we could only move at a foot’s pace. Slowly, carefully, we worked our way through the narrow streets to the square. The mellow brickwork of the houses of Abingdon had disappeared behind a sea of flags; the streets and pavements were indistinguishable, both alike thronged with humanity — here and there through the crowd moved figures in rich historical costumes, for Abingdon, we learned, had indulged in a pageant procession to illustrate her past glories. And over all the bells of the gray church pealed out ceaselessly, in a quick joyful rhythm that knocked on the heart and set the pulses dancing — Abingdon is a royal borough, and had decided to mark the fact by non-stop bell-ringing for twelve hours, from 7 A.M. to 7 P.M. Relay teams from the country churches round about, having rung their own Jubilee peals, came in to help the Abingdon ringers, and without an instant’s pause or check that merry noise had gone on all day.

All this, and much more, we learned during our first hour in Abingdon. Having parked the cars, we descended upon the public houses of the town, splitting up into twos and threes and entering those curious dark low rooms, blue with tobacco smoke and gloomy with old timbers, in which rural England takes its ease during its scanty hours of leisure. With our pints of Four X ale we sat in the ladies’ parlor, the darts parlor, the private or the public bars, and entered into conversation with the assembled company wherever we happened to be. No one was drunk, but all were cheerful; by beer and by the greatness of the occasion tongues were —

very slightly — loosened; and, as we had hoped, we heard what Oxfordshire thought about the Silver Jubilee.

The King and Queen, we learned, were ‘nice’; they were not at all ‘high’ (haughty) — on the contrary, they were ‘homely’; they worried about the unemployed and the people in hospitals; the Queen wore such lovely dresses, and was, besides, a good mother — ‘Ah, an’ a grandmother too, bless the little Duchess!’ Soberly, with queerly expressed but unmistakable satisfaction, we passed on to philosophize, in the true public-house fashion, about England and international affairs. We in the darts parlor, between due applause to skillful throws, agreed what a good thing it was to have a king; we asked Mr. Brown, who was eighty-nine, if it was n’t a good thing to have a king, and Mr. Brown, who was a bit hard of hearing, having at last mastered the import of the question, gave it as his verdict that it was a very good thing to have a king — ‘so ’e be a good king. An’ our King George *be* a good king!’ Applause for Mr. Brown, applause for King George; more beer for the dart players, more beer for Mrs. Godfrey. ‘T is Jubilee Day, Mrs. Godfrey — do ’ee have another, now!’ Mrs. Godfrey did, while we went on to decide how pitiable was the lot of almost all foreigners, with their upstart dictators and cheerless republics, with no jolly family of princes to marry pretty wives and have children and do as their fathers did and be read about in the papers. The Prince of Wales, now! ‘E be a rare ’un,’ we said.

But what emerged from all this, with a clearness that startled some of our party, was that to these country people the royal family, the principle of kingship, *meant* something: something real, valuable, and personally important to them, though for reasons which they were utterly incapable of formulating, otherwise than in such sentences as

those reported above. There was affection here, and pride — the strong possessive pride of ownership: ‘Our King,’ ‘Our Queen’; and the good folk of Oxfordshire were rejoicing in the Jubilee with something of the possessive pride of old servants in the achievements of the son of the house. ‘Our’ king had done well; he had lasted twenty-five years; he was a fine fellow, and we were all fine fellows too, and finer because of him; his Jubilee had made us realize ourselves, and what a fine place England was — and so we were ringing the bells right the clock round, and Mr. Brown and Mrs. Godfrey would each have another beer.

Now the unmistakableness, warmth, and spontaneity of this feeling came almost as a shock to many of us. For weeks and months beforehand the preparations and arrangements for the Jubilee had been written up in the press till the more sophisticated English were sick of the very sound of the word; and we had expected that when the day came the whole thing would be thoroughly machine-made, artificial, and without reality of any kind, merely from overpreparation. It was not so. For the waiting crowds in London and the gathering of England’s greatest in St. Paul’s it had clearly not been so; we saw for ourselves that it was not so for the yokels gathered in the ancient public houses of Abingdon. Nor was it really so for us. The Archbishop’s sermon in the morning had begun to stir our feelings; those tireless pealing bells at Abingdon and the gayety of the crowded little streets finished what his words began, and now, with a half-shy, half-amused surprise, we recognized in ourselves a real emotion: a quite active joy, a genuine dancing gayety of spirit.

IV

Suddenly, through the little dark rooms, the clink of glasses, the jolly

laughter, and the slow laborious sentences, a word went round: ‘The King is coming on in the Square.’ Out we trooped, pint in hand, some of us, and joined the already dense throng on the cobblestones before the Town Hall, where a loud-speaker had been installed for the occasion, to hear the Gracious Speech. The first few seconds were moments of acute suspense, for the King’s emotion was evident — so evident that it seemed doubtful if he would be able to go through with his self-imposed task. But he mastered it, and delivered his speech, addressed principally to the young, the children of the Empire. The local children of the Empire paid no attention whatever, but kept up a ceaseless display of acrobatics on the railings of the platform erected for the Mayor’s address earlier in the day; but nobody minded that. ‘There, that’s children all over!’ The rest of the crowd listened with eager contentment to a very perfect little speech from their sovereign, perfect in its simplicity, directness, and most obvious sincerity — a speech which by some magic of insight, and with precisely that ‘homeliness’ which we had heard praised in the Dog and Duck, responded to the simple temper of regard and affection and ownership which the day had so clearly evinced. ‘*Our* king,’ we had said — and the King in reply said, ‘*My* people.’ And nothing touched his people more than their King’s emotion. ‘E wur a bit full [“full” in Oxfordshire and Berkshire means “near to tears”] to starrt wi’; I did n’t think ‘e’d manage it,’ said an old man to me at the close. ‘But ‘e *did* manage it — fine, it wur. I could ‘ear ivery worrd.’

After the speech was over we went down on foot to the Crown and Thistle, where the dinner fully came up to expectation. And then came the question of the bonfire. We had been bidden to the official one on Boars Hill, presided over by the Lord Lieutenant, at which

all the county and the intelligentsia of Oxford would be present. Abingdon, again, was having her own bonfire; a huge pyre stood ready in an open space near the bridge. But we had no great taste for the intelligentsia, and from the flat water meadows of Abingdon we should see no bonfire but its own. No, said the romantic elements in the party, the Downs was the place; there were sure to be bonfires on the Downs, and we should see all the others for miles around. So we packed into the cars again, and once more set out to crawl through the thronged streets, filled from wall to wall with good-tempered, happy, perspiring faces. Out in the open country we raced across the levels, and swung up onto the long gray slopes of the Downs by the Newbury road. On the very crest, the road crosses that wide expanse of rutted turf, stretching for miles on either hand, known as the Ridgeway — one of the ancient British trackways which for several centuries before the Romans came had been one of the principal routes across Southern England, from east to west. Here we halted, and looked about us. It was only nine-thirty, and the chain of beacons was not to be lit till ten o'clock, but a rosy glare away to the east showed where some village up on the Chilterns had set its bonfire going too soon. Meanwhile there was no sign of preparations for a fire in our immediate vicinity, and we inquired of a passer-by where the nearest was to be found. He waved along the Ridgeway — a couple o' mile along there, by the Monument, there was to be a big one.

So began one of the most lovely episodes of a lovely day. We guessed where the beacon must be — by the monument above Wantage, once King Alfred's capital; but to reach it by road would mean a *détour* of many miles, and we should certainly be late. So we turned the cars round and bumped off along the hard dry turf of the Ridge-

way — for much nearer four miles than two, through the warm May night, sweet with the scent of the wild flowers which our headlights picked up. A thin moon hung low in the sky ahead of us; little jets of fireworks sprayed up now and then out of the darkness of the plain below, and from unseen village churches late peals of bells came up on the wind. The going was rough and difficult, and we were traveling at considerable speed — but no difficulties could dim the thrill of driving to the Jubilee bonfire of King George the Fifth, in the year of grace 1935, along a track which had been a great highway at least three hundred years before the Romans came. Now we passed through beech woods, gray and mysterious, where the going was soft and the tires skidded in the moist ground; now bounced across the unexpected gullies formed by cross-tracks. Presently a dim glare showed close ahead of us — we stood on the gas, reckless of broken springs, and drew up by the Monument just as the pyre, thirty-five feet high, burst with a great roar into golden flame.

It was a notable bonfire. We sat on the short sweet turf, smoking, to watch it, or climbed the plinth of the Monument to count the glares from other fires along the Downs, to east and west. A great crowd had assembled, black silhouettes on the near side of the roaring mass, faces illumined to a golden varnished look on the other, and presently the whole company, some hundreds in number, joined hands in a vast circle, nearly a quarter of a mile across (for the strong wind made the pyre quite unapproachable on the leeward side), and moved slowly round singing 'For Auld Lang Syne.' When the circle broke up we found ourselves on the farther side of the fire from our cars; the crowd was melting away rapidly now, mostly to waiting motors on the Wantage road close by, and we

made our way slowly back toward our own.

Cheerful strains drew us toward a small group to windward of the fire. A middle-aged countryman, slightly tipsy — the only human being that I saw drunk or anything approaching it through the whole of Jubilee Day — was sitting on the ground, a bowler hat tilted crookedly over one eye, singing 'The Life and Death of Cock Robin,' at the pitch of a rather beautiful voice, though in the burring Berkshire accent. The knot of supporters occasionally took him under the armpits and endeavored to raise him to his feet. 'Stand up, Bert — we shall 'ear 'ee better if 'ee stand up!' But Bert's legs and feet had melted, and hung limp and boneless below his body — the moment the supporting hands were relaxed, down he sank again to the ground, while his voice, without the slightest interruption, continued to inform the night that 'All the birds of the air fell a-sighin' and a-sobbin', When they heard of the death of Poor Cock Robin.' We passed on, charmed to think that the song which beer and loyalty combined had brought forth should be, not some modern jazz or radio tune, but one of the more ancient English folk songs.

V

It was time to be thinking of getting home. Even on Jubilee Day there would be *some* limits to what girls' colleges allowed in the matter of hours! We got into the cars and drove back to Oxford — through Abingdon, silent and almost empty now; through the woods, where still the scent of the blue-bells came to us as we drove by; down the long slope of Boars Hill and in by St. Aldate's to the city. We had thought that the day was over, and could hold no more of surprise or delight or beauty; but we were wrong. We came into an Oxford such as we

had never seen or dreamed of. Long graceful festoons of colored lights garlanded the streets; most of the great buildings were floodlit: Tom Tower and the spire of St. Mary's and the tower and front of Magdalen College stood up, silent, white, and noble into the night sky, in all their perfection and dignity of form. They did not look like buildings of stone at all — they were like a vision of that other Oxford, the unseen city of the spirit, the mother of minds and souls, these white lovelinesses towering above the happy streets, where the dancing boys and girls had made the roadway their own. Everywhere they were dancing, or walked singing with linked arms; as the traffic moved slowly, or stood still in the dense throng, they swarmed onto the running boards of the cars, perched on the bonnets or even the roofs, laughing and singing still.

It was all utterly sweet-tempered, gay, and delightful; there was no roughness, no rowdiness — it was, as one elderly member of our party said, the *prettiest* crowd of merrymakers she had ever seen. The very police were smiling as they tried to move the jammed traffic forward between the sets of lancers, the country dances, and the reels which were going on in the middle of the road; and the motorists and the bus drivers laughed back. Goodness knew when they would be able to get on, or get home — but no one minded. Sitting idle at the wheel, awaiting the next chance to move, I realized that the elderly lady was murmuring to me through the din; I leaned toward her to catch her words.

'Do you realize,' she said, 'that we're seeing something that we've often heard about, and never seen — something we thought was dead?'

'What's that?' I asked, pushing the gear lever over — the car in front of us was beginning to creep forward.

'Merry England,' she said.

SOUND RECOVERY THROUGH A BALANCED BUDGET

There Is One Way Out

BY LEWIS W. DOUGLAS

I

GOVERNMENT spending as an instrument of reëmployment has been a miserable failure. Despite the expenditure of billions of dollars, almost as many people are unemployed to-day as when the programme began. For private employment, which was increasing greatly in 1933, dropped off sharply when Government spending increased, and the subsequent losses in private employment have more than offset the jobs created by Government spending.

The few who have been given jobs on the Government payroll do not have permanent, productive employment, but merely synthetic, temporary employment that lasts only as long as the Government continues its spending. And our mounting Federal deficit, which already exceeds \$14,000,000,000, is a clear warning that such spending cannot be definitely continued if we are to avoid national bankruptcy.

If the Government's spending programme had been merely ineffective in creating employment, that would be sufficient to condemn it. But it has been more than just ineffective. It has been an actual detriment to reëmployment and recovery. This is because all precedents show that Government deficits resulting from such a spending programme lead to debasement of the currency, destruction of savings,

and frequently to revolutionary social changes. As a result, the programme has naturally discouraged the investment of savings in private enterprise. Yet such investment of savings is the only thing that can reëmploy the millions now idle. That is the function of savings.

Much publicity has been given to the fact that the volume of security offerings has increased greatly in the past eighteen months. This steadily mounting total of new security issues has created the general impression that new capital investment is again under way on a substantial scale. An analysis of the purpose of such offerings, however, shows that this is not the case.

From October 1, 1933, to August 31, 1935, the savings invested in American business through the purchase of security issues registered with the Securities and Exchange Commission amounted to \$1,899,420,262. This figure does not represent the total value of all issues registered, but is the net amount actually received by issuing corporations. Of this total, \$1,652,323,818, or 87 per cent, was used for the replacement or retirement of existing issues, or for the purchase of existing investments. In other words, 87 per cent of the total proceeds from new security offerings during that twenty-

three-month period did not involve a single dollar of new capital investment.

This leaves 13 per cent of the total, or only \$247,096,444, which could by any stretch of the imagination be regarded as new capital investment. This is probably a much higher figure for new investment than was actually the case, for it includes large amounts used for vague or unclassified purposes, which may or may not have been in the new capital category.

Although the total of new security offerings has been mounting rapidly, new capital investment represents a constantly diminishing proportion of the total. In the last quarter of 1933 (the first period for which records of the Commission are available) the total proceeds of new offerings were \$149,443,574, of which 35.8 per cent represented new capital, based upon the method of computation previously explained. In the full year 1934, the proceeds from all new issues totaled \$536,512,566, but the proportion of new capital investment fell to 17.3 per cent. During the first six months of 1935, the proceeds of registered security offerings mounted sharply to \$535,558,220, but only 9.9 per cent was for new capital purposes. In the single month of July 1935, the proceeds received by corporations from new issues amounted to \$458,423,630, but only 8.6 per cent was for new capital purposes. And in August 1935, out of a total of \$219,482,272, only 3.8 per cent represented new investment.

Here is clear statistical proof that the rate of new investment is steadily declining, despite a growing volume of new security offerings, and despite low long-term interest rates that normally might be expected to increase the volume of new productive investment. The reason for this drying up of new investment, of course, is that a growing fear regarding the Government's finances and general policies has made

borrowers and lenders doubtful of the safety of newly made investments.

Such figures for new investment through publicly offered security issues are pitifully small when consideration is given to the fact that reliable estimates indicate that there exists to-day a potential demand for \$19,000,000,000 of new capital by American industry merely for *replacement* of obsolete plants and equipment. This \$19,000,000,000 demand for industrial replacements, if it can be released, is sufficient to give employment in the coming year to a large majority of the employable people now idle. In amount, it far overshadows the outside limits of any possible Government expenditures. Moreover, it will go for productive uses. But it can be released only by the investment of savings. How, then, can such investment of savings in new productive enterprise be encouraged? The answer to this question is the answer to the whole problem of unemployment.

II

The investment of savings will be encouraged only when an atmosphere of confidence in the future has been created. The first step must be the adoption of a fiscal policy by the Government that gives convincing evidence of a sense of financial responsibility. This means, in short, a cessation of needless and deliberate expenditures and an immediate, determined attempt to bring the national budget into balance.

Such a policy would promptly create new faith in the currency and the future value of invested savings. It would remove the Government from its present position as a direct competitor of private business. It would automatically restrict other activities which tend to destroy the value of private property. It would allay fears of inflation and the serious social changes which so often

accompany inflation. The result should be a tremendous gain in the investment of savings for new productive uses that will create employment everywhere.

If it is granted that such a course is desirable, the next question is whether it is possible of accomplishment. Not all of the expenditures that account for our enormous deficits were avoidable. Relief must be given to those whose jobs have been destroyed by the depression. Advocacy of a balanced budget does not imply a desire or willingness to see people starve. This is the usual charge brought against those who object to mounting government deficits at times like the present.

The writer has no knowledge of the extent to which permanent charges have been imposed on the budget since he left Washington in August 1934. At that time, however, expenditures of the regular Government departments, plus interest on the public debt, amounted to less than \$2,700,000,000 annually. Assume that this figure was maintained for the fiscal year 1936 — which would not have been difficult. Add to this \$1,250,000,000 for relief expenditures. Include also another \$1,000,000,000 for public works projects already contracted, and provide that no further contracts shall be made. This indicates that the expenditures of the Government in 1936 could be held to a total of \$4,950,000,000 by determined efforts. This is exclusive of AAA expenditures, which will presumably be balanced by receipts from the processing taxes, provided the latter are not declared unconstitutional.

On the revenue side, the estimated income of the Government for 1936 is approximately \$3,797,000,000, exclusive of receipts from processing taxes, realization of assets, and railroad pension taxes. There is serious doubt that this figure will be attained, but for the purposes of the present discussion it will have to be accepted as the

best estimate available. If the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and other Government credit agencies were to be converted into purely liquidating agencies, approximately \$1,000,000,000 could be obtained from such sources. This would bring the receipts of the Government to \$4,797,000,000, as compared with expenditures of \$4,950,000,000. Thus in the fiscal year 1936 the budget could be brought within \$153,000,000 of actual balance, exclusive of statutory debt retirement.

Assume now that the costs of Government departments, relief, and interest on public debt remain exactly the same in 1937 as in 1936. The cost of public works in 1937, however, if no new contracts were made, would fall from about \$1,000,000,000 to \$500,000,000. This would bring Government expenditures (again exclusive of AAA) to \$4,450,000,000, which is \$500,000,000 less than proposed above for 1936.

The recovery in business that would logically follow the adoption of a sound fiscal policy by the Government could reasonably be expected to increase tax revenues in 1937 by at least \$100,000,000 over the officially estimated figure of \$3,797,000,000 for 1936. A continuation of the liquidation of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and other credit agencies could be expected to produce at least another \$900,000,000 of revenues. This indicates the possibility of total revenues of \$4,797,000,000 in 1937, as compared with total expenditures of \$4,450,000,000. Thus could the budget be actually balanced as soon as 1937, with an excess of \$347,000,000 available for debt retirement.

III

There will be many who will protest that the \$1,250,000,000 proposed for relief expenditures in these hypothetical budgets is far too small. The impor-

tant thing is to avoid profligate donations by the Federal Government and to prevent states and municipalities from shouldering off on the Federal Government the entire burden of the relief bill. If such states and municipalities continue to contribute as much toward relief as they did in 1934, then the total amount, exclusive of private charities, will exceed \$2,000,000,000 annually, of which the Federal Government's share will be approximately 60 per cent.

If it were practicable, we should all like to see the country's *deserving* idle workers supported in better fashion than the present rates of relief payments make possible. But in view of our mounting Government deficits it would be highly dangerous. There is nothing cruel or inhuman in this attitude. It would be far more inhuman to continue a reckless spending programme, for such a course will deliberately impoverish the entire people.

In the first place, people on relief want jobs in private industry, and such excessive Government spending, because of the mistrust and fear that it creates, prevents any substantial increase in private employment. This naturally means that such Government spending must continue. And its continuance means that ultimately 125,000,000 people will suffer the ghastly social and economic effects of a collapsed currency.

The case is analogous to that of the employer who doubled the wages of all his employees. Sentimentally, this was a highly desirable thing. But unfortunately the increased payroll soon wrecked his business, and left all his employees without jobs or income of any sort. By his misguided generosity he had done them a great disservice.

If Government expenses are cut to the figures proposed above, there is reason to believe that present tax rates, aided by a subsequent improve-

ment in business, will be sufficient to produce the necessary revenues for a balanced budget and gradual debt retirement. If, however, this course is not followed, drastic increases in tax rates must occur.

The longer we wait to balance the budget, the greater will be the load of taxation each of us will have to carry. The public is being grossly deceived as to the true cost of the present programme in terms of taxes. So far the Government has been able to conceal such costs by financing its deficits through the issuance of bonds. But this process cannot be continued indefinitely. Ultimately the Government must endeavor to raise its revenues to a point sufficient to balance its expenditures and begin retirement of its enormously increased debt. Only then will the average citizen learn the cost to him and his children of the present extravagant and futile Government spending programme.

The amount of tax income necessary to meet present Government expenditures is so great that it is futile to believe that it can be raised merely by greater taxation of large incomes. There just aren't enough large incomes to produce the necessary revenues. This means that the burden of increased taxes must fall upon citizens with small and medium incomes.

The necessary income would probably have to be raised both by a general sales tax at a high rate and by a drastic increase in all income tax rates, together with a reduction of income tax exemptions to a figure in the vicinity of five hundred dollars. Even under such a drastic and extremely painful tax programme, made doubly drastic and doubly painful by about two to three billion dollars of processing and social security taxes, it is doubtful whether revenues would be sufficient to meet the present rate of expenditures.

At the very best, if Government spending continues at the present rate, the only alternative to drastically increased taxes is national bankruptcy and the destruction of currency and savings. So, in either case, the average man must pay the piper in the end.

It is important also to remember that we cannot achieve a satisfactory recovery based upon an increase in internal trade alone. Our foreign trade must be restored. The free flow of trade between nations is an essential requirement for any substantial recovery.

Our foreign trade has suffered a far greater decline than has our internal trade. For 1934, the index of exports stood at 47 per cent of the 1923-1925 average. The import index for 1934 was only 43 per cent of the 1923-1925 average.

No worth-while recovery in foreign trade can be expected until the present chaotic conditions in the foreign exchange markets have been corrected by stabilization of currencies and removal of exchange restrictions. The greatest barrier to the attainment of these objectives has been the complete financial irresponsibility of the United States Government. This has been evidenced by its reckless spending, its deliberate depreciation of the dollar, its confiscation of gold, and its silver-buying policy which has threatened or actually upset the values of the currencies of certain other nations.

The first step needed for the correction of this situation is to stop reckless

Government spending and make a strenuous effort to bring the Federal budget into balance. This would re-establish in the eyes of the world the financial responsibility of our Government and would enable other Governments to deal with us confidently on matters of currency stabilization, foreign exchange, and foreign trade.

The depression has been world-wide. But a study of the present economic position of leading countries of the world shows that those which have enjoyed the greatest and best-sustained recovery have been the ones that have balanced their budgets or made strenuous attempts to do so. This is more than mere coincidence. Great Britain, Sweden, Denmark, Australia, Canada, and Argentina, all of whom are putting their financial houses in order, have experienced a far greater recovery than has the United States.

Evidence of a grim determination to bring our Federal budget into balance is the thing that will lay the foundation of faith in the future that is necessary to encourage the investment of savings in productive enterprises. As this process continues, new employment of a permanent character will be created in private business and industry. This in turn will reduce the tremendous number of people on relief, and will permit a sorely needed reduction in Government costs and taxes. *This is the one way out.* If we do not follow it, we shall continue in a vicious spiral of Government spending that defeats its own purpose and ends in utter collapse.

(In his fifth and concluding article, Mr. Douglas will discuss certain conditions — other than those strictly financial — which must be corrected before full reemployment and recovery can be expected)

THE CLOISTER

SHE is content to live in heaviness,
Maturing the slow change of day and week,
Now her creation alters, and must press
Without a pause marring her shape oblique.

It is her work and business to fulfill
During the time allotted for increase,
Before she bear according to her will
A child to call her own and nurse in peace.

‘Within the cloister blissful of her sides’
The child secluded comes itself to be;
And now it grows in secret where it hides,
But soon enough its mother’s eyes will see.

Incognito, begotten of ecstasy,
In the arching tactile darkness made and moulded;
In the antechamber of mother’s earth and sky
Proposing breath, to native air unfolded.

There prospect is of child that screams and kicks,
A little breathing lump, for her to feed
And cuddle close and praise its pretty tricks
And kiss asleep and come to it at need.

Then she will have her hands full, as it grows,
The art of laughter she being gay will teach,
Count ten little pigs to market on its toes,
Help it to walk, discover knack of speech.

Meanwhile she waits, with her child still to bear,
Calmly at home, straining her duller eyes
To sew the tiny clothes that it will wear,
The tenderest, softest she can well devise.

She looks out at the fields where the blades hang;
Fertile and trim and dark the fields appear,
Them nothing hurts, no intermittent pang
Stabs the serene corn coming into ear;

And watching all the placid fields of corn,
She that was light and quick as nursery rhyme
Accepts content the oppressive child unborn
Weighing always more heavy on her time.

GEORGE ALLEN

A HANS BRINKER BOYHOOD

BY DAVID CORNEL DEJONG

I

THERE must be a beginning to things remembered. At first there were things too hazy, too indefinite, too sharpened or blurred by things which followed, to be reliable and trustworthy. But over the first definite impressions the old town looms still indelibly. Anyone who has at any time lived there, even for a few days, knows that the old place can, even must, do this. For that reason this will likely be about a very old Dutch town stamping its impression upon boyhood memories, rather than about a childhood lived in an old gray village.

I think I was four, not much older. It was a windy day, without color, in late autumn; I had been swathed in mufflers, and I wore heavy woolen socks and a pair of new wooden shoes — glossy black shoes, adorned with little gilded buds and leaves. I can't remember the shoes, but they must have been like that. Inevitably, Sunday wooden shoes were black. Everyday shoes were unpainted. We were going to visit relatives, more definitely to see a grandfather who was dying. Unpainted shoes would never have done.

If I can't recall the way I was dressed, I do remember on that day the dike, the gray sea on one side, and on the other side, much deeper below us, the fields from which the harvest was gone, weighted down by a heavy, shifting sky. Before this time I had lived in

a small inland village where I had been born, only a few miles away from the old town toward which I trudged bravely, holding my mother's hand. After some walking, weary walking for me on new hard unpliant shoes, we had reached the dike and had climbed its high, steep flight of red-bricked steps. From there on we walked along the dike, on top of it, a blustering wind pushing us along. Sometimes Mother carried me, especially later when I became afraid. It was that fear, the memory of it, that has remained with me till this day.

The sea was dull, gray-green, and sent up its vast sad monody over which gulls and terns shrieked shrilly. Far away, and almost palpably lonely, lay the two North Sea islands of Ameland and Schiermonnikoog. Above us gray and black crows scolded and quarreled, descended to pick up mussels and clams, ascended again, very high in the sky, to drop their finds on the hard slate-black basalt stones at the base of the dike in order to crack the shells. Between those basalt stones weasels stretched long, vicious necks. On the other side of the dike lay the land. But the land brought no alleviation. The fields were brown and without vegetation. The sky was full of scudding blackness. Hundreds of canals and ditches reflected more algidly the gloomy firmament above them. Everywhere the villages lay dead still, clus-

ters of red roofs around a gray tower. Sometimes on a far-off road moved a single man or a horse, making the loneliness more terrible. Years later that same loneliness would strike me on late autumn days, as I walked along the same dike, and in retrospect it still looms like something closest akin to melancholy and anguish.

A few weeks later the whole family and all our household goods were on a canal boat. We were moving, going back to the old town where Grandfather had died, where both Father and Mother had been born, and their parents and forbears, for generations and generations. This time the going was not so lonely. The sun came out that day, and Father was there, and my brothers. Besides, twice the highly loaded boat got stuck beneath the bridges over the canal, and people stopped along the shores and watched our slow progress. We moved into an old house with a huge fireplace tiled all around with glazed blue tiles that depicted Bible stories. There was an old gray tomcat that went with the house. While we lived there our new house was being built, a bright red brick one, but surmounted by a blue-tiled roof, instead of a red one, the only roof of its color in the town.

But the old town and its eternal sea were not yet done with giving their worst possible impressions. There were storms, and the sea roared tremendously above us and through the wide chimney, or howled in sudden lapses of wind. There came a night when no one slept, and voices sounded shrill and gull-like outside, above the wind. From time to time someone would tap on the windowpane to announce in a gruff, weathered voice how high the sea stood behind the dike. Wooden shoes clattered outside. Sometimes Father went out and Mother looked anxious. Bells tolled perpetually and foghorns sounded, though there was no fog.

Before midnight we were carried out of the house, each one of us in turn on Father's arm, each one worrying about the old gray unperturbed cat, though Father was already wading waist deep through water before he deposited us in the old church which stood on the only mound for miles around.

Fortunately ebbtide came soon, and most of the dike held. But the next morning my brother and I walked with Father along the battered dike, and saw the remnants of a street which had been swept entirely into the canal, and even stood and watched men lift the body of a woman from the canal, her long hair full of broken shells and silt, and her eyes wide open and bleached. Also, there was a strange, very large fish on top of the dike, and, where the old cemetery had been, skulls and skeletons lay clean and washed in regimental order.

But the village and the sea had shown their worst. After that came much that is unforgettable, almost as much that is beautiful and peaceful, and certainly no little that is colorful.

II

The name of the old town is Wierum. It is still there, no doubt as secluded and self-contained as ever, hugging a shallow bend of the long dike, its old church and tower almost on top of the dike, where once they had stood well inland. The sea had come one day, far back in gray history, and the inevitable had happened. On the sea side of the dike where crabs crept and jellyfish floated, beneath silt and sediment, are old cobblestone streets and older foundations. A few miles away the sea laps its regular tides where once a large city stood. Tourists seldom come — especially not Americans. The railway does not touch it. It is in the province of Friesland, once a separate kingdom, perhaps the most untouched section of

the Netherlands as far as tourists are concerned.

Yet, Wierum is old, very old, perhaps the oldest town in Holland. It has the oldest standing tower, a gray bulky affair, with walls almost as thick as the interior is wide. In the north wall of the church is a very low door, bricked in now, so that only the outline remains, like an old healed wound. That door was built there by the Norsemen during their invasions. The Frisians, Christianized by that time, refused to bow to Norse gods. Hence some ingenious Norseman conceived the idea of putting very low doors in the north side of the church, so that worshipers would have to bow deeply toward the north when they left the church after worship, as all other entrances were blocked. But, were the Norsemen ingenious, the Frisians were shrewd. After church service they did leave by the low door, but they backed out.

The town is full of historical reminders. Excavations were always carried on, and we grew used to strange unearthed pots and stranger images. Old houses still stood where missionaries from England had lived when the town was pagan. Five miles away Saint Boniface was murdered, the first date on our history charts, marked in red for the blood that had flowed. But the date was taken as a matter of pride, never grieved over in our town, in spite of our Christianity. There were many other things, but all this historical atmosphere did not matter to us. We took it for granted. Everything was deeply rooted in the past — how else could it be?

Childlike, we accepted and seldom wondered, though we could not help dreaming, and playing our own fantastic games with sticks and stones and mounds, bows and arrows, sometimes as Norsemen, sometimes even as Napoleon, who was really very modern.

It was not till I had lived in the United States for some time that I realized something had been lost; something which might be very important and without substitute for growth — perhaps not. Still, I am happy to have had it and lived it.

The old town had shown an extremely hostile face at first. Perhaps strangeness can be little but hostility when one is four. Soon that was almost forgotten, however, for there was beauty, real beauty, and calm and age. In spring when the dike was white and pink with millions of small daisies, and the sheep along the dike restive because the young yellow lambs were too frisky, and the sky was blue and the canals blue reflections of sky laid between deep green fields, and the huge clouds traveled importantly all day, and the sea's voice was like a huge contented purring cat over the red roofs, and birds, children, old men, dogs, cats, and cows were everywhere, there was little that could surpass it.

Nor was life gray and monotonous. Never. Even as children, stolid as Dutch children are rumored to be, we had our perpetual round of excitements. Even on wooden shoes, for that is all we ever wore or could wear on our feet, except in skating time, or a few weeks in July and August when we might dare to try low leather ones. And wooden shoes are comfortable; I never considered them otherwise. Leather ones seemed like feathers and too light for reality. Many and varied were the uses and benefits of wooden shoes. The canals and ditches overflowed when rains came, and after thaws. The mud on the roads was at least ankle deep, narrow strips between hundreds of puddles. Leather shoes were impossible. Furthermore, no Dutch boy fights with fists or hands. The approved way of fighting is with wooden shoes, resulting in battered and bloody heads, and at least one thor-

oughly soaked foot, as long as the wooden shoe belonging to it is used in fighting. Girls fight in the same way.

Wet feet never mattered. If we came home during rainy seasons with our feet dry, Mother imagined there was something wrong with us, that we had not been where every normal Dutch child should be, in water, mud, and slush, and the result would be a close questioning about pains anywhere, and for good measure we'd be fed a worm cookie and a tablespoonful of cod-liver oil before we were tucked in.

Also, wooden shoes made delectable clattering noises on pavements, they were admirable for sliding on ice, and even better as sailboats in the canals and ditches, with an improvised mast and sail, held to the inside bottom by a piece of putty, something each boy was provided with in his ample pockets. Besides, wooden shoes fit in nobly with the terrific Dutch cleanliness. In a country where streets, stoops, and outside walls are scrubbed almost weekly, and the inside of houses are given a good turn twice daily, it is expedient to wear footwear which can be kicked off in one second even before one steps on the scoured stoop. To determine if one's friends were at home, and how many of them, and how large and small, one needed only to look at the row of wooden shoes in front of the door. In school each one had his numbered cubbyhole for his shoes, as we sat in the schoolrooms simply in our socks.

But even wooden shoes are taken for granted, in spite of their use as weapons and toys. Even with them we might have had a goodly dose of monotony. Still, of monotony there was none. *My boyhood was a series of varied delights.* Even when I chose to play alone, there were always the tides, the winds, and water and mud to make it easy. Usually all the village children played together, always subject to a possible

interference brought on by periodic civil wars between the children of fishermen and those of land workers. For all games there were 'modes,' and no one dared to go contrary to the approved and current mode. There was nothing forced about these modes or fashions, however. They sprung up naturally, sometimes induced by the weather, but never forced upon one by a dominant group or a bully. On Tuesday one might be playing with hoops, and nothing but hoops. But when Wednesday dawned, with perhaps one or two more clouds in the sky, somehow the mode for hoops was ended, and balls or tops or kites — whatever the mode called for — would be in evidence everywhere, even though no one had made mention of any change on the previous day. It just happened, and everybody conformed willingly and spontaneously. There was no force or tyranny. Individuality exerted here would have seemed as foolish as changing Tuesday to Saturday.

III

The modes and games were endlessly varied, a vast succession of them throughout the year, never duplicated. Some of them were dangerous and the despair of parents. One of the worst was the ditch-jumping mode, during which every child set out for the country, — with jumping poles or without, depending upon the mode, — to jump ditches. Total immersions would be frequent, and drownings sometimes occurred, though usually prevented by the fact that both boys and girls traveled in large groups. This mode came invariably in autumn when the fields were bare, the farmers contented and not worried that their crops would be trampled, while the ditches and canals would be filled to the brim, making the mode as adventurous and dangerous as possible.

In spite of their frequency, these submersions always remained special events. No sooner had the unlucky victim been pulled out of the water by his friends than the whole group of friends would suddenly turn against him. There was no pity left for him. While he ran home to deliver his wet self to his mother and punishment, all the other boys would follow him, keeping close at his heels, singing tauntingly in unison: '*Een snoek, een snoek. Een kikkert in zijn broek*' — which, verbally set over, means: 'A pike, a pike. A frog in his pants.' Other children joined en route, so that long before the town was reached the cries had been heard, and anxious mothers would be waiting in doorways, expecting the worst, ready to snatch the drenched one — in case it was hers — from the group, to tug him inside by his wrist. The rest would be mystery. And still, in spite of the jeerings of everyone, the boy who throughout a year had *ondergezeten* ('sat under the water') more often than others was acclaimed as something of a hero, even though none would ever intentionally go out of his way to achieve the honor.

Stilt walking also was a mode to cause gray hairs for mothers. Self-made, wobbly, terrifically high stilts were the fashion. From them one clattered disastrously downward on heavy wooden shoes, either into deep mud or perhaps with broken bones upon the pavement. If cleanliness is next to godliness, the *knikker* or marble mode must have been a machination of the devil. Mothers suffered silently. In no other mode did the weather play so great a part. For successful marble weather, it must have rained for days, the roads must be impassable on account of ruts and puddles, the mud must ooze at least a foot deep. Those were the perfect days for marbles. To comprehend the disapproval of mothers, one must understand that the

game, as played by Dutch boys, calls for one knee on the ground, the right fist well buried in the mud, aiming at marbles several yards away, likely wholly invisible. After a few hours' play, coats and shirts and faces were plastered with mud, and wooden shoes were often irrevocably lost. But all parents bowed to the modes. All except the minister, whose immaculate children watched us through windows with languishing eyes.

We had school, of course, and plenty of it. Two long sessions a day, of four hours each, with one hour off at noon, and only two weeks' vacation during the whole year, barring skating days. But we knew of no easier way. Compared with American standards, our schooling was hard. In the first place we were Frisian, and did not speak a word of Dutch when we started school at the age of four. Frisian is etymologically, perhaps, the language closest akin to Old English. Even to-day it frequently bears closer resemblance to English than to Dutch. But we had to learn Dutch, and patiently and without protest we did, as soon as possible, for when we reached the fifth or sixth grade we had to start on other languages — German, French, or English. That too was taken for granted, for, as Hollanders, our teachers told us we were predestined to roam over the earth, to know of all foreign countries and all foreign ways.

The study of geography was intensive, that of mathematics even more so, so that in the sixth and seventh years one had had his sound fundamentals of geometry and algebra. There were other important subjects, and the ones stressed especially in my town dealt with tides, stars, moon, and winds, things of immediate and intense interest to children whose fathers sailed the seas. Wierum was preëminently a fishing town. Hence the ever-abiding interest in all the vagaries of the ele-

ments. Hence also — and most unfortunately for me, as it was my lot to be taken to America by my parents when I was thirteen — English was not taught in the schools of the town.

Once Wierum had been flourishing, but the English had come across the North Sea with larger and speedier vessels, backed by vast commercial interests, and had year after year snatched away the fish within the very sight of shore, where the fishermen of Wierum always fished. Poverty and ruin resulted; protests were of no avail. But the English were never forgiven, and the teaching of English in the schools was forbidden. The very few times the question came up, it was voted down overwhelmingly. And so it happened that I came to the United States at thirteen without being able to speak a word of English.

IV

Perhaps the high tide for unalloyed enjoyment came to the town during skating time. Not only our town, but nearly all of Friesland participated. Winters there are long, but not severe. Furthermore, the water in the canals is salt and brackish, and the ice is slow to form. But as soon as the weather forecast indicates frost of any severity, all shipping in the canals stops, and for a reason very likely different from any other in the world: a ship pushing through the newly formed ice would inevitably spoil any intended skating, a sin which would be unpardonable.

Long before the ice was strong enough, dogs and even reckless boys were coaxed out on it to test it. As soon as the ice would bear a man, no matter how it groaned and bent, the very adventurous souls would be on hand with skates. If the frost continued, everybody would be on the ice the next day, schools and workshops would close, and stores would

open only for an hour or two in the morning. The whole populace flocked to the canals with skates.

To be unable to skate in Friesland is a disgrace. At four one has to learn. With small skates tied to one's shoes — always leather shoes for skating — and a little chair in front of one to push off on, one is left with other initiates on a small canal set off for that purpose, no parents or brothers to guide him. And each child learns willingly and as fast as he can, in order to join every living soul of the town on the big canals. A holiday spirit pervades everything. For once housecleaning is neglected and forgotten. Mothers are on the ice, and grandmothers, when not too frail and old. No one works. And in the afternoon whole families — single file, father ahead, mother next behind him, hooking her hand into his which he holds on his back, then each child according to age, not sex — set out together for distant parts, zooming and swaying along with the utmost gusto and speed.

Those afternoons one calls on relatives miles away. Every town is connected by the network of canals, and men are paid to keep the snow off. Only cripples are on land, and they partake of the holiday festivities by setting up booths and stands beside the canal, where they sell drinks, cookies, and chocolate. On the canal one meets other groups, family groups, large and small, all swooping past in perfect rhythm, no one out of stroke. One visits relatives for the first time during the year — rather, one meets them on the ice, for no one wants to sit inside. Ice days are perfect days. Good will reigns. Dutch skates are built for speed and distance; there is little chance for skating on rinks, and, were it possible, no one would be found to skate on them. And Dutch skates are wooden skates; but, contrary to popular conception, only the upper

part is made of wood, to support and hold the steel blades.

The people of Friesland are still the skaters of Holland, and all the Dutch skate on Frisian skates. Besides, as far as skating is concerned, the Frisians are still as unconverted as in the days when they massacred Saint Boniface and his band. Once a head schoolmaster, imported from the South of Holland, tried to enforce national school laws by refusing to give excuses for skating. The parents ignored him, and in spite of his raging no one turned up at school, not even the other teachers; and when he came fuming and military-haughty to the canal he was jeered and laughed at. At the next school election he was asked to leave, no matter what good qualities he might have possessed.

Under compulsion, and led by a fear of God, some went to church on Sunday when there was ice for skating. Only a very few attended and sat drowsy and rosy-cheeked throughout the service, dreaming of to-morrow, or preparing to go to the ice as soon as the midnight hour struck, or fearing that perhaps thaw would set in.

However, the skating season seldom lasted as long as two weeks. For so short a time schools and stores and workshops could be closed without great harm. All through the winter everybody prepared for it and no one raised a word of protest. Even to leave one's wife or mother at home for the cooking was criminal. One could snatch a bite somewhere on the ice, and in the evening fill up on something very hot and potent, like pea soup. No woman would voluntarily stay home, anyway.

V

If skating marked the peak of hilarity, funerals plumbed the depths of the gloomy and macabre. The reason for this might be logical, especially in a

town like ours, which by people far around was called the Town of Widows. For years the widows in Wierum outnumbered the married women, and a whole street was called the Street of Widows. The casualties of the sea were heavy, and had been much heavier before I was born. One winter afternoon storm took the lives of more than seventy, and that, in a town of less than twelve hundred, left gaps. A winter season seldom passed without some four or five men drowning.

The town was also designated as the town which never slept, by townsmen of inland villages. Certainly enough, the ways of our people must have seemed strange and weird to outsiders. We accepted them. I was used to women who clattered to the dike at all hours of the night to stand on top of it amid sleeping sheep, looking out to sea, sniffing at the winds for evil weather, fretting with their hands held roofwise over their eyes, worrying, but inarticulate. Strangely, they would nearly always go singly, — even when two widows lived together, — perhaps meeting others who were returning, exchanging grave remarks about the weather, and then continuing singly on their way. Rarely were the nights quiet and the weather dependable. Even then wooden shoes clattered to the dike. And when there was the least evidence of storm they would clatter all night long, and gaunt black figures would stand on top of the dike, skirts tugging in the wind, while their men might lie safely home in bed, or more likely out in the graveyard or at sea, whence they had never returned.

Funerals epitomize much, especially funerals among fishing folk. I shall never forget those funerals; the impressions are indelible, for our new house with the blue-tiled roof had been built in the Lijk Straat.

Lijk Straat means Carcass Street, and all funeral processions passed through

Lijk Straat. No fisherman lived on Carcass Street; no one with mind or stomach easily turned by stories of ghosts and witches ever dared to live on Carcass Street. Only the most enlightened — rather, the most callous — lived there. As children my brothers and I were regarded with awe whenever we dared to go home after dark.

Every time there was a funeral the church bell would toll lugubriously for hours. Finally from the house of mourning the preacher would emerge, followed by a bier draped in dull black cloth, carried on the shoulders of ten or twelve stalwart men, all dressed in unrelieved black. The minister's white collar would be the only thing not black in the whole cortège. Following the bier would come the men, in order of kin, heads bowed, steps attuned to the bell's sluggish tolling. These men would walk single file, sometimes as many as a hundred of them, for all the fishermen in town were interrelated, as no marriage to landlubbers was tolerated. The women, also single file, also in order of kin, and usually in larger numbers than the men, would follow, with heads bent, feet in step, their bodies draped to the toes in a long black sheet of linen which was held hood-like over the head, so that no part of the face was visible, and was clasped together in front of the mouth by a black gloved hand.

When the cortège passed, spectators would start guessing and surmising as to the identity of the women. Some were so adept at this that they could tell each woman in town by her stature or gait. After leaving the house of mourning, the procession wound itself very slowly around the town until it was back where it started from. Then, no matter what part of town this might happen to be, the cortège would start out once more, this time trailing

slowly toward Lijk Straat and through it, for nothing could be called a funeral that did not pass through our street. From our windows I watched numerous processions pass. After the graveyard was reached, the procession would wind three times around the whole mound on which was the cemetery, surrounding the old church. Not until that was completed would it head its way toward the grave. This whole procedure might take hours, hence the selection of strong and powerful men as pallbearers.

Especially during the summer did the town live up to its reputation as a town of widows. Very few besides women could be seen, except boys not yet twelve — that is, of course, in the section where the fishing people lived. During the summer all capable men departed to hire themselves off on fishing luggers in Bremen or Hamburg in Germany, rarely on Holland vessels. Soon after this, the anxiety among the women would grow intense, and, when storms threatened, restlessness was evident everywhere. It was contagious. As soon as the telegraph messenger emerged from the telegraph office, the town's women would flock to him, and not until all the men and luggers had been heard from was there ease again. To relieve their anxiety and waiting, some of the stronger women would hire themselves out to work in the fields, but never on a day when the sky was cloudy.

During summer days the town emptied itself. Everyone but the tradesmen flocked to the fields around the town. Nearly everybody had a few acres to work, or helped out farmers. They worked in the fields from three-thirty in the morning till six at night, interrupted twice by the tolling of the old tower bell to call them home for their meals, which were never eaten anywhere but at home. They might have to walk nearly a mile from their

particular fields and as far back again, but that did not matter. The meals were partaken of in unhurried fashion, and all took at least thirty minutes of rest before they started for the fields again.

The processions from the fields toward town when the bell tolled were always worth watching, especially the final homecoming at six. Standing on the high dike, one hears other village bells toll. Soon one learns to recognize each particular chime by its own timbre. Till then the roads stretch white and empty, but no sooner have the bells left off than the roads start to fill up with people heading toward town, or going in groups toward other villages. On quiet evenings when there is ebbtide, the voices and laughter can be heard far off. After the pedestrians have reached home, wagons come rumbling in over the bridges, and day is done. The town has withdrawn itself from the outside world. No one leaves, no one comes. Actually it is not until then that the town comes back to life, in spite of the very early rising hours in the morning.

No scene brings such nostalgia in retrospect as this six-o'clock homecoming. To be outside of the town, say at nine in the evening, with large melancholy cows watching one, with frogs shrill in the ditches and the scent of clover cloying, always gave me a frantic and hunted feeling, such as a chick must have when the mother hen is far away. Especially when laughter and singing came from the town, over the silent fields, the anguish was almost unbearable.

VI

But there are numerous other things to recall and to record. Perhaps I should mention holidays, like New Year's Day, when all grown men got drunk and each child received a five-

cent piece to buy the only orange it would ever eat during the year, when street fights and brawls were inevitable, and when the only policeman allotted to the town managed to stay on his side of the canal, well out of sight, realizing more than ever how little authority he had. All quarrels were settled by the villagers in their own way. Only when thievery had occurred was the policeman allowed to come in the town to investigate, for stealing was an abhorrence, and practised so infrequently that usually the policeman raised his garden crops undisturbed and grew more and more rotund and lazy.

In Wierum, Christmas is not celebrated beyond one church service. The gift day is Sint Nickolaas Day, the sixth of December. That day is mainly for children, while the Eve of Sint Nickolaas proves a ghastly ordeal to them, except when they have become unusually hardened. On that evening horribly dressed men, with raw intestines of cows and pigs hanging from their sides, painted frightfully, with eyes of dead barnyard animals glued to their faces, come to the house to put one in the right spirit for Sint Nickolaas. Anyone is allowed to come, and the more popular your parents are, the greater will be your allowance of suffering during the evening.

Parents are not supposed to interfere, even though the evening is an utter nightmare for their children. The men proceed to frighten the children, by all possible means and devices, until they have been driven to a point of hysteria. Not until then do parents dare to step in and intervene. When enough fear and fright have been administered, the men depart, leaving a small gift for each child in the kitchen, and other men come to practise their arts. I remember Sint Nickolaas Eves when I was so frightened that I was afraid to go to sleep for nights after-

ward. But, to keep their good standing in the community, parents simply had to tolerate all this.

There were two other holidays of some importance, the birthdays of Queen Wilhelmina and Princess Juliana, days of eating, feasting, singing, music, costuming, and parades, quite the most exciting days of the year.

I was thirteen when I left the town. I have not been back, yet I know that much of it remains unchanged. There are a few automobiles, and tourists can reach it now by bus, but tourists don't. Life seems to go on as before, slightly modernized, with the fishermen somewhat less hostile to the English, with fewer widows as drownings decrease each year and more fishermen are forced to make a livelihood on the land, with already a thought warily turned to the time when the government will come and dry up their sea as it is doing with the Zuider Zee.

But the essence of the town remains, in retrospect sometimes a little blurred

romantically, quite often sharpened when compared with everything that life in these United States stands for. After all, I was only thirteen, and still had part of my childhood to live, and I can make some comparisons. We came with very strange conceptions of a country which looked so huge on the maps, without canals, with large cities. We could not understand it, for we could not account for the wide spaces between those cities. Somehow there had to be Indians swarming near the shadows of the skyscrapers, and after all it was not so many years ago that Eliza had fled over the ice-filled Ohio followed by bloodhounds, perhaps the most definite picture a Dutch child has of America, in spite of good maps, much geography, and an array of facts, names, and statistics. But there is no need for comparisons, or of naming new understandings or disillusionings. The old town remains by the gray North Sea with gulls shrieking over it. It is a part of me.

WHO IS NEUROTIC?

BY FRIEDRICH JENSEN

THE investigation of neuroses has made decided progress during the last few years. As recently as two decades ago the concept of neurosis was familiar only to a few specialists. Through the popularization of psychoanalysis and its allied systems a superficial knowledge of neurotic behavior reached wider circles. The difficulties which formerly we took to be nervousness, timidity, anxiety, pathological doubting, or which under the labels of hysteria, neurasthenia, and compulsive disorders dragged out an involved and misunderstood existence between the field of internal medicine and that of psychiatry — all these, in consequence of the changes in our fundamental point of view, are now made accessible to understanding, and hence to a more fruitful treatment.

The increased knowledge of the unity of body and mind has made it possible to define a neurosis as an illness, always psychically conditioned, but expressing itself psychically and physically. As long as the psychologists cut man up into separate physical and psychic functions, insight into the unity of his purposeful behavior was denied them. When they learned to centre their study upon the whole personality, they discovered the single meaning in all the contradictory ways of acting which we designate as neurotic behavior.

Now we know that timidity and impudence, stupidity and cunning, secretiveness and the mania for gossip, all come from one and the same root, and

we believe we know the reason. Anxiety, compulsions, manias, crimes, and perversions are no longer regarded as illnesses in themselves, but are conceived as different forms of man's various withdrawals from life — that is, from life with others. For, to make this plain at the outset, *all neurotic phenomena are the expression of a disturbance in our relationships to others*. This disturbance is the essence of the neurosis; the type of disturbance is the particular variation. Whether a man is afraid to cross a street (agoraphobia), or tears himself to pieces in conflicts with his marital partner, whether he lives only to cherish his health (neurasthenia, hypochondria), or breaks into a safe-deposit vault, whether he continually counts, broods, doubts, or washes his hands (compulsion neurosis), whether he establishes no relations with the other sex, or only such as tend toward perversions, in any case he is severing his relation to his fellows and turning his interest in upon himself.

With this general characterization the field of neurosis is broadly marked out, and the way prepared for a formulation of the answer to the question in our title. Neuroses are certain complex ways of behavior in reference to social life, which have the purpose of evading the demands and the tasks of life while at the same time maintaining self-esteem. This goal is unattainable; therefore every neurosis leads inevitably into a state of suffering, even

when the means chosen for reaching the goal are not in themselves a cause of suffering. The neurotic is therefore the man who, doubting his own productive capabilities, turns off from the way of common humanity into the antisocial or asocial path. How he does it, whether through brutality or weakness, through poison or convulsions, through theft or homosexuality, is immaterial, conditioned apparently by a thousand internal and external factors.

The neurotic is he who continually takes more than he gives, who perpetually demands without being ready to reciprocate, who disturbs the harmony of mutually compensatory social life in order to enrich himself, whether emotionally or materially, at the expense of others. To be neurotic is invariably cheating and swindling, plain weakness, exploitation of the good faith of the unsuspecting. Since, however, neurotic behavior is carried on unconsciously, — that is, without the comprehension of the neurotic himself, — its correction belongs, not in the hands of the judge, as the sentence before this might lead one to suspect, but in the province of the doctor-educator. Neurotic behavior is not a moral problem, but one of mental hygiene, to be solved only through the removal of the false ideas on which it is based. This is why authority and severity never lead to the cure of a neurotic, unless preceded by his discovery of his mistaken way of living. After this discovery, however, they are almost always superfluous.

The neurotic must learn that his behavior is inadequate and therefore wrong. The judgment right or wrong, if it is to be valid, demands a fixed point of reference. The frame of reference for one's attitude toward life is the immediate and the wider community within which life is lived. If you compare our social life — for we are only concerned with this — to a theatre, it will be clear at once that in both cases we have to do

with an organization which needs certain rules for its continuance and functioning. In both cases there is a performance to be put on, a performance which promotes a perhaps voluntarily hidden yet still common purpose. On this performance depends the very existence of the organization. To rise in the organization is possible in the long run only through the improvement of the performances. Each individual is part of the whole; even a star is part of the group to whose service he devotes his powers. A star who works at the expense of the ensemble is not a star long.

Life has even less demand for stars than the theatre; it does demand good ensemble playing. The troupe in the theatre corresponds in life to one's fellows, to the cultural group, the community into which one is born. Everyone receives from the community at birth a sort of contract of mutuality. The community undertakes the task of bringing up, caring for, and educating the individual, and in return demands his active coöperation in its continuance and advancement. These laws, though unwritten, are highly binding and effective; everyone without exception is subject to them, and everyone, whether he admits it or not, recognizes them. Of that he gives daily and hourly proof. Where his recognition is open, he complies with them through positive social actions within the narrower or wider bounds of his possibilities. In the case of hidden recognition, he seeks some legitimate weakness or illness which will serve to release him from the demands of the environment, demands which he himself recognizes as justified. The built-up, cultivated, and cherished appearance of illness only confirms our assumption here. Why should a man need to excuse himself if he had a good conscience? *Qui s'excuse . . .*

To discuss in detail why and how a

neurosis is built up would overstep the bounds of this article. *In general, people who build up neuroses find the demands of society too heavy for them, and seek ways to evade them.* They may be fundamentally weak or physically defective; they may have been inadequately prepared for the future by a too-loving, overindulgent bringing-up, or by an oversevere or negligent one. Causes are always on hand in great numbers, and no neurotic is at a loss for explanations. Rarely, however, does a cause appear which justifies the evasion of society's demands. How otherwise could a cure be possible?

Thick volumes have been written about the problem of neurosis without covering it; inexhaustible as life itself, the neuroses offer new riddles, new phenomena, with each individual case. They are, as it were, the negative of life, its cruel image in a distorted glass. Neurosis is — so much will be clear from these fragmentary suggestions — a flight from responsibility in life, a retreat, blind egotism at all costs in a

thousand variations. Fear of genuine participation in life misleads the neurotic into evasive manœuvres which finally cost him dear. Wherever he flees, his neurosis serves as a painful alibi for the supposedly too-difficult conflict of life. Thus he deceives himself in a tragic struggle for the very results he sought to avoid, and reaches the very situation from which he was trying to escape when he devised his futile life: inferiority, misery, loneliness.

The neurotic way of life, however you look at it, is a bad business. The scanty winnings from pretense of power are not enough in the long run to cover the deficit for the expenses of this mode of living. The deficit consists in suffering. *It is the task of a therapeutic treatment to show the neurotic the instability of his system, and to hold before him the effects which follow inevitably upon his persistent behavior.* If he comes to understand the error in his reckoning, we have satisfied the chief condition for his cure.

THE DILEMMA OF THE MODERN ARTIST

BY FRANCIS HENRY TAYLOR

I

THE art historian has always boasted that art alone is a record of the contemporary scene as it develops from decade to decade. The historian, he claims, is usually a generation at least after the event of which he writes; the man of letters, perpetually yearning for Utopia, a lifetime in advance. But the artist, working from living models, portrays them in the very moment of their existence.

What, then, is the record of our own immediate generation? And how is art indicative of the world in which we live, a world which, although filled with more unrelated forms than man has known in any other civilization, is yet so apparently devoid of artistic significance? There is, of course, as in politics, no single answer to these questions that will appeal to both liberal and conservative. For, while the academician has given an uninspired version of material conditions, better expressed by the camera, the modernist has waved aside the issue of recording and has written instead, on canvas and in stone, scientific discourses on aesthetics, inspired by what he has seen in museums and in exotic lands and by what he has read in books. He has, for the most part, looked with his ears and has developed a critical approach in which he is justifying his distaste for academic art and setting down, unconsciously perhaps, a new set of scientific axioms for the academic painter of to-morrow.

It is, therefore, difficult to criticize the modern movement and to try to give it its proper valuation without being drawn into the controversy by either faction. I find that in New England I am a rabid modernist, whereas in the more rarefied atmosphere of New York I am set down as an Old Guard Republican of art, an exploiter of the American genius, in short the symbol of all that is uncreative — a museum director. Like Saint Simeon Stylites, however, I am able to maintain a certain calm by remaining lightly poised upon this twin column of accusation. For, while avowedly a proponent of modernism as an intellectual and liberal ideal, I feel that we must make haste slowly, that art has an almost physiological surge forward that may not be constrained, and that those of us who are charged with directing the public taste in the matter of exhibitions and in the acquisition of contemporary works of art are obliged to hold a detached and liberal view. We are challenged to bring whatever scholarship or knowledge we may have to a proper reconciliation with our taste — in other words, to be interested in art and in art only. And, since there is fundamentally but one kind of art, the question of whether it is academic or modern becomes completely unimportant.

Because of the violent partisanship of those engaged in the practice of art and because of the overwhelming rush

of propaganda from the dealers, the current arguments for and against modernism have become more a matter of fashion than of conviction. There seems to be no unifying principle among artists, except, perhaps, that the other fellow is hopelessly wrong. And, since there is to-day no religious conviction to provide its rigid iconography for the artist to follow, nor any court convention or formal patronage to impose upon him a much needed discipline from the outside, he is free to adopt as his own philosophy any one of a dozen or more æsthetic systems of the past which he scarcely understands, and which he solemnly puts forward as his own contribution to our time. We find ourselves, therefore, whirling about in a maelstrom of æsthetics such as the world has not known since the days of the Hellenized Jews of Alexandria some fifteen hundred years ago. It is impossible to approach the problems of the present without taking into consideration the background of intellectual confusion which the painter and sculptor have had to accept as a large part of their inheritance. This background, which is bound up in the rather forbidding theories and terminologies of the professional scholastic, may be confined for our purposes to the comparatively brief and simply stated questions: What is art? What is classicism? What do we mean by 'academic'? What is modernism?

II

We know pretty well what art is not, although no genius has been found to give a satisfactory definition to the term itself. Baumgarten, who with Lessing was one of the founders of modern æsthetics in the eighteenth century, maintained that the object of logical knowledge is Truth, whereas the object of æsthetic or sensuous knowledge is Beauty. Beauty is, then, the

perfect or absolute recognized through the senses, and Baumgarten found this perfection in nature. Sulzer and Mendelssohn went a step further by implying a sense of moral responsibility; the ideal of beauty being 'a beautiful soul in a beautiful body.' Winckelmann, whose ideas dominated the German universities of the nineteenth century, is probably more to blame for the present-day revolt against convention than any other philosopher. An unrelenting classicist, he maintained that there were three kinds of beauty: beauty of form, beauty of idea (best expressed in the position of the human figure in plastic art), and beauty of expression, which is attainable only when the other two are present. Since this beauty of expression so surely abounded in the statues of antiquity, it became the *summum bonum* to which the artist of to-day should dedicate himself. The importation of this classical notion by Charles Eliot Norton and the professors of Latin and Greek to our New England colleges very nearly ended by smothering the infant American art in its cradle.

Already another movement had set itself up in opposition to this doctrine. Rising with the French Revolution, and fed upon the colorful romanticism of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, this movement was soon to develop into the cult of 'art for art's sake.' Immanuel Kant was to write the formal justification of it by saying that 'Beauty is that which in general, and necessarily without reasoning and without practical advantage, pleases. In its objective meaning it is the form of a suitable object in so far as that object is perceived without any conception of its utility.' Thus art became a game, not in the sense of an unimportant occupation, but in the sense of a manifestation of the beauties of life itself without other aim than that of beauty. The ponderous author of the *Critique of Pure Reason* and the

sprightly Rousseau may seem strange bedfellows, but it is from their union that that most horrible of all artistic conventions was born — the ‘easel picture.’ Divorced from any architectural or other corporate significance, and lacking the instinctive decorative qualities of panel paintings or portraits of an earlier day, the nineteenth-century easel picture, such as ‘The Attack at Dawn’ in the Walters collection, and ‘A Reading from Homer’ by Alma-Tadema, became an end in itself and succeeded only in killing craftsmanship in the fine arts. It elevated the artist, furthermore, to a state of such spiritual and intellectual exaltation that the world has been suspicious of him ever since.

Victor Hugo, in his preface to *Cromwell*, wherein he sought to destroy the unities of the classical drama of the seventeenth century, provided the paper manifesto for the romantic movement which, after 1830, caused art to become analytical and introspective. The painter and sculptor, as well as the architect, began to work out their theories independently of each other and without regard to any common basis of understanding. Sculpture ceased to have a structural connection with the monument which it was destined to embellish and became at best a studio accomplishment that fairly reeked with the artist’s individuality. Mural painting, except for a few bombastic large-scale illustrations, went into a decline, and the architect became so engrossed with the engineering possibilities of steel construction that he quite neglected the problems of formal design. The improvement of the camera in 1839 was the final and most important sanction for the doctrine of art for art’s sake. It relieved the painter of the burden of concerning himself with exact representation, and permitted him to express himself according to his fancy and according to the dictates of the current fashion.

In the hundred years following the French Revolution there appeared more individual styles in painting than had been known in five thousand years of the history of art. Although it is true that there were certain well-defined movements, such as that at Barbizon for landscape, the Classicism of David and Ingres, Romanticism, which instituted a coloristic revolt from the golden ‘gallery tone’ of the eighteenth century, and the Realism of Courbet, the artist remained a law unto himself and accepted only those theories that most appealed to him. His interest in philosophical, psychological, and scientific questions had led him very far afield, away, in many cases, from the tedious practice of his craft to the more agreeable profession of oracle of world affairs.

With the advent of Impressionism in 1874 the painter developed a deeper interest in the physical sciences, particularly in the study of optics and in the finer subtleties of vision. Manet took his canvas out of doors in order to be able to record color in accordance with the laws of natural light. He wished, he said, ‘to enrich painting psychologically and to widen space physically.’ All of the great giants of the last quarter of the nineteenth century — and they were not few in number — made some equally important and experimental contribution to the new science of painting. Renoir, for example, by adopting El Greco’s subtle rotation of warm and cool tones, produced a hedonistic richness of color that had not been achieved since the Renaissance, while Degas, Gauguin, van Gogh, Seurat, and Lautrec each in his own way added something very vital to the programme of the earlier Impressionists.

This, then, is the background of the art of our own times, a background that must be thoroughly understood before one can intelligently pass judg-

ment upon it. For the artist of to-day is, in a sense, a man without a country. Nobody may claim him; he is not yet a member of the new social and economic order, and, having lost his connection with the guild system of the past, he is forced to make his uncertain way in a hostile world. Moreover, the absence of an established patronage has made him increasingly dependent upon his own resources; he must supply not only the finished picture but the motive that inspires it. He is paying dearly for his emancipation, and we should not condemn him if we find him clinging desperately to whatever theory offers the best security in an uncharted sea of æsthetic doctrine.

III

Cézanne died in 1906. Three years previously a group of wild young men, *les Fauves*, who acclaimed him as their god, arrived in Paris and busied themselves with the artistic revolution. Among their number were Picasso, Matisse, Braque, and Modigliani. It is largely because of their admiration for Cézanne that he has been associated in the public mind as the 'Father of Modern Art.' I have always felt, however, that such a notion was in error, and that Cézanne was not the founder or originator of a new tendency but rather the culmination and logical result of a century of experiment. One of the first to discover the weakness of the Impressionists, he determined to give his painting, to use his own words, 'the solidity and enduring quality of ancient art, of the art of museums.' He accomplished this by reversing Manet's programme of naturalistic color (which tends to absorption) and substituting for it a method of laying on color in successive planes, thus projecting it from the canvas and giving greater volume to his masses. From a technical point of view, Cézanne had said almost

the last word; the revolution was a *fait accompli* and there was little for the younger men to discover except to ring up all the possible changes on the themes of their predecessors.

For this reason the movement which we have identified with the more recent School of Paris was in a sense stillborn. By its very insistence in finding new worlds to conquer, it has become completely archæological and dependent for its sources of inspiration upon the productions of antiquity. Instead of providing us with a creative and monumental style that posterity might point to as that of the first quarter of the twentieth century, we are served up brilliant and often witty interpretations of the art forms of the past. We are asked to sit by and applaud while critical virtuosi, artists of such unquestioned genius as Matisse and Picasso, play the compositions of the ancients and aborigines on any known or unknown instrument in any key, and we accept these short pieces, which are really no more important than finger exercises for the piano, as the masterpieces of our day.

Unwilling to dedicate himself to his profession with the singleness of purpose that marked the artist of only yesterday, the contemporary painter is perhaps too conscious of the world about him. He prides himself on being familiar with more different kinds of art than his forerunners ever knew existed. He scoffs at nationalism and claims that art is international and knows no barriers, yet overlooks the fact that to be an internationalist in art is simply another way of admitting that he is an eclectic. He defends his position on the ground that from the moment the first cave dweller put brush to the walls of Altamira the artist has been subjected to every influence of history and has successfully absorbed what he needed from each. He refuses to allow that the state of

mind which admits all things from all countries of all periods of history sooner or later enervates and devitalizes the creative impulse. When the eye is cluttered up with images that are not indigenous it fails to see what is immediately before it and loses, therefore, the power of significant recognition.

Like the rest of us, the artist is dazzled also by the mysteries of science. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that since 1870 the best minds in the Western world have been attracted by scientific occupations. So the artist has been placed in the awkward position of choosing between two paths: the first, that of withdrawing into an inner world of his own creation, thus escaping what he considers the grossness of our material civilization (a path which the academic painter has usually found it easier to follow); the second, a sort of lover's lane where the modern-minded individual may flirt with science in a totally unscientific language of his own invention. Psychoanalysis and systematic archæology are the primroses that brighten his journey. In the former he finds opportunities for self-expression that the centuries have not opened up to him, and, in the latter, new forms in which to say it.

Granting the justice of this censure, it would hardly be fair to hold the artist responsible for this state of affairs. For he has been the victim of a series of social, economic, and intellectual circumstances which have affected equally the other branches of society and over which he had no possible control. He is no more to blame for having invested in the inflated educational stock of his generation, which was sold apparently in good faith, than is the small investor who was ruined by the utility holding companies. It may be well, therefore, to examine the most important factors which have contributed to his spiritual bankruptcy.

IV

There has never been, to my knowledge, so much archæological activity as there was in the twenty years between 1890 and 1910. It was the high point of European imperialism. The powers were vying with each other in grasping possessions in Africa, in the Far East, and in the Pacific Islands. Every colonial official who coveted the Legion of Honor or the Iron Cross when he came home on leave had to bring with him some newly discovered treasure for the Louvre or for the Kaiser Friedrich Museum. The Guimet, the Asiatic Divisions at South Kensington, and the incomparable Museum für Völkerkunde in Berlin are not so much monuments to intellectual interest and patronage at home as they are testimonials to the industry of the Civil Service. Archæology became a symbol of imperial legitimacy, an alibi for taking up the white man's burden.

Furthermore, the bitter struggle for the political supremacy of the Near East, with its two great engineering plums, the Suez Canal and the Berlin-Baghdad Railway, naturally had drawn the attention of all educated people to the lower Mediterranean littoral and to the civilizations that lay hidden beneath the sands of Egypt and Mesopotamia. The commercial development of these countries brought about a frenzy of building and of excavating which turned up, in addition to the discoveries of the archæological missions, an almost ceaseless flow of art and architectural decoration that gradually filtered into the European capitals. Not only did this newly recovered wealth arouse the interest of everyone connected with the arts, but it gave rise to an enormous speculation in ethnological and psychological theory. The art academy and the university were brought into closer contact than ever before and the public learned to

include strange ideas from exotic and distant lands as part of their regular mental diet.

It is small wonder that the younger group of artists who came after Cézanne, and who were trying so eagerly to carry on the torch of revolution, should look upon this unstudied material as manna from heaven and the solution of their problems. Not only was it tremendously *en vogue*, but it must be observed that the art of the Near East was of a unique character in that it was based largely upon rhythmic patterns of light and shade and on geometric principles. It provided a ready and authoritative formula for abstract art and thus prepared the way for the programme of the Cubists. The forms were simply conceived, of exquisite beauty, and in their infinite variety they supplied sustenance to a movement that otherwise would have proved abortive. One began to talk of the psychology of line and form, and before long Expressionism was fully acknowledged as a reputable doctrine. But its disciples failed to confess that it was straight archaeology, freed from nineteenth-century inhibitions.

This Semitic art of the Near East could hardly have captivated the artists of 1900 to the extent it did had not some intuitive sympathy drawn them to it. I believe it is seldom realized how many of the important painters and sculptors of the past thirty years have Jewish blood in their veins. Certainly the majority of the art dealers and collectors of our time have been able to bring to their appreciation of the arts the amazing gifts for criticism and discernment which are a part of their racial inheritance. Traveling the earth for thousands of years, moving from one country to another as merchants and bankers, educated Jews have developed a flair for fine works of art that is shared to the same degree by no other Occidental people. Yet it is a

curious paradox that, having perfected their critical faculties to the point of a fine art, they should have contributed so little to the creative productions of our European civilization. I think the answer must lie in the fact that while they have an instinctive love for art, and consider it, like music, a necessary factor in their lives, they are more deeply concerned with intellectual problems, with the analysis and manipulation of the processes of the mind. This may explain in part why so much of modern art is of a deeply critical nature and so difficult for the layman to understand, and why many forms of expression that at first sight seem incomprehensible may be communicable to individuals who, though they may never have had direct contact with one another, have had centuries of a common background.

Nor is this the first time in history that the Jew has affected the direction of artistic thought. In the early centuries which marked the decline of the Roman Empire the centre of Hellenistic culture shifted from Athens to Asia Minor, particularly to Alexandria. Here the Hellenized Jews, of whom Saint Paul was a distinguished example, and the Coptic Christians, who were of course of the same race, developed a simplification of art forms which seemed to come as a protest against the degeneration that had taken possession of Greek and Roman art. It is deeply significant that much of the most interesting work of Picasso, of Matisse, of Derain particularly, and of Modigliani, exactly parallels the two-dimensional and abstract compositions that we find in Coptic textiles, in the Coptic frescoes of Bawit, and in the delicately carved surfaces of the bas-reliefs that are scattered throughout Asia Minor.

Whether the artists of the School of Paris fell by more or less natural accident upon these ancient vehicles for their expression, or whether they were

irresistibly attracted to them by some atavistic impulse, is something that we shall never know. For whatever drew them into these channels of investigation was so deeply imbedded in their subconsciousness that they could not sincerely or truthfully say what it was that guided them and would have had to content themselves with the explanation that they were simply the products of their age. Perhaps, had not the course of events been interrupted by the war, a mature and creative style might have grown out of these experimental beginnings three decades ago. But with the war, and the almost more hideous Peace of Versailles, came hysteria and fear which affected the arts no less than they affected political and economic reconstruction. Society as a whole was overwhelmed by a wave of introspection and self-analysis; the jazz age of the twenties served only as a rather macabre and sinister *leitmotif* to a pathological despondency and fatalism that shook the very foundations of our social structure. Political and economic justification was sought for in the writings of Karl Marx, while to Dr. Freud and his school of cerebral investigation may be attributed the explanation for much of the moral and mental license with which the individual found it convenient to clothe his conduct. A complete absence of accepted truth or standard put a premium on any doctrine whose author could shout loudly enough to have a hearing. No phase of human insanity was so unimportant that it did not demand a study to see what deductions concerning the normal person could be made from it.

Movement followed movement with breathless rapidity: Futurists, Symbolists, Expressionists, all borrowed from the past and distorted what they had borrowed in order to fool the present. Other groups banded themselves into cliques known as Intimists, Synthesists, Orphists, and Purists. What

their programmes were I cannot have any means of knowing and rather suspect that they did not know themselves. Dadaism, so the story goes, was invented in a Berlin café by an artist who, during the inflation, half-crazed by starvation and unable to purchase anything with his paper marks and his food cards, made a pattern of them and glued them to his last remaining canvas with odds and ends of paint scraped from his palette. The picture complete, he stood up on a chair, announced to the assembled multitude, 'I have invented the art of the Dada,' whipped out a revolver, and shot himself. There is no doubt an element of the apocryphal in this history (I have heard no less than ten versions of the origin of this movement). At all events, when I was a student in Paris nearly ten years later the devotees of Dada were legion, and were generally accepted among the more serious artistic circles of the city. But the *reductio ad absurdum* of modernism was yet to be achieved by the Super-realists, of whom we had in New York last winter such an edifying example in the form of Salvador Dali, the now famous painter of 'Wet Watches.' In his honor was held the *Surréaliste* ball at which the *cognoscenti* (who a few weeks previously had lavished their attentions upon the all too stolid Gertrude Stein) appeared dressed as their favorite dream. Dali's *Surréaliste* colleague, Joan Miro, an artist quite as facile with his brush and with an equally prurient and suppurating intelligence, made no secret of his ambition when he thrilled the bourgeoisie of Paris by declaring, '*Je cherche à anéantir la peinture.*'

V

We have seen during the past two years the heights of fury to which a people can be lashed when they are finally persuaded that their intellectual

and political leaders have led them to a dead end. Possibly the violence of the inevitable reaction that must take place in this country may be tempered or, I hope, even averted if we look upon these vital issues of political, social, and intellectual controversy dispassionately and take them not as personal convictions of which we approve or disapprove, but rather judge them from the point of view of cause and effect. The artist must not be considered a dangerous or antisocial being who is anxious to destroy the society from which he has become disassociated through no fault of his. It is to be regretted, perhaps, that in the past century and a half he has partaken too freely of the fruit of a Tree of Knowledge never intended for his Eden. We must help him to find himself and provide him not only with nourishment for his body but with food for the spiritual man whom he has long ago forgotten ever existed. As a Jewish friend has written me, a man prominent in the social and intellectual life of Germany who has lost everything at the hands of the Nazis, 'What we have come to in my country to-day is only natural. It had to come; I have expected it to happen at any moment since the war. *It is the revolt of the soul against the intellect; our tragedy lies in the fact that the leader of this revolt has no soul.*'

These, then, are the forces of dilemma and confusion that have caused the painter or sculptor to be so unhappy in his present existence and relatively so unsuccessful in attracting the lasting favor or confidence of the public. In defense he has had to pose in front of his easel as though it were the mirror of his inner consciousness and present his own irrelevant and usually rather boring reflexes as the most vital topics of the day. Dressing them up in some form of not too easily understood intellectualism, he has gone on month after month serving up to a tired audi-

ence abortive and totally uncreative twaddle, not unlike a child making bad smells in the test tubes of his junior chemistry set. If I have seemed to dwell too long and too harshly on the more extreme forms of modernism, it is because, however absurd they may appear upon the surface, they are of interest to the historian of ideas. They are valuable in recording the effect of current influences upon the artist's mind, and above all they present a picture of the intellectual indigestion from which we all suffer to a degree.

Whatever the future holds in store or the remedy may be, the answer is certainly not that of the academics. However one may disagree with the modernists, one must grant them the courage of their convictions, convictions that have survived several generations of doctrinal evolution and revolution. The academics have produced nothing any better, seldom anything as good, and apparently have had no convictions or ideas at all except that they do not like modern art. They have developed a smug self-righteousness that is a good deal harder to stomach than the pornographic excesses of Mr. Dali. There should be a happy medium between the two extreme points of view. Let the artist do a little less talking and thinking about art and a great deal more looking; then, after he has looked a very long time, let him try to paint something that the customer could conceivably enjoy. The man in the street has troubles enough of his own without wanting to look at a picture of the subconscious of a man whom he has never met and in whom he is not in the least interested. And let the public try to accord the artist a few of the amenities of a so-called Christian civilization. In this way there will be less bitterness on the part of the artist and a more understanding patronage of art by the public of the future.

DOCTOR WINTON

BY ALBERT HALPER

I

DOCTOR WINTON had his dental offices above Sam Kooperman's grocery store. He was a tall, thin man in his late fifties and was slightly stoop-shouldered from bending over many patients. His face was rather sallow, he dressed well, and he liked to smoke very strong dark cigars. He was married to a large, florid woman with a handsome figure who had dyed her hair red and was fond of bridge playing. They had no children.

The first week Sam Kooperman moved into the store the doctor came down and introduced himself. He owned the little building, but the renting had gone through an agent. He came down in the morning, to make the new grocer's acquaintance. He had been in the neighborhood for over twenty years, had seen young people grow up to manhood and womanhood, and he told Sam which families could be trusted for 'book' trade and which families could not. At that time the neighborhood was made up largely of railroad workers who were employed by the Northwestern, and the various rooming houses which sprang up later had not yet put in an appearance. The new grocer was grateful for the advice and thanked the doctor. The doctor stood around a while longer, then, noticing Sam's small boy, Sidney, reading a Wild Western behind the counter, he cleared his throat, asking Sidney how old he was.

'I'm nine, but I'm going on ten,' Sidney answered.

'He'll be ten in August,' Sam put in.

'A big boy,' said the doctor.

'No, not so big,' said the grocer. 'He's rather small for his age.'

'How many children have you got?' the doctor asked after a while.

Sam Kooperman, who had been having a hard time feeding even one son beside his wife and himself, threw up his hands. 'I've got only one, but, God bless him, he eats like an army!'

'I suppose he wants to be President,' the doctor said, chuckling.

'No, all he wants is to ride like a cowboy.'

The doctor chuckled again, then went upstairs. Sidney could see the dentist liked his father and also that his father liked the dentist. 'Always wait on him nice when he comes down here!' Sam told him. 'He's a gentleman!'

The dentist came down every day to buy four cigars. He smoked a special brand and Sam kept them in a box under the counter especially for him. He kept them out of sight because they were two-for-a-quarter cigars and he did not want the railroad workers who smoked three-for-ten-centers to see them; there had been a big strike a few months before, and the men were still sensitive about things which other people could afford and they could not.

In a few weeks the Koopersmans be-

gan to realize that the doctor was a lonely man. Sidney heard his mother and father talking about the dentist, and they brought up the matter of the cigars. Both of them knew the doctor had Sam buy the special brand just so that he could come down and talk awhile. The doctor could have bought the cigars himself by the box from a dealer, saving time and money, but instead he came down to Sam, who charged him the strictly retail price and who made almost two dollars profit on each and every box.

'He's a gentleman!' said the grocer.

Then Mrs. Kooperman, a short fleshy vigorous woman, said, speaking quietly: 'He's a Jew.'

Her husband was astonished. 'What! How can you tell?'

'His eyes are so sad,' his wife said, compressing her lips firmly.

Sam scratched his ear. He stood there short and stocky, thinking. 'Winton, Winton? No, it can't be possible.'

But his wife had already sowed the seed and the suspicion grew. The suspicion grew until the stocky little grocer was on pins and needles. Every time the doctor came down for cigars, which was every day, Sam looked as if he wanted to ask him a question; and every time he looked that way the doctor in turn looked expectant but strained. The doctor appeared to be fighting something, hesitating to make up his mind about some matter. He'd go up to his dental offices above the little grocery, puffing a strong fresh cigar, and, when he'd open the first door which led inside, his wife would always come in from the living rooms behind the partition because a little buzzer buzzed every time the outer door was opened. She'd come in looking as though she were about to greet another of her husband's patients, with a polite smile on her face, but when she saw it was her husband her manner relaxed a bit.

II

Doctor and Mrs. Winton got on well enough together, but there were times when she was full of spite for him. It was not because they were poor—they weren't; or that he denied her anything—he did n't; but because of something which they never mentioned between themselves. Once she had almost talked about it, after coming home from a West Side shopping trip and buying some dry goods which did not look so well in the bright daylight of the flat as they had looked under the flashy bulbs over the counter of the store. She had become very angry then, saying that Goldstein's was not a fit or honest place to shop and that the people who owned stores along Goldstein's street were all alike, dishonest and tricky. She said a few more things and the doctor stood around, his face going pale, and did not answer. A half hour later, when Mrs. Winton poked her head into the office and saw that the doctor was still looking very pale, she rushed toward him, half sobbing, and gathered him into her arms. Her breasts were large and comfortable and she pressed him toward her. 'Oh, I'm so sorry, Milton, so sorry, so sorry,' she said over and over, kissing his cheek. 'Really I am; I'm nothing but an old fool.' She dried her eyes soon after, and when he smiled she laughed shortly and the small gold cross between her breasts jumped a little with her short quick breathing. They stood looking at each other for a little while, liking each other, then the matter was forgotten and Mrs. Winton went humming into the kitchen—they had nice neat rooms behind the offices—and made her husband an apple pie just the way he liked it.

Doctor Winton, however, could not eat apple pie very often, only once or twice a month. His stomach gave him trouble. His doctors had ordered him

to give up smoking, but when he had refused they began advising him about his diet. They had to draw the line on something, they told him. However, he fooled them once in a while. Two or three times a year he went for a big full meal to a restaurant on Roosevelt Road near Halsted Street which was patronized mostly by clothing merchants and dry-goods jobbers. He went by himself, as Mrs. Winton did not like that sort of spicy cooking. He would sit down at a side table, call over his favorite waiter, — the waiters never seemed to change at Silver's, — and instruct the man just how he wanted his food prepared. To hear the doctor speak in such detail about food was a trifle strange, seeing that he rarely ate much at home and then ate anything put before him. In Silver's, however, he was particular, even fussy, though genial about it. He would order a full-course dinner, would eat it slowly and with relish, then go home. It always happened that his stomach bothered him for a few weeks afterwards, but the meal apparently was worth it, for he never stopped going.

He came down to the grocery one day after Sam Kooperman had had the store three or four months and he seemed to be more talkative than usual. He came down in the morning when little Sidney was at school. The door behind the curtain was half open and the smell of the grocer's dinner drifted slowly toward the store. The dentist sniffed it.

'My wife should close the door,' the grocer apologized, 'but there's no draft back there and the kitchen gets so hot. I tell her time after time —'

'No, let her keep it open. It smells good.'

'Yes? But these people around here don't like the smell, maybe. My wife don't cook like these women cook

around here. After all, she cooks like her own people.'

'I'll have four of those cigars,' the doctor said, pointing under the counter.

Sam reached under the counter, brought the box forth, and the doctor took four. He laid a dollar bill down, getting a half dollar change. The grocer handed him a large box of big wooden matches and the doctor struck one against the side of the counter. The counter, made of cheap pine, was old and stained, and where the doctor had struck the match the wood was worn and burnt. Teamsters and the railroad workers had been striking big wooden matches against that spot for years.

'Well,' said the dentist, looking out into the quietness of Kedzie Avenue, 'a nice sunny day, a nice spring morning.'

'No business,' said the gloomy grocer.

'No business?'

'No business — only bills.'

The doctor chuckled. 'How much money would you take for Sidney?'

'Sidney? Ten million dollars, five million cash.'

The doctor chuckled again, then smelled the cooking, stronger than ever. The smell came floating from the kitchen behind the store, warm and full of flavor. The doctor's face grew quiet, but a strange look stole into his eye. 'What kind of meat is cooking?'

'Breast of lamb, but we call it *brust*. My wife makes it a special way, like her people. It's *gedampte brust*.'

Slow and heavy the full-flavored odor came floating past the gingham curtain. They could hear Mrs. Kooperman bustling around there, rattling a pan and stirring something. The grocer was watching the doctor's face. He took the bit between the teeth. 'Maybe my wife could spare you a little something — Sidney don't eat so much on Tuesdays.'

He took the dentist back behind the curtain. It was half-past eleven, a

little too early for the meal, but they sat down at the table. Mrs. Kooperman set the table and asked no questions, taking things as a matter of course. The meal did n't take long — soup, the meat, followed by boiled big prunes and raisins. The doctor liked it. No customers came into the store and they ate without interruption, Sam eating in his long white grocer's apron, ready to jump up if the front door opened.

When the meal was finished the doctor joked and thanked them. Mrs. Kooperman, warm and rosy from the kitchen, smiled. There was a silence, during which they all stood awkwardly. Mrs. Kooperman finally said something warmly in Yiddish, looking frankly at the dentist. Sam held his breath, keeping back a bit. After a short electrical pause, the doctor relieved the tension. Flushing, half joking, he answered, speaking Yiddish. His words were not quite perfect, as though he had not mouthed Yiddish for many years, but what he said had been apt and correct. Mrs. Kooperman, a big spoon in her hand, beamed all over. 'Nu,' she said, 'I was right, was n't I, Sam?'

Sidney came stamping in, carrying his school books. In the dimness of the rear rooms he did n't see the doctor. He came in frowning, making a lot of noise. 'Ma, I'm hungry! Make way for me right away!' He did this every day, to assure his mother he was healthy. Mrs. Kooperman, who used to scold him back for answer, to-day grabbed him up in her arms and began kissing his cheek passionately. Sidney began to struggle. Then he saw the doctor. He grew shy, then sheepish. 'Ma, let me down,' he said quietly. 'I'm a big boy now.'

III

Once or twice a week thereafter the doctor came down to eat. He ate quickly and simply, but always on

parting was a trifle awkward. The food cost money, but he was afraid to offer payment. He did not know what to do about it. The Koopermans took it as a matter of course, — hospitality was hospitality, — but he was troubled about it. Owning the little building, he thought he ought to reduce the rent. He said to Sam: 'You're not doing so much business; I think I ought to reduce your rent.' If he had gone about it in another way he might have succeeded. He could have told the grocer the taxes had been cut or something. Instead he had blundered. Sam's face had grown heavy as timber. The doctor walked upstairs to his office. His wife had become aware of her husband's little visits, but said nothing about them. He told her she ought to start buying some things at Sam's store. She traded by telephone at Starbuck's, a fine big grocery near Lake Street, and had been buying there for years. Starbuck's carried the goods she wanted, also a line of meats. She had only to phone and the delivery boy came over — a comfortable arrangement. Sam's stock was so limited, so puny — and sometimes rather dusty. Mrs. Winton tried hard, however. She came down a few times and did a little trading. Mrs. Kooperman, standing at the partition door at the rear, greeted her. It was a trifle awkward at first, naturally. Mrs. Winton was no fool and knew the Koopermans knew everything. The thirty years of married life had lulled her husband's sense of raciality, and now, by this family's moving in, it had been aroused again. She made a few small purchases, paid cash, and carried the things upstairs.

A few weeks later she did not come down any more. Sam had such a limited stock, and once a box of crackers had not been fresh. Her husband understood. She did not go down again. But when she had to go out to shop, or to see friends, and had to pass Sam's

windows, she always turned her head toward the store and nodded, to show there was no ill feeling. Sam, if he was near the window, nodded and touched his hat. They smiled a little in greeting each other, but Mrs. Winton was never sure what was behind the little plump grocer's eyes.

Doctor Winton liked better than anything else, if he had no patients coming, to come down on Friday evenings when the Sabbath candles were burning. It was dark behind the store, the rooms were close and overcrowded, but there was something about the little rear-room living quarters which warmed him every time. He grew very fond of Sidney and began to give him money. Mr. Kooperman objected, so the doctor switched to presents. Mr. Kooperman still objected, so the doctor switched back to money, slipping Sidney quarters. Sidney showed them to his parents. They talked it over. In the end they bought the boy a little iron bank, but told him to take only one quarter at a time from the doctor. 'No more,' said Sam. 'What are we, beggars? Take only one, as it gives him pleasure, but no more!'

When the hot weather came the patients dropped off a little and Doctor Winton came down more often. The heat made him uncomfortable and restless and also talkative. He sent his wife away to the country, as usual, saying he'd join her for two weeks in late August. An old spinster they had yearly engaged as housekeeper for the summer returned to clean the flat and cook for him. It was all according to tradition. The spinster phoned Starbuck's, like Mrs. Winton, and gave her order. She cooked, also, just as Mrs. Winton had instructed.

Doctor Winton took to coming downstairs more often. He took to sitting in the afternoon in the rear-room kitchen, where it was cooler. Sidney was old enough to wait on trade now and

could take care of simple orders. If there was cold meat to be cut or a long sum to figure he'd call out to his father, however. Sam would then come from the back room, would wait on the customer politely, then would go back to his wife and the doctor.

By this time the dentist had told them a great deal about himself. He did not really mean to, but before he knew it he was talking about himself. In the dimness of the kitchen he sat in one of the old black leather rockers, watching Mrs. Kooperman, who always sat near the stove where grapes or pears or some other kind of fruit was cooking. Fruits were fairly cheap that season and she was always preserving. While the doctor talked she served tea in tall thick glasses, also jelly. The doctor sipped his slowly, flavoring it with the jelly, while Sam drank his tea as in the old country, hissing it between his teeth, which held a cube of sugar, apologizing for the noise. 'It tastes so good,' he said.

The doctor told them about his youth. He was the son of Polish Jews who had settled in Macon, Georgia. His father had been a tailor, Zachariah Weinstein, and he had prospered in a moderate fashion — enough at any rate to send his son through two years of school. Then the old man had died and his wife sold the little shop and went north to Boston, to live with a sister. There was now no income, and young Weinstein at school — he had changed his name to Winton upon enrollment — had to work his way. He got a job with the local express company, rolling merchandise into wagons on the night shift. Mrs. Winton at that time was back in Macon waiting for him. She had gone into nursing against the wishes of her people, and her marriage to young Weinstein also caused a scene. The young graduate had gone back home to get married, but her people were so hostile that

he did n't stay long. At that time in Georgia there was feeling against inter-marriage. The young dentist put an advertisement in a dental journal for a place and came north to Chicago. He bought out a small office on the South Side and started practice. His mother died and left him a little money. He moved once or twice, then came to Kedzie Avenue. He had been practising above the little grocery for over twenty years now.

That was his story. There was not much else to tell, but he always seemed to be remembering small incidents about his home and his people. Little stories and happenings would come back to him and he would describe them. At some times he sounded like an old man already, though he was not far gone in years. His practice came from all over, sometimes from the suburbs. People who grew up and married and moved away would return to Kedzie Avenue when their teeth needed fixing. The old associations pulled them back. Besides, the doctor was a good dentist and his fees were reasonable. Those who married and raised families sent their children also. The doctor knew them all. But, though he was widely and favorably known, he did not go out very often.

The Koopermans, without saying much, made him feel they understood. Mrs. Kooperman sometimes dropped a word of Yiddish or spoke a proverb which somehow summed up everything. This homely philosophy she had learned from her mother, who had learned it from her mother, and so on back into generations. The doctor would listen, would smile wanly, then, after all the talking, would go up to his office moodily, sorry he had spoken so freely. Once or twice he did not come down for one or two days after and Mrs. Kooperman took the blame. 'We let him talk too much, that's the trouble.'

But her husband disagreed. 'He has

a lot inside himself which has to come out. Even if it hurts him.'

'You know what I think,' she told him. 'He's worried. He's a sick man and he's worried how he's going to die, whether a Gentile or a Jew. That's what he's always thinking about. What did he ask you yesterday, "Where have you got your grave lots?" for? He's a sick man, Sam.'

'God forbid,' said her husband. 'God forbid that he should pass away for a long time yet.'

'Nu, talk to God, then,' said his wife crisply, standing over the stove. 'In the meantime go into the store—I heard the door bang. Maybe a big customer wants to buy a bottle of milk where there's one cent profit!'

Sam went into the store, uneasy. His wife had sharp eyes, a sharp instinct, and he knew it.

IV

In due time Doctor Winton took a two-weeks vacation and came back with his wife. He came back looking a little older, a little thinner. His face had slightly tanned out in the country, but something about him was more sallow than ever. And for some reason or other, for the first time since his early childhood, he looked a trifle Jewish. His nose, which had thinned perceptibly, and the hollows of his forehead, which had grown deeper, caused him to resemble one of those learned men of the Torah whose eyes burn constantly with the light of knowledge. The people out in the country had thought him 'distinguished.' The women, especially, had liked him. Mrs. Winton, however, was glad to bring him away. She was uneasy.

In the fall, soon after Sidney went back to school, Sam Kooperman put a small sign in his window one morning and closed up for the day. The sign read: 'Store closed on account of holiday. Will open to-morrow.' He put the

sign in the window and took his wife and small son to the synagogue. As it was forbidden to ride, they walked almost three miles, to Ashland Avenue. Mr. Kooperman was not religious, but two times a year, at Yom Kippur and Rosh Hashonah, he locked his doors. He took his wife and son to the synagogue, fasted and said prayers until sundown, then walked home. After sundown his wife made a hearty meal. They broke their fast in the rear of the store, still dressed up in their best clothes. Mrs. Kooperman tied an apron around herself, so as not to spot her clothing.

At eight o'clock, just as they got ready to go to sleep, they heard knocking against the door, then hammering. Sam got up and walked through the dark store, muttering. Ten or twelve small boys were in the street, making a racket. They were calling Sidney dirty names. Sidney had got out of going to school that day and they did n't like it. Sam came back and they got into bed, not paying any attention to the racket, which gradually died down.

A half hour later a knocking was heard again. Sam turned over, merely mumbling. The knocking was repeated. This time Sam got out of bed, taking a broom in his hands. He was dressed in his long white winter underwear — though it was only autumn — and he walked determinedly. His wife called out to him, saying anxiously: 'Don't hit them, Sam. They're children; they don't mean harm.'

Sam came to the door and saw Doctor Winton. He drew back the bolt and let the doctor in right away.

'Are you in bed already?'

'No, we were just going to sleep; it's all right.'

In the rear Mrs. Kooperman, hearing the doctor's voice, hurriedly slipped a house dress over her plump figure, working quickly in the dark. Sidney, in a small bed in a corner, was already dreaming of cowboys and Indians.

Doctor Winton had seen the small sign in Sam Kooperman's window and had come in to find out about it. They went back toward the rear, so that no passing people might see Sam in his long white underwear. The grocer, though sleepy, had got back his good humor.

'A fine Jew you are,' he said, joking, meaning no harm. 'To-day is a holiday and next week there is one too. Rosh Hashonah. I took my family to the synagogue.'

'Did you fast?'

'Yes, we fasted.'

Doctor Winton did not stay long. He saw they really had been in bed, so he withdrew. He went upstairs, troubled, and the grocer rebolted the door. Before Sam went to sleep he said to his wife, 'The doctor is a sick man,' but his wife replied quietly, 'No, he's a sick Jew.'

Two days before the holiday of the following week the doctor came down and said, half joking, that he'd like to go to the synagogue with them on Friday. Sam joked back. Mrs. Kooperman, however, did not joke, but said, 'Well, why not?' They all grew silent, then Sam sent Sidney outside to play.

The next day, one day before the holiday, the doctor came down again and said he was really going with them. Sam became vaguely uneasy, but his wife was jubilant. 'How will it look?' said Sam, being practical. 'What will the neighborhood say?'

The doctor did n't answer.

'To them you're a Gentile. When they see you walking with us to *schul* they'll know something is funny. For myself I don't care; I'm thinking of you.'

There was a long pause, after which Mrs. Kooperman, dropping her eyes, said the doctor could catch up to them later, meeting them on the corner of Lake Street. Then no one would see.

The whole business became embar-

assing. But there was something in the doctor's sickly face, something in his wavering, straining eyes, which led Sam's wife to repeat her suggestion, and before the doctor went upstairs they came to an agreement.

The next morning, bright and early, Sam Kooperman stuck the same little sign in his front window: 'Closed on account of holiday. Will open tomorrow.' He had instructed the milkman and the breadman to leave no supplies that day. A few customers walked by grumbling, because they had to go two full blocks up the street to Barry's for food.

Sam and his wife and little Sidney dressed and got ready to go. Sam was in his black suit and held his thick prayer book under his arm, wrapped in newspaper. His wife also carried her prayer book, wrapped in newspaper. Sidney was allowed to carry his father's talis, the fancy silk shawl his father wore over his shoulders while praying.

Sam locked the door noisily, so that the doctor upstairs would know they were going. His wife called out, in a clear voice, 'Did you lock it good, Sam?' and Sam answered, also loudly, 'I locked it good.' Then they set out up the street, walking. Sidney held his father's hand. A few neighbors were at their windows, watching.

When they reached Lake Street they stopped and waited. Five minutes went by. Mr. Kooperman did not carry a watch, so he looked at the clock in the barber shop. Ten minutes passed. 'Maybe the clock is fast,' said his wife. They waited.

Forty minutes passed, and when they could wait no longer they set out on their two-and-a-half-mile walk, not talking much to one another. The sun was coming over the factories of California Avenue and burst in a fine early-morning blaze above the railroad tracks of the Northwestern. Mr. Kooperman walked sturdily, holding his son's hand.

When they reached the synagogue the service had already started. All the men kept their hats on, in the orthodox fashion. The women sat together at one side, as was also the custom. The men prayed together, sitting and standing up by turns. The sun was coming through the windows. Later on, two cantors began singing and someone blew the ram's horn. Sam Kooperman had his talis covering his shoulders and he prayed sturdily with the others.

At sundown they returned to the store. Their windows had been smeared over by the boys, but Sidney rubbed the candle grease off with soap and water. Mrs. Kooperman made a good supper — chicken soup, chopped liver, and *flanken*, and all ate heartily.

The doctor did not come down for three days. On the fourth day he put in his appearance, looking thinner and more sick than ever. The grocer made no mention of anything; neither did his wife. The doctor bought four cigars and stood around, frowning. Mrs. Kooperman knew he felt bad and invited him back into the kitchen, where his favorite soup was cooking.

With these simple people he did not have to stand on ceremony. He told them he had had an argument with his wife. He had argued with her and was going with them, but at the last moment had backed out. After all, perhaps she was right. He had lived as a Gentile so long, almost thirty years, that going to a synagogue now would have been stranger than going into a church. His wife had argued with him a long time and finally he had given in.

The Koopermans understood. There was little said on either side when the doctor got through talking, but everything was understood. After the doctor went upstairs again Sam placed his fist against his fat cheek and said, 'The doctor is a sick man,' and his wife, after a while, answered, 'Yes, he's a sick man, Sam.'

V

In the middle of November a young dentist was taken into the practice upstairs to help out Doctor Winton. He was a tall, clean-looking, athletic fellow, four years out of college. Doctor Winton had cancer, and this chap would take over the practice while the older man went to the hospital for an operation. The surgeons had said the cancer was in its early stage yet and ripe for operation.

Two days before he left, Doctor Winton came down and had a talk with the Koopersmans. Now that he was going to the hospital to be cut up he did not care much about what other people thought of him, even his wife. He wanted, however, to justify himself to himself. And the only way to do this was to justify himself to some of his people. He came down, therefore, into the grocery store.

‘I’m going to the hospital the day after to-morrow,’ he told them. ‘I don’t know whether I’ll come out alive. What I want you to do, if I die, is to go to the funeral and say Kaddish for me. I don’t care who hears you. I’ll leave a letter with my lawyer before I go that will explain it. And when they bury me I want you to do me still another favor. I want you to go out to the cemetery once and say another Kaddish for me. I speak now as one Jew to another. If I die —’

‘God forbid!’ said the grocer, throwing up his hands. But in the end, turning hot and cold by turns, he gave his promise to the doctor.

The doctor went away on Wednesday. He died on the operating table, just as skillful hands were taking the last of the malignant growth from his body. The surgeons were very sorry, because it looked to be such a successful operation.

At the funeral the minister halted the services five minutes, owing to a

strange request. A small stocky man in a black suit came close to the coffin and, while the doctor’s widow wept bitterly into her handkerchief, intoned something in a strange language. Embarrassment hampered him at first, but a short fleshy woman at his side gave his ribs a prod. Toward the end his voice was very clear and everybody looked on wonderingly, with rapt attention. The man kept his hat on, had his chubby hands clasped in front of him, and looked down at the dead face as he intoned the Hebrew prayer for the dead.

Afterwards it was explained that the small man in the black suit had been a close friend of the doctor’s, and that . . .

But by that time Sam Kooperman and his wife were well out of the chapel and hurrying storeward. Sidney had been kept out of school a half day, to take care of the trade in his parents’ absence. He had taken care of a few cash customers and a few customers for ‘book,’ or credit. It was almost noon when Sam Kooperman and his wife returned and Sidney’s mother took off her new dress and hurried with the meal. The meal had been cooked beforehand and only had to be warmed up a trifle. Her husband came back into the kitchen, to talk in a low voice to her. ‘Next week, when he’s buried, we’ll go out there to —’

But by this time the food was cooking and Sidney sniffed it, reading a book in the store. He came back frowning, stamping his feet and noisy. In the gloom of the back rooms his small pale face looked determined. ‘Ma, I’m hungry! Make way for me right away!’

His mother rushed toward him hysterically, weeping and kissing him all over.

Sam walked gloomily out into the store, cracking his fingers behind his back.

COUNTRY CHRISTMAS

BY PAUL HOFFMAN

I

ALL that day a thin mist hovered in the soft air, growing denser overhead until it blotted out even the gray-white patch behind which the sun stood and hung at last only a dirty, shallow dome close to the earth. Faintly shimmering, it clung to whatsoever it touched, — to branch and bough and fence and field, against coat and cap and glove, and in the hair and brows, — and like points, needle-fine, it stung the face gently. It settled upon the paltry blanket of snow not long since fallen, and penetrating what was so recently feathery pure, its crystals lightly lodged next one another, shrunk it to soddenness close-packed and large-pored. There was a sea smell upon the southwest wind that had come up slowly about midafternoon, so little windlike at first it barely stirred the least plumes of the pines and only faintly rattled the stiff clusters of longer grass thrusting through the snow. It might easily rain by nightfall, surely before to-morrow.

Although everyone hoped it would n't. Rain on a northern Christmas is somewhat more than a catastrophe — it is akin to disgrace.

Everyone had worked so hard, too, to make this Christmas Eve a greater success than ever before. For days Seaver and Colby and Ernest had been cutting scrub evergreens — two hundred in all — with which to bank the clearing, walling it about with a dense green fragrance to keep out whatever

wind there might be; stripping yet more with which to build the lean-to that was to house the *crèche*; then weaving in the interstices of that framework of roof and three sides the lopped-off sprays of sweet-smelling cedar and spruce and tamarack; spreading what was left of these upon the ground to sit on, and over the planks as well which had long ago been placed between those few sturdier trees that still inhabited the clearing, rising proudly apart from the more crowded trunks and less shapely crests beyond this space. A terrifying heap of roots and stumps, gnarled and dry, stood ready for the oil which would be poured over it, then to be ignited. And in a sheltered spot a low wall of stones, charred from the fires of many Christmases, encircled a tent of small logs over kindling, an iron grating laid upon all. Here the rich creamy soup would be heated and the coffee brewed and the crisp buns, crescent-shaped, their tops glossy brown and thinly crusted, kept warm — the oven odor and that of yeast still in them. Last of all, the great tree — tallest and most perfect of fat-fingered firs — was cut and hauled by the oxen to its last proud stand, there to be richly trimmed and at the end to overcome in its splendid, final hour the swift-deepening winter twilight with soft, living flame.

All this had Seaver and Colby and Ernest accomplished. It must not rain.

II

But Marion had worked hard, too, — perhaps even harder than the men, — and not just for days either, but for weeks. There would be about seventy people here and for each there must be a gift — nothing costly, to be sure, but withal practical and giftlike. Neither Aunt Minnie Bemis's Boston Store nor Southard's could yield all the objects of her fastidious search, so she had had to shop farther afield in Brunswick and in Bath. She had, in fact, begun the whole arduous business around Thanksgiving time in far-away Boston while on a week-end visit there. And now each must be neatly wrapped in bright tissue and bound with gay ribbon or twine, each must be labeled. Nurse helped with this — Nurse, with her British competence and calm.

Then there were the costumes and properties for the tableau. But Susan, unfailing as usual in imagination and industry, was enlisted to help with these, and plundering the full store of her possessions, garnered against an occasion like this, she produced such fabrics, so rich a yield, as could only have been acquired in a life — as hers had been — of much travel. For Susan had ransacked the market places of the world for beauty. What was more, besides, she had always found it — and more often than not found it in a trifle, in those things which the unwise no whit treasure, failing in foresight and the deep, immediate enjoyment of impermanence. So that now the frail gauze, the brief and useless fragment whose deep tint recalled a hot Eurasian sky, the strip of red — these together were a Madonna's robe and wimple and soft enshrouding veil.

But Nurse felt that she must declare herself in the matter of this.

'I should like to see it all kept as simple as possible!' she asserted in her clipped way of speech.

Susan kept silent. Only afterwards she spoke of it bitterly to me, inveighing against that view which reduces the festive to its skeletal quantity.

'But what is life for,' she cried, making an end of it, 'if not to be adorned?'

And, of course, there was the matter of food. But Mary saw largely to that — under Marion's supervision and with Hilton's help. 'Help' and Hilton — they were synonymous all through that winter. Because he had no steady work, he just helped — helped Mary, helped Marion and Seaver, and a butcher in town sometimes, on Saturdays and like that. And that morning he had helped Joan make great snowmen — three of them — to point the way to the edge of the woods where the path to the clearing began. They were strung out across the western lawn and stretched each a stubby arm to the north, upon which a paper lantern was hung whose candle would be lighted at dusk. Planted solidly on their firm bases, one sporting side whiskers of feathery pine and another a goatee, an old and battered hat worn rakishly askew by the third, they stood pompous and mute, making an impressive trio, to say the least. The embellishments were Hilton's, and to Joan, just turned eleven, these were not short of — in truth, surpassed — genius. When I had looked upon them and examined each in detail and admired and exclaimed, she turned her round ruddy face toward mine.

'Don't you really think,' she pleaded, 'now don't you *really* — that Hilton is a regular Praxiteles?'

And so the mist had served some happy purpose after all; for without its effect the snow could scarcely have been made to bunch and cling for the creation of this stupendous statuary.

Yet there was not one of us but hoped hard that it would not rain.

III

Then as that brief, dark afternoon became dusk and early evening, the wind was momentarily stilled and the mist thickened. It seemed that only a miracle could avert rain. But, for all that, each last preparation went forward with the impatient energy and haphazard skill of fatigue. In the farmhouse the Virgin and her midwives bore with good humor the occasional pinpricks inflicted by hasty fingers as here a hem or there a fold was adjusted. In the silent barn Colby and Ernest led Star and Bright, the great oxen, from their stalls, driving them along the devious pathway to the clearing, returning then for Mooey, the sleek Jersey, and for Major, Joan's stoic donkey, who in his twenty-six years had been straddled and driven by two generations of children. For these, too, must each play a part in this modern mystery. And within the clearing itself Seaver kindled the great fire, touched with a taper the stubborn wicks of a hundred fat candles. While in the kitchen Mary, her clear-skinned, blue-eyed prettiness ruddied from the fierce heat there, spooned clotted yellow cream into the soup or thrust another stick under the glowing griddles. And as for Hilton, once he had lighted the snowmen's lanterns, his presence was ubiquitous.

Then through the woods to the south and across the soggy fields came those who were afoot — the Colemans and Hamlins, the Dan Sortwells, the Rafter, and Frances. Along the treacherous, rutted road drove the Mareans, bringing Grandmother Sortwell — the Chases, the Nashes, the Whites, and Helena Bellas; and a score or two of others. Some there were among them who in all their lives had not ventured beyond the villages of Lincoln County, who won a hard subsistence from small enterprises and from this bleak ground

— and some who were rich and traveled, who had journeyed for this brief holiday from Boston, from New York and Washington, opening their fine houses to share this season's rare bounty and joy. But through many years each had known each, so that between them there was no ultimate barrier, only the kindly region of affection and respect.

IV

Slowly they made their way past those wondrous-fashioned sentries, — now in the swiftly dimming light and in the fitful flicker from their lanterns at once terrifying and foolishly sad, — but not without pausing before each to exclaim, to admire, to laugh a little. On they went into the woods toward the clearing, whose giant glow shone thinning above and round about, casting far-flung shadows along the path. The air here was heavy with dampness, and underfoot the feel of the needle-strewn earth was spongy. Everyone hurried a little.

But inside the clearing it was windless and warm. Wide pennants of blue and yellow flame were flung aloft from the spitting, hissing, crackling heap of roots and stumps, to fly off among the treetops in ragged fragments, for a moment flaring and then gone. In the strong, steady heat from these the encircling wall of massed evergreens had begun to thaw, their gray-green stiffness turned pliable and richly deep in tone, glossy with beaded moisture. A pungent, spicy smell was wafted inward from them and mingled with the faintly acrid one of smoke. Behind the lean-to, its fourth and open side now concealed by heavy curtains, the animals stirred restlessly in the airless darkness where Colby and Ernest held them in check. They tossed their heads and snorted uneasily.

But as each guest entered the clear-

ing these things — sound, smell, fire — were all but lost to him before the soft dazzle and shimmer of the great fir rising there in its centre. Long strips of thick tinsel dipped in gentle festoons from its branches, were draped from crest to base, evening its contours. A thousand shining ornaments — multi-colored, great and small — were hung from its feathery fingers. And candy canes. And cornucopias stuffed with sweets. And each perfect candle flame burned silent and steadfast, save at the very top, where the freer air ruffled one or two. It was this sight which silenced each guest for an instant and made each stand in sudden and momentary wonderment as he came upon it. Here was Christmas, its chief symbol and reality.

V

There manifested itself then among these spectators a reaction and feeling strange as it was unexpected. It was as if each wished to speak and none could, so that, without wanting it, the obstacle of chagrin came between, and all this glitter seemed no more than an empty function, planned and executed without feeling. A shyness possessed each and cut him off from his nearest fellow, made him even a little resentful — unreasoning though he knew himself to be.

And then out of their midst stepped Harry Nashe.

‘Come along, children!’ he barked in that urgent voice which everyone knew only muffled his kindness. ‘Ring round the Tree! Here, you, Dick and Shirley and Margaret Alexandra —’

Embarrassment vanished. For when Grandpa Nashe gave orders, there was nothing for it but to obey — and that with no show of reluctance, either. Even grown-ups, remembering half-unconsciously when they too had been ordered about by him, came forward as

well. And when they were solidly circled about the tree —

‘All ready!’ with forefingers raised, “‘O Christmas Tree —’”

His aging voice boomed — for all that the higher notes cracked a little and were sometimes flat. When that was finished, we did ‘O Little Town of Bethlehem,’ ‘It Came upon the Midnight Clear,’ and ‘Joy to the World.’

And as I watched this little man with a mien and figure which, despite his years, were still sturdy and alert, I recalled what I knew of his brave life, and within me my heart swelled with admiration and sympathy so that the song on my lips was stopped. Born to position and wealth, the boyhood friend of statesmen, himself destined for a career of greatness — in his very prime his health had broken and he had come here, never wholly to retrieve it, with his loyal wife and two children. Then, through the war years and afterwards, his inheritance had dwindled until now he was even grateful for the meagre stipend which his post as lay preacher in the village brought him.

But useless regret or embitterment had no part in his abundantly endowed nature. These simple creatures about him and their every want had become the whole concern of his and his wife’s living. Scarcely a day passed that they did not deprive themselves to satisfy a need of one of these; and from his pulpit he exhorted their souls to valor. He was not unlike Saint Paul, I thought then, only perhaps more human.

VI

I looked toward Susan, who, like myself, stood a little apart watching.

She too was being brave, but with a more immediate valor. For, hard as her life had at times been, she had by her gayety and spirited enterprises outwitted ennui and drabness. Even with a purse slim as hers not uncommonly

was, she had lived rich in friends, in places, and — more than all — in her own capacity for living. But now, under her seeming enjoyment of this moment, I knew she was sad. I knew that within her she felt 'empty and dry as a pod rattling in the wind,' as she herself was wont to say; for this Christmas she was alone. Her son was far away in South America and ill with malaria; her daughter was kept in New York by her demanding work. And she was troubled, too, because she was herself unwell, and because for the first time the years of her life seemed many and the future chartless.

But, looking at her, I also knew that she was not letting her sadness be more to her than a vague aching, that she was seeing more beauty, more implications in this scene than all of us together. And I was reminded of what Helena had once said of her: —

'Is n't Susan wonderful! She always makes things more attractive than they really are.'

I wonder.

VII

During the last of the singing, Marion came up behind me to whisper that everything was at last ready, that the actors had made their way unseen from the farmhouse into the lean-to and had taken their places, so I moved nearer the firelight and turned, in the small Testament which I had been holding, to the second chapter of Saint Luke. A slow silence descended then and all eyes were upon the thick-curtained lean-to.

Mary, her hard, hot work in the kitchen now finished, slipped into the circle at the edge of the clearing, close beside Hilton.

'And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.'

As I read on of the shepherds and

of the angel who summoned them to Bethlehem, the two midwives stepped out from the lean-to, holding high flaming torches of pitch pine. Gently they drew aside the curtains and stood, facing forward, one on either side of the holy pageant within. . . . There, in the foreground, bent tenderly over a simple manger, knelt little Joan, her round childish face rosy, reflecting the nimbus which glowed with a steady brilliance from the enshrouded figure on the fragrant hay. Beside her stood Seaver, who was now the kindly Joseph, his large figure dressed simply in a dark and flowing robe, its cowl thrown back upon his shoulders. A little behind and to one side were Colby and Ernest, the shepherds, their faces shadowed by coarse hoods save when a flicker from the midwives' torches played now and again for an instant across them, revealing their strong line and feature and the brown stubble of their beards. And, behind all, the four animals moved a little against each other and champed at their halters.

When I had finished, none stirred and all were silent for a time until, Harry Nashe once more leading, each voice rose softly in 'Silent Night, Holy Night.' . . .

Turning aside, I looked over the rapt faces about me and at length found Mary's. And I thought of her name, and how soon she too was to be delivered, and that Hilton had no work. I remembered how at times in these past weeks her merry eyes had been turned inward, lodging an unaccustomed look of fear. But now they were shining and moist and all unafraid, knowing that for her child, too, provision should somehow be made. Shyly then, without looking and still singing, she moved closer to Hilton, while he in turn laid an arm across her shoulders.

I have since wondered whether the son who was born to them later was not named that night — Joseph.

‘ . . . Sleep in heavenly peace.’

The voices soared sweetly, then softly and slowly descended, and the thick curtains were drawn together. A last flare from the torches, a last glimpse of color and light, and it was over.

VIII

Now a low murmur rose on all sides and Hilton and Mary slipped back to the farmhouse, to return shortly with the great kettle of soup, with the trays of crisp buns smothered under fresh towels, and with the steaming coffee. Then cups were handed to each and spoons and bright paper napkins. A line began to form at the smaller fire — the one with the grating on which the food kept hot and savory.

Standing about in friendly groups, seated on the pine-covered planks and patches of ground, we talked much and ate our fill of this good fare and laughed. Joan and her two lovely cousins, who had been the midwives, walked among us in their costumes and we laughed hard to see under their skirts the incongruity of their clumsy goloshes. And when our eating was finished and we talked less because we were satisfied and a little tired, we looked again at the great tree, now mellowed by the night and by the shorter burning of its candles, and each thought his own long thoughts.

Suddenly, a far cry and another rose from behind the woods.

‘Gee!’ it called. ‘Gee . . . haw-w-w!’

It came closer, was less muffled — the voice was Colby’s. We were alert and silent, an excited suspense gripping each of us.

‘Gee-haw . . . gee-e-e!’

And into the clearing, through a wide opening, they came into the fire-light. Their eyes rolling, the muscles of their large shoulders working nervously under the sleek hide, the small feet cautiously and deftly seeking a foot-

hold in the slippery snow, came Star and Bright, the great oxen. Under a silver yoke they came, and with their long curving horns silvered. Behind them they brought a drag covered with gifts — those gifts for which Marion had shopped so hard and carefully.

A shout went up. . . .

And when the excitement had abated a little Seaver came forward and distributed to each his gayly wrapped present. And none had been forgotten and none was passed over.

IX

At last it was finished. Little by little, singly and in groups, good-nights were said and we called ‘Merry Christmas’ after those who left. . . . Now only a few remained — those who had helped and those who were oldest friends — like Susan and Frances and Grandmother Sortwell and Harry Nashe. These alone sat on to watch the fires die down and the candles gutter, prolonging their old joy in each other which to-night had been renewed and confirmed. And none knew that for two among them this was to be a last Christmas together — for those perhaps best-beloved of them all. For in another year the gulls would be crying over Harry Nashe’s grave and far away in New York Susan would rally from that last long illness to laugh and to plan a little, making even a deathbed gay. But for all that they did not know this, there was coupled with joy in each one’s heart a little wistfulness, for none of them but had learned the wisdom which mistrusts to-morrow.

So, when Seaver had brought a tray of hot spiced drinks and they had drunk them, they went reluctantly out of the cosy clearing, now fast growing dim, and walked slowly into the open. Yet, parting, they made the night chime with pensive laughter.

Only then did the first rain fall.

ROMAIN ROLLAND CONVERSES

BY LUCIEN PRICE

IN the spring of 1919, when the long horror of World War began to dissipate, it chanced that I was living in a chamber of an old brick house on Beacon Hill still occupied by a family in its third generation of residence there through more than a century, a situation not uncommon on the Hill once. My chimneypiece was brave with urns and festoons in the style of the brothers Adam, and, the house being full of heirlooms, over the mantelshelf hung an old painting of a scene in the Swiss Alps — waterfall, chalet, peasants, and snow-capped peaks.

This picture touched off my reviving imagination. Switzerland and the Alps suggested Romain Rolland, whose books and letters had been one of my few unpoisoned wells during the war period. *Above the Battle* came in 1915, like an eye of the cyclone, and *The Forerunners* gave promise that the storms were done. This voice of sanity in a lunatic world spoke from exile among the Swiss Alps, and, although I had then never seen Rolland, he was a more intimate friend than most of my daily companions. Often I held imaginary conversations with him about the war, about international questions, about music, about literature, about the conduct of life.

Fourteen years later the imagination became reality and I did hold frequent and lengthy conversations with Rolland on these themes up among the

Alps in summer, first at Spiez, and later at Lucerne.

I

At luncheon in a hotel perched on a lofty hill-terrace above Lake Thun, a pleasantly old-fashioned hostelry with a domical tower, set amid spacious grounds, the talk had turned to how American culture can compensate for much that has necessarily been lost by transplantation oversea.

‘I am thinking of the French provinces,’ said Rolland, ‘and of my own youth. In my home we had music and little nourishment for the spirit excepting that. Poetry? None. Politics? Yes; but it does not satisfy. Painting? None. What we did have was a wholesome love of the soil, and for more than because it was a livelihood: the love was also a sentiment, even humorous. There was leisure for dreams, also for ennui and deterioration. But art can only grow in leisure: it cannot flourish in a whirligig or a *tourbillon*. Finally, there were private libraries where one read the classics, and those meant everything to me. It was a life much like the one you have described as being lived in the village where you were reared, only, of course, French culture is Latin; the Church took it over after the fall of Rome and it was flourishing again by the sixth century.

‘You mention the influence of your colleges on the formation of American culture; French culture was not cre-

ated by colleges, but by an *élite* of the salons — by several *élites*. In my youth it was sodden with pessimism. As a boy of twelve I was astonished to hear a brilliant and rather fortunate uncle say, "If it were not for the sake of one's children, life would not be worth living." Thought I, "Then why have children?" There was no answer. It was a dying bourgeoisie. They had lost their religious faith and had nothing to take its place; pessimism spread everywhere like an oil stain in a tablecloth. At Paris, especially between the years 1886 and 1890, in my twenties, I was in the very abyss of it. Ibsen, Tolstoy, and Wagner ennobled the despair. "The world," they said, "is bad, but there are still beauty and nobility."

'I wrote to Ibsen as I wrote to Tolstoy, and Ibsen, too, answered. But he could see no light. He had never heard of Marx. His failure to see the hope when hope did exist was the tragedy of the individualist. I felt the need of giving people hope, and that is how *Jean-Christophe* came to be written. My sojourn in Italy was of great help to me, for until I saw Italy I did not know that happiness was obtainable. Malvida von Meysenbug's tranquillity of spirit further steadied me. But now a different generation has arisen. Since the war the young men have been infuriated by disenchantment and they will have none of Ibsen and Tolstoy and the courageous pessimists, because in them they think they see that which they wish to evade.'

'It is the same on our side of the Atlantic. Before and even during the war, Ibsen, and especially Tolstoy, could still be major prophets for our thinking class. To-day they are scarcely minor ones.'

'Yet at least the pre-war pessimists were heroic men who still found beauty in the world.'

'Have you thought what a singular course Nietzsche's influence has run?

He seems to have tumbled off too; partly, I suppose, because his thinking sounds so confused and contradictory.'

'His confusion arises because he was lyric, and lyricism is not philosophy. Everything is in it — the most contradictory elements.'

'He sets me wondering again whether men cause epochs or epochs men.'

'I doubt if great men create epochs: they announce them, are more sensitive to influences, therefore see and speak first, and hence *seem* to cause the new era when they are more delicate instruments vibrating to the first footfalls of its approach.'

'Then it must be going to take an uncommonly long time for humanity to assimilate the Machine Age, for our artists do not yet seem to feel at home in it.'

'That may be merely because machines are new, not because they are not poetic. Siegfried's sword is a machine, yet Wagner gets poetry out of it. Imagination and affection require time before they can embrace new objects. I find certain machines among the most beautiful works of art in our times (what more beautiful than a fine airplane?); machines intoxicate me with their power, and I find them much more rich in poetic possibilities than the glaive of Siegfried and all the tinware of Bayreuth. Certain Russian poets can write with genuine feeling about machines, other Russians cannot; just as a certain set of delicate mechanisms are fitted to one set of sensitive fingers, and to another, not. Machines grow ill and die, "fatigue of metals." Sir J. C. Bose, the Indian scientist, has plotted the curves for the maladies of metals and has shown them to botanists and physiologists. One exclaims, "This curve is the same as that of a plant ague!" and another, "This is a human fever chart!" There is no division.'

'If anything,' I was prompted to

remark, 'can make me feel like forgiving the Machine Age its crimes, it is the phonograph record. This gives access to the literature of music which was mostly locked to us before. And yet does it not also involve a danger of allowing us to exhaust our sensitivity to some of even the finest music? It exposes music to a strain of repetition which it was not designed to endure.'

'Too frequent hearing,' said Rolland, 'is somewhat like great poetry learned by heart in early youth. It never afterward gains its complete virtue to move. Also, the recorded performance may be mediocre; and again, enjoyment comes through a sense of conquest and one enjoys more by playing the music himself. As soon as the mind has grasped in its entirety as an intellectual entity a given work of art, its value, for me at least, is ended. I must then conquer something else. Of course there are works of art so great that they are never thus grasped, and the enjoyment of them can go on forever. These have in them the element of the inexpressible. It is the unconscious in all art work which perpetually renews our enjoyment of it. This quality exists in Greek literature and survives in spite of all the bad translations and faulty texts. The daimonic element is there and has saved it. Our French classic imitations of the Greeks are much more external and rationalized and have therefore much less life in them. The French grasped the form, but the performance is too intellectual — although I must say that the psychological art of Racine is as refined as that of Stendhal. Yet the great sources of the subconscious were insufficiently explored, if explored at all, in French until the nineteenth century. Then the puissant Hugo overflowed with it (his *Contemplations*), and one must not ignore Baudelaire, and finally we come to the symbolists at the end of the century. In every artist is a conflict

between expressing exactly what he means in pure classic line and the desire to utter the vastness of subconscious thought. Artists of the second rank express only the second. They are able to let in the savage element of the daimonic and are content to; but artists of the first rank do both. Yet, after all, art is a feeble instrument to express life and especially to express the unconscious.'

"The eyes of chaos shining through a veil of order" can be seen in your own work.'

'I? Alas, I am a deflected composer,' sighed Rolland, 'a painter with his arms cut off, obliged to work with his feet. The composition comes into being, it is true; but it has been forced to find a substitute voice for its expression. Another life, and I shall write music. Words seem to me an inadequate art form. Yet all the arts are limited; they do not sufficiently express the unconscious. Beethoven and Wagner thought in words as well as in music — sometimes in words first. I reverse the process — thinking in music first, then in words — only because I cannot write the music.'

'Certain eras,' I remarked, 'seem favorable to certain arts: sculpture to Periclean Athens, painting to the Italian Renaissance, Gothic architecture to the Middle Ages; ours is one in which science seems to flourish best.'

'Modern science,' said Rolland, 'is peculiar in that almost for the first time we have men who welcome hypotheses which upset their own. Imagine theologians doing that, or even statesmen! And there has come a new epoch in science in the last fifteen years made possible by improved apparatus. The next great struggle may be between science and religion. It does not come at once because science, which, in my youth and the time of Marcelin Berthelot the great chemist, conceived itself to have arrived at the

absolute, was aggressively contemptuous of religion; but since the turn of the century, with the mathematician-philosopher Henri Poincaré, with William James, with Bergson, the door has been reopened to "the relative," and a ground more conciliatory is thus offered as between science and religion. Besides, some of the greatest French savants of to-day are at the same time religious believers. They keep their thought in two compartments! But, after all, Descartes did the same. It was in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries that science showed the most intolerance, in reaction against what it had had to suffer from the intolerance of religion. To-day the Church is clever. It bides its time, saying, "Science is always changing and admitting its mistakes. Only wait: you will see that the Church was right after all." But is this procedure safe? Science goes on seeking and will find. I see no reason to suppose that there will be any end to discoveries as startling as those of the past fifteen years when it has penetrated into other universes besides our own.'

II

One day at Lucerne the Mayor called at our hotel to conduct an excursion to Villa Tribschen, which he had persuaded the city to buy and turn into a museum of Wagneriana. When it was opened, a month previously, Rolland — whom the Swiss are evidently proud of having as a resident, for one sees it manifested in numerous ways — was invited to the dedication, but felt obliged to decline. The Villa was Wagner's residence from 1866 to 1872 and it was here that he finished the orchestration of *Die Meistersinger* and of *Siegfried* (resumed after thirteen years), and sketched in score the last act of *Götterdämmerung*. The place is quite pretentious and easy to identify from across the lake by its light gray

stucco walls and the tall poplars which wave above the promontory on which it stands. Refurbishing has made it spick-and-span, and its excellent collection includes the original manuscript of the *Siegfried Idyl* which was composed here and first performed on the terrace in front of the Villa, and 'The Swan,' the grand pianoforte, a gift from the Érards, at which *Tristan* was composed. In a cabinet near at hand is a facsimile manuscript of the score of *Tristan*, the original of which I had seen at Bayreuth only a few days before. As we were peering at it Rolland remarked: —

'Richard Strauss has said to me that he believes Wagner's brain when he was composing this erotic music was cold as ice.'

The Mayor objected urbanely: 'Dr. Strauss was denied the privilege of being in love with Madame Wesendonck.'

There is a brown-paneled snuggerly, the restaurant Dubeli, tucked away amongst the narrow streets in the ancient quarter of Lucerne, to which we adjourned for tea because it was a favorite resort of Wagner's during his residence at Tribschen, and one wall of it is hung with rare photographs of him autographed to the establishment. The restaurant's history is distinguished, but, the day being humid and vexed with thunderstorms, the cream happened to be sour, and besides the house specializes in beer, not tea; so we compromised on coffee. As thunder went on roaring among the peaks overhead, Rolland recounted a story of Mount Pilatus. In the fourteenth century people believed that the body of Pontius Pilate lay in the lake at its summit. The place was diabolic, and if one threw a stone in the lake it would raise a storm. Some men of Lucerne climbed the mountain and out of curiosity threw a stone. A storm did arise and wreaked damage in the valley. They were severely punished by

the authorities. 'But think of the hardihood of those men! It was the first gleam of scientific skepticism in the Middle Ages. *They wanted to know.*'

Returning to Wagner, 'The mortality rate of operas,' said Rolland, 'is excessively high. There are great moments in Wagner, then long fillings-in. To me the repetition of motifs at length becomes annoying. In *Götterdämmerung* I find much the same faults that you do, and I expected that the representations of it would cease long before this, like most of Gluck's. On the other hand, *Fidelio* has been made presentable again within the last fifteen years. It was admirably performed in the time of Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient; and one reads in the books of Berlioz what a thunderbolt effect it had on him. But later the tradition was lost, and has been re-found and renovated only in recent years when the mounting blaze of genius in the second act, and especially the apotheosis finale, have been given their true value for the first time. Wagner in his great moments is, I think, as great as Beethoven; but those can be had in concert. How beautiful it is when the singers stop!'

'Last month in Bayreuth after the performance of *Parsifal* (which I was hearing for perhaps the dozenth time and not as well done as at least two recent performances which I heard in New York) I was left thinking, "There has been and still is much sharp condemnation of Wagner's transactions in property and sex. This man fifty years after his death can fill theatres on two continents with people who come to worship beauty in tones. What earthly difference does it make whether he broke the rules? The man was one being, the artist another. The man is dead, the artist lives.'

'Wagner,' said Rolland, 'was personally mediocre. Even in his old age after the composition of *Parsifal*, one

finds him writing to Judith Gautier about silks and perfumery which she is to get for him in Paris. The man had his tragic side, and Villa Wahnfried has been marvelously successful in suppressing all but the triumph.'

'Do you suppose his debts ever troubled him?'

'No. He thought his genius would pay, and he was right. It did. Still, he was never wealthy; even at Bayreuth the performances, though they may have been artistically successful, always ended in a deficit. Yet he needed luxury and spared no pains to surround himself with it when he could in order to create a holiday mood favorable to composition. He invariably stayed at good hotels when he had the money — and sometimes when he did n't (he once stayed at the Hotel Byron across the way from Villa Olga) — and the Schweizerhof here in Lucerne is no pauper's hostel.'

'I wonder, when the letters kept coming to ask for more money, if Liszt ever sighed.'

'Liszt was a man of the world. More probably he smiled.'

'With us in America, frontier Philistinism, buttered by the Pharisaical judgments inherited from the Puritans, refuses to see any distinction between the man and the artist.'

'In France that allowance has always been made. Mozart, for example, was a great artist, but his personality was feeble, weak, almost decadent. I admire Wagner's vitality and he had great force of will. There was immense strength in him. And then, paired with his mysticism was a profound sensuality. His passions were so strong as to be an anguish. It is in *Tristan* that he expresses himself most truly.'

'That abrupt change in his fortunes when the emissary of King Ludwig of Bavaria found him, almost by accident, at a period when his hopes were at their lowest ebb, sets one to questioning

whether it could be thought to have been a mysterious intervention on his behalf by "a friend behind phenomena."

'What was mysterious,' thought Roland, 'was Wagner's force of will and capacity to endure. My old friend Malvida von Meysenbug has told me that according to Wagner's confession to her he had been, just before Ludwig's emissary arrived, on the brink of suicide. But he might have been the same a dozen times before, and we know that he was once. The point is that he did not commit suicide. The luck, the "befriending of fortune," is to live, to go on living. A weak man would have perished long before. Wagner's vitality was prodigious. In the very last years of his life he ran and romped with his children, leapt up to catch the bough of a flowering tree in the park. It broke in his hand; he stood looking at it like an astonished child, then tried to tie it back on the tree with a piece of string. One day when Malvida was with him a disagreeable caller took his departure, a man whose society anything but rejoiced Wagner. Malvida performed the office of seeing the caller to the door, and when she returned to the drawing-room, here was the aged Wagner on the floor on his back, gleefully waving his heels in the air like an urchin of ten!

'Thus Wagner had his extremes of despair, but alternating with exuberant joy. The peculiarity of his disposition was that he could rally from these depressions and resume his work. Other men are not so fortunate: such a depression may last for days or months and incapacitate them. Berlioz was much more delivered over to his romantic sensibility and to the chagrins of his life than Wagner. He offered less resistance to the sadnesses and afflictions which never spared him. (The death of his son was the hardest blow and he never recovered from it.)

More sincere perhaps in his life than Wagner, he did not find in art an *Ersatz* which sufficed for the reality whose nothingness was a stab to him. His later years were pitiable. Friends of his in Paris have told me that he would come to see them, silent, gloomy, and sit in a corner saying nothing. Or, if he spoke, it would be to ask others not to speak to him. "Not a word!" And he would depart as gloomily. It was because he felt his creative powers failing. Up to the age of thirty he had had more than Wagner and spent them prodigally; but Wagner's lasted and urged him on. Berlioz has been unfortunate. Wagner's reputation has eclipsed him, and yet he was a very great composer.'

'English critics of Wagner amuse me intensely. They are forever hopefully predicting that his reputation will deflate.'

'I think it probable that a time will come when his works will suffer. It will be perceived how little melodic invention they contain in proportion to the harmonic elaboration, and audiences will tire of the continual working over of the same themes. There is astonishingly little melody. I think that he may suffer a temporary eclipse in a few decades.'

III

At dinner that evening I secretly entertained myself studying the portrait canvas composed by Rolland's patrician head, — blond, the features incisively chiseled, the eyes blue, brilliant, and piercing under bushy straw-colored eyebrows, — this portrait set against a background of paneled wall painted a French gray and a chimney-piece of white marble carved in low relief with designs of lyre and acanthus. A dinner apparently there was: I have a memory of food having been brought, plates changed, wine decanted; but it

all passed as a kind of subconscious accompaniment to a succession of amusing tales, told mainly by Madame Rolland, of the life that flows in and out of Villa Olga, their house beside Lake Geneva at Villeneuve. It seems that the ironclad visitors' rule does not always work. There was an involved Balkan feud which adjourned itself to Geneva and a letter came asking Rolland's adherence to one faction. (His known championship of humanitarian causes naturally exposes him also to demands from cranks and fanatics.) Being ill in bed, he wrote a courteous reply and let it go at that. Back came another letter when he was still more ill: 'Your pretensions are detestably false. It is evident that you have no real sympathy for the aspirations of the proletariat' — and so on, in a distinctly menacing tone. Madame Rolland expected the assassin hourly. He did not come. What did come was a newspaper containing a brief notice that the Balkan correspondent at Geneva had been murdered, presumably by feudists of differing sympathy for the aspirations of the proletariat.

Among other odd fish was a Breton war veteran who was for a time Rolland's manservant. He was studious and had given himself a schooling of sorts, but was a bit weak in history, and, seeing a *bonnet rouge*, a Phrygian mobcap which someone had sent Rolland in fun because of his sympathy for the aspirations of the proletariat, the Breton remarked, 'Ah yes, doubtless the cap worn by Monsieur in the French Revolution.'

Eccentric chronology pursues him, for when Villa Triebtschen was formally opened as a museum a Swiss newspaper announced that among the illustrious men who had there visited Wagner were Liszt, Mazzini, Nietzsche, and Romain Rolland. At that period Rolland was an infant in arms.

But an even wilder flight of years

was to follow. I had noticed that on damp days he wears indoors a voluminous gray cloak of some material at once soft, light, and warm, of a shaggy texture like camel's hair. It is a necessary protection against the chronic bronchitis which afflicts his frail health. When Madame Rolland went to have this cloak made by a modiste at Vevey she noticed, while she was waiting in the anteroom, that it abounded with books which looked familiar to her from her own excursions into theosophy in Russia when she was a girl. Yes, sure enough, here was the picture of Mrs. Besant; then came the modiste with just another such pair of owlish eyes as Madame Blavatsky herself had.

To what address should the cloak be sent? 'Rolland: Villa Olga.'

'Not Romain Rolland?'

'Yes, madame.'

Gallic explosions. 'Ah, madame, what a wonderful author! I have taken my friend to walk round and round Villa Olga until one day we saw him come out. He bowed to us! What beautiful eyes he has!' (Rolland looked a trifle ill, as his wife wickedly intended that he should.) 'Tell me,' exclaimed the modiste (and in her excitement her arithmetic, too, weakened), 'tell me: is it possible that a man who looks so young can be one hundred and seventy years old?' She meant seventy. But, as Rolland remarked airily, 'What are one hundred and seventy years in the life of a theosophist?'

'The advantage of reincarnation,' I suggested, 'is that you can choose your own ancestors.'

'Better still,' said Madame Rolland, 'you can choose to be your own ancestor.'

'And I notice that they are invariably distinguished. After all, when choosing your own, why not choose the best?'

'Yes,' said Rolland, 'in Rome as a young man I knew the wife of a Ger-

man classical scholar, and an excellent pianist she was, but distressingly corpulent. She confided to me that her affliction was an expiation for the sins she had committed in her previous incarnation when she was Catherine II of Russia.'

For a man who has appeared to lead the quiet existence of a man of letters and, especially in these years since the war, with even a touch of the hermit and recluse, Rolland has stirred about Europe a surprising lot, and an even more surprising lot are the people he has known well. Mounet-Sully and Dr. Richard Strauss, D'Annunzio and the late Eleanora Duse, will give an idea of the range.

Is Françoise Oudon in *Jean-Christophe* a portrait of La Duse? It is not, and it is: a portrait from life seen through the imaginative veil of fiction. The last time Rolland saw her, in Rome, she said affectionately that she recognized herself in it. 'But the fact is,' says the author, 'in Françoise Oudon there are only certain traits of La Duse, and these rather more the traits of situations than of physiognomy and character. Other memories of La Duse are strewn in the personage of Grazia. The little Grazia, as a child, holding out her piece of bread and butter to the tramp who threatened her, "Give me that, or I'll hurt you," and answering, "You may have it without being wicked," is a story of La Duse's childhood which she told me.

'Her art? Alas, her art was a torment to her! She would talk about anything *but* the theatre. It disgusted her. What she wanted to play was the great classic rôles; her manager kept her in mediocre plays. So she ate her heart out.

'One evening I saw her here in Lucerne. It was pitiable. Not twenty persons in the theatre, and she played superbly. It seemed the least

I could do to go and pay my respects before she left, but that was not easy, for her habit was to shut herself in her dressing room and see no one, to stay in obscure hotels and associate but little with the members of her company. Toward midnight over yonder at the Bahnhof, I spied at last, far down the platform of the train concourse, seated on a heap of luggage, a solitary, lonely, bent figure wrapped in fur to her eyes, looking like a little old poor woman. It was La Duse.

'I saw her again before she started on her first American tour. She was in terror, having a premonition that she would die in America; and years later she did.'

Of D'Annunzio, whom he had known equally well, he spoke with no small degree of sympathy. 'Although D'Annunzio does not disesteem his works he believes that his principal achievement is in having reforged Italian style. Artists are often very humble when by themselves or with friends. One night I was sitting with Richard Strauss in the artists' room of a concert hall, listening to a performance of Beethoven's violin concerto which we could hear through the open door. Strauss kept grimacing. At a pause between movements I inquired, "Do you find the concerto so bad?"

"No," said he, "I shall never write anything as good."

'Beethoven especially seems to have that effect on people, for at Zürich once, when I was staying with D'Annunzio and La Duse, I played them one evening Beethoven's "Thirty-three Variations on a Theme of Diabelli." There was one in especial, No. XX, of peculiar depth and nobility, which evidently made a profound impression on D'Annunzio. Next day he seemed depressed. Finally I asked him what weighed on him so. "That music of Beethoven," said he; "it makes me feel how vile I am."

IV

Rolland was sitting in bed propped on pillows, the gray cloak drawn round his shoulders, his lap full of papers.

'Work?'

'Yes.'

He was correcting page proof of the last two volumes of *L'Âme Enchantée*. Madame Rolland said they had both gone rather stale on it in the spring, for, being ill when a part of it was composed, he had not felt sure of his touch, so he had written, been dissatisfied, and then rewritten: she had typed and retyped, until neither of them ever wanted to see it again. But when the proof began coming they experienced a change of heart. Rolland would glance up from a page and exclaim in a tone of pleased surprise, 'Why, this is quite good!'

Pen in hand, — and none of your fountain pens, but a light, supple penstock permitting his hand to fly along in those delicate, feathery strokes of his cursive cheirography, — he was comparing the proof sheets with his typed manuscript as minutely as though French printers had belied their fabulous repute for accuracy, and as faithfully as though he had not already performed this chore of authorship on forty-four volumes. The morning was blithe, and he, like his chamber, was full of light and cheer. Adding to the gayety, a waiter staggered in under a breakfast tray heavily laden for two. They were much astonished at this zeal, for they had already disposed of one breakfast, whose *mémentos* still lay on the table. The talk somehow veered to Anatole France, perhaps because I had mentioned an episode when one of my fellow townsmen, a professor of French in Boston University, was dining with him shortly after the war. France was praising Rolland so whole-heartedly for having stood to his pacifist conviction when everybody

else deserted that my friend, after reflection, decided to come out with it: —

'You praise Rolland, yes; but why did n't you do it yourself?'

'I will tell you, my friend,' said Anatole, like a game sportsman. 'I was afraid.'

No doubt I added what has often been in my thought about Rolland's wartime pacifism (peacetime pacifism costs nothing): that one offense which a man is never forgiven, at least not in his own lifetime, is having been right when everybody else was wrong, and that to have been awarded the Nobel Prize in 1915 could scarcely have endeared him to his compatriots.

'The French Academy,' said Rolland, 'was furious. The legality of my award was questioned, for the awards are decreed by the Nobel Committee of the Swedish Academy from lists furnished by other official bodies, notably among them the French Academy, and it was unthinkable that any member of the Academy had proposed me. But they were wrong. A member had proposed me. It was Anatole France. . . .'

'The very elements of one's thinking,' he continued, 'need to be international — as, to a large extent, France's were. We must base ourselves on universal laws. I used to believe that the individual could think and act independently, but now I believe he may do so only when rooted in the soil of common life. As a youth I reached Paris in the period of "art for art's sake." I despised it, for I could see that it produced a shallow egoism. That is why I wrote to Tolstoy: I was tormented by his criticism of art. He replied that art owes a duty to life and to common people. One should first be a great man: if one were a great artist he would be that anyhow. By "great man" I mean grandeur of character, for without greatness of soul there is not great art.'

A CHALLENGE TO COMMUNISTS

BY ERNEST BOYD

I

THE Seventh World Congress of the Communist International has finally discovered, after seven years of profound meditation and internecine squabbling in Moscow, that Russian Marxism has not the exclusive right to combat Fascism and other forms of reaction.

The Comintern now graciously admits that there are other parties, other forces, which are concerned with the preservation of human liberty, and even goes so far as to permit its adherents to coöperate with this 'social-Fascist,' 'petty bourgeois' riffraff. A special Marxian dispensation now makes possible mixed political marriages for the purpose of presenting a united front to the common enemy. But, as in the case of actual mixed marriage between Catholic and Protestant, the doctrine of Marxist infallibility imposes certain reservations on the less dogmatic partner to the union. No Communist must abate one jot or tittle of his True Faith, and the offspring will automatically be claimed by the Marxist Church.

In other words, if reaction is defeated in any place, the result is wholly due to the farsighted policies of Karl the Omnipotent.

Once the Soviet Government found it both necessary and expedient not only to abandon the myth of worldwide revolution but to conclude agreements with the powers of capitalist

darkness, further concessions were inevitable. But what are expedients and concessions in matters of international trade and defense become, in the realm of ideas, something more. They are acts of the utmost condescension to those of us who have been obliged for years to listen to arrogant denunciations by the Party dogmatists of every form of human activity, intellectual and political, artistic and economic, which does not conform to their own intransigent preconceptions. There was, it is true, a species of Communist limbo reserved for 'fellow travelers,' who were deemed to hover between the hell of capitalism and the heaven of Russian Marxism. These penitents were treated with patronizing patience and encouraged to perform acts of self-mortification until, with the abnegation of all spirit of free inquiry, absolution was declared. It would seem that we are all (under certain circumstances) 'fellow travelers' now.

To the Communist Party in this country, those echoes of the echoes of Moscow, this decision of the Comintern to consort with unregenerate liberals and Socialists has been a bitter pill, an olive branch turned to wormwood, so to speak. Scared into an illusion of their own importance and of the imminent destruction of their party by hysterical Congressmen and professional Red-baiters, American Communists have unceasingly and unspar-

ingly reviled and misrepresented every citizen and every party that differed from them as to the means of economic salvation in the United States. Imitating their Moscow masters, as usual, they have overlooked the interesting fact that a dictatorial and absolutist position, which may have been necessary to preserve the Bolshevik revolution from its enemies at home and abroad, has no justification whatsoever in this country.

If they ever counted the number of votes they have received, they might realize that the task of consolidating the American Communist revolution and of liquidating the opposition is one that lies so remotely in the future that it is more than premature to talk and act as if the proletariat were precariously in power — it is downright stupid. More, it is ludicrous to pronounce the anathemas and excommunications of a proletarian dictatorship which does not exist, when the ostensible purpose of the propaganda is to gain converts. These are the methods of intellectual thugs.

It is, however, hardly surprising that American Communism should behave as if it were a Soviet Government fighting for its life against White Russian invaders and international capitalism. It has no roots in this country; it lives, moves, and has its being in Moscow. Its postulates are all derived from European experience and its theories from those of a mid-Victorian German Hegelian, who could no more have foreseen the United States of to-day than could any other human being who lived between 1818 and 1883. As is well known, the last thing in this world that Marx anticipated was Russian Marxism. He very naturally regarded England, France, and particularly Germany, as the advanced industrial countries where his catastrophic view of history would be realized. In the Communist Manifesto of 1848 he ac-

tually wrote that the 'bourgeois revolution in Germany will be but the prelude to an immediately following proletarian revolution,' a statement which was as immediately disproved by the facts, and which has never been further from realization than at the present time.

Characteristically, Friedrich Engels also pointed to the ill-fated Paris Commune of 1871 as an example of the 'dictatorship of the proletariat' and declared that 'since 1789 Paris has been placed in such a position that no revolution could there break out without assuming a proletarian character,' this despite the fact that the revolution in question resulted in the founding of the bourgeois Third Republic.

II

It is this doctrinaire quality in Marxism which makes those of us who are now elected to be 'fellow travelers' smile skeptically at the condescension of the Russian Marxists. It is they who are discovering their mistakes of tactics, with which we have been as long familiar as with their mistakes in matters of historical fact. It is, of course, exceedingly kind of them to concede that there are other parties with other means of combating reaction and obscurantism. Sooner or later they will discover that there are millions of people who resent a dictatorship of the proletariat as deeply as they resent a dictatorship of military bullies or plutocrats, people who put the interests of society as a whole above those of a class. American Communists, now that they have been instructed to collaborate with all parties combating Fascism, might do well to reflect on the realities of the Marxist situation to-day, as this will make it easier for them to see themselves as others see them. As a first step, since they are living in a democratic, bourgeois re-

public, they might consider the application of Marxism to American conditions.

They will notice at once that Marxism has never succeeded in any democratic country. German Socialism from the beginning was essentially Marxian, as was more than natural, but no revolution ever resulted in its establishment, and after the war the contribution of Russian Marxism to the cause of Socialism in Germany was to sabotage it, in the name of Moscow, until the triumph of Hitler was assured. Moscow and Versailles combined to do their bit for freedom in Central Europe! In England, where Marx lived for thirty-four years and where he founded the International in 1864, his Socialism made no impression on the British working classes. In 1881, H. M. Hyndman founded the Democratic Federation, later the Social Democratic Federation, which made *Das Kapital* its textbook throughout its entire existence, but it was the Fabian Society, not the handful of English Marxists, who gave England the only kind of Socialism the people would accept. Hyndman, incidentally, was violently opposed to Russian Marxism after the 1917 revolution. He claimed, as a free citizen, that he had as much right to interpret Marx as had Lenin or Trotsky.

In his early days, however, Hyndman and his followers were as dogmatic as only the evangelists of an inspired gospel can be. 'Socialism,' writes an historian of the movement, 'as first preached to the English people by the Social Democrats, was as narrow, as bigoted, as exclusive as the strictest of Scotch religious sects. *Das Kapital*, Vol. I, was its Bible; and the thoughts and schemes of English Socialists were to be approved or condemned according as they could or could not be justified by a quoted text.'

It is evident that the English Marxists of the eighties proceeded in the manner to which our American Communists have accustomed us. The latter may well ask themselves if the pursuit of the same tactics may not lead to their eclipse and to the same fate as that of the Social Democratic Federation. The same author further describes the Marxian nightmare in words which very aptly apply to the hallucinations of American Communism:—

'The whole world, outside the Socialist movement, was regarded as in a conspiracy of repression. Liberals (all capitalists), Tories (all landlords), the Churches (all hypocrites), the rich (all idlers), and the organized workers (all sycophants) were treated as if they fully understood and admitted the claims of the Socialists, and were determined for their own selfish ends to reject them at all cost.'

In the circumstances, which considerably resemble the circumstances in present-day America, there is no occasion for surprise that Fabian Socialism eclipsed Marxian Socialism in England. In view of the fact that much that was part of the Fabian programme fifty years ago is still regarded as highly revolutionary by our rugged individualists, it is not unreasonable to suggest that Fabian rather than Marxian tactics are the best guarantee against Fascism in the United States. It has been frequently pointed out, not exactly in the friendliest manner, that the spokesmen and adherents of Communism in this country are to a very large extent aliens or citizens of very recent date. Without falling back on the time-honored policy of 'why don't they go back where they came from,' one can quite legitimately insist that it is rash, unintelligent, and provocative to view the problems of the United States exclusively from the vantage point of a Union Square soap box.

Dialectical materialism takes no account of some of the fundamental factors in the composition of the American people.

Class consciousness, for example, is a thoroughly non-American concept, and the persistent effort to apply the term, in its European sense, to American conditions is merely to convince the majority that those who use it are aliens, and incurably so. It may deceive a handful of unhappy industrial workers, preferably in the larger cities, but the term means nothing to the overwhelming bulk of the population; and to traveled Americans, or impartial foreign observers, it is a monstrous travesty of the truth.

In Europe, even in republics like France or Switzerland, the existence of classes is an historical fact, and class consciousness has a real meaning, not only for one class but for all. America is a middle-class republic and was created as such, and the outstanding feature of the country is the existence of one great bourgeois class, to which everybody belongs, whether rich or poor. Some Americans have more money than others, but all hope to have as much as the next, not because a class privilege is thereby conferred upon them, but because the making of money is the one career open to all. Other careers, especially the disinterested service of the state, are disdained, as a rule. Money as the reward for individual enterprise, despite Marx's theories, is the ideal of the majority of citizens and the reality behind the phrase 'life, liberty, and happiness,' in a country where ambition is offered no other satisfaction.

III

As countless observers have reported, including the eminently communistic Mr. John L. Spivak, even the depression has not convinced the average

American that he is a desperate proletarian, who must either jump on the barricades or lapse forever into that station to which God has called him. He merely regards himself as out of luck temporarily, and he certainly has every right to feel instinctively that his plight, in a country such as this, is infinitely different from that of an unemployed miner in South Wales. Distress, unemployment, and starvation in a country with America's resources, America's history, America's psychology, cannot be confused with the same phenomena in Europe, except for purposes of Communist Party rhetoric. An unemployed American is an American citizen who happens to be out of a job; an unemployed Englishman is more usually than not a man who was always gratefully surprised when he had a job, and who is resigned to the thought that he may never again have one.

National history and psychology play a part apparently undreamt of in the philosophy of Union Square, and however useful it may be to Communist politicians to confuse the issue, as a matter of practical fact it is useless to address one's self in a psychologically foreign language to the American people. In terms of dialectical materialism, as in terms of humanity, an underfed family is underfed, whether it be gazing at the device 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,' witnessing the jubilee of George V, or yearning for a chicken in every pot, with Mr. Hoover. But these three differences correspond to three different fundamentals in the evolution of three different masses of humanity. To confuse them is not only 'dialectically' absurd, but it is the most ignorant form of bad taste and bad tactics.

In other words, Russian-fed American Marxists had better find out what country they are living in, what are the normal reactions and sentiments of

American citizens. The effort, for example, to drag in the fetish of the 'white collar' worker, whenever a non-manual worker joins a trade-union, is merely an attempt to saddle America with a distinction of classes, known in England as the 'black coat' worker, which is patently at variance with American practice. Manual labor is not here the stigma of an inferior class, as it is in Europe, and nobody except a class-conscious, semi-alien American has ever noticed any tendency on the part of the citizens of this country to draw aside from a man in overalls because he is not 'good enough' for them to associate with.

On the contrary, one of the most charming and finest things in American democracy is the total absence of that kind of snobbery, on the one hand, and self-consciousness on the other. The traditional American phrase, 'from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves in three generations,' embodies a point of view, based upon experience, which is far removed from the theories based upon a social order which has scarcely changed in two hundred years.

The economic interpretation of history is important, but it cannot be transplanted without a change. In Europe the 'idle rich' are a survival of a social hierarchy which, under various names, has been part of the scheme of life for centuries. They have been a target of denunciation, for that reason, by English Socialists. In America the rich are not idle, save for an infinitesimal minority of the population. They work or pretend to work, but they never put forward idleness in itself as an ideal.

In fact, what wealthy Americans have never learned is how to be usefully idle. This being a working-class country, even those who could afford to do so refuse to stop working, thereby keeping many a person in need

of employment out of a job. Nevertheless, they are denounced as if they were identical with the idle rich of Europe, whose families may never have made even the faintest pretense of working for generations. Rich Americans are on the defensive, exactly in proportion to their wealth. Rich Europeans are proud of their wealth and are protected by it, especially if they have not actually earned the money themselves. If one insists upon interpreting the history of a people economically, elementary common sense would indicate that these factors be taken into account. Is it possible that American Communists are afraid to face the fact that the most brutal capitalists are those who were themselves once 'proletarians,' although that is not exactly how they saw themselves when they started out to see what they could achieve in this land of opportunity?

Perhaps the most comically illuminating instance of that misunderstanding which passeth all understanding is the recent discovery by our American Marxists that, in addition to being the heirs to the only economic wisdom of the ages, they are also the torchbearers of the American Revolution. Here, again, we recently promoted 'fellow travelers' must demur. Fortunately, even Marx and Engels could claim no part in that historic event, so it is not exposed to such glosses as were bestowed upon the Paris Commune of 1871, or the German revolutionary movement of 1848. There was no question of the dictatorship of the proletariat in 1776, any more than there was in France in 1789. In both cases the objectives were simply defined and conceived by cultivated middle-class gentlemen, the difference being that the colonists were not exposed directly to the abuses which the French confronted and abolished. In each country the revolution attained its

purpose, which was the establishment of a bourgeois republic and the abolition of a hereditary monarchy and other hereditary privileges. When such invaluable efforts at emancipation occur to-day, as in Spain, Moscow sneers derisively because the proletariat has not been glorified, and the sneers are dutifully echoed in Union Square.

If American citizens had been flogged into the ghettos or banished to Siberia by the Tsars, undoubtedly their outlook on life would be more class-conscious. If Jefferson or Hamilton had ever been beaten by an English nobleman's lackeys, as Voltaire was beaten by the Duc de Rohan's, obviously the direction and nature of the American Revolution would have been different. France and America disposed of that problem in the eighteenth century, but Russia had to wait until November 1917. As a preliminary step in the direction of this united front against Fascism, could Union Square and Moscow bring themselves to admit that the 'ten days that shook the world' shook Russia more than they shook us?

IV

In brief, Russian Marxism will have to overcome its condescension to liberal thought throughout the civilized world if there is to be any coalition against Hitlerite and Fascist obscurantism. The politicians of the Communist Party, of course, will have to continue to bait the Socialist Party and the American Federation of Labor, and to attribute the foulest motives to the mildly Fabian programme of President Roosevelt. That is the nature of political animals; they must have their fleas. But assuming that the Comintern is concerned about more than its own Bolshevik hide; that the Soviet Government has finally

come to realize that the very civilization out of which its idealism was born, that the main objective of Marxian ideology, is being destroyed as much by Marxist intransigence as by Fascism in all its forms — what, on that assumption, is to be the degree of co-operation?

Not even the *Daily Worker* and the *New Masses* can expect everyone to stand by them while they devote their time to the defamation of every individual and every cause which has not been blessed by Stalin. Russian Marxism will have to understand that not since the Middle Ages has the civilized world been confronted by a sect which claimed to be in possession of the absolute Truth.

Mankind revolted against that absolutism and it will revolt again, but not with the assistance of absolutists, by whatever name they call themselves. The liberation of the human mind from dogmas has been the one achievement which justifies a belief in the progress of mankind. We are living in times when that progress seems more doubtful than it has seemed since the Renaissance. Liberty of thought is extinguished over the greater part of Europe, and, according to temperament and circumstance, men and nations are taking refuge in the most convenient dogma.

The Catholic Church was outraged when Luther nailed his theses to the door, the Holy Inquisition was convinced that Galileo was a blasphemous fool when he said: 'But still, it moves.' They refused to follow the 'party line' of their time, and subsequent history has amply justified them, as it has justified all those who have contributed in any way to the emancipation of man from dogmatic superstition. Russian Marxism will have to face innumerable Luthers and Galileos. There is no reason why Communism as interpreted in Russia

should apply to conditions in other countries, especially in view of the fact that a semi-Asiatic, almost wholly illiterate country, two centuries behind Western Europe, can hardly be conceived of as competent to instruct a French or a Scottish Communist as to how exactly the Marxian Theory of Value can be made comprehensible to his own countrymen.

American Communists particularly are placed in a peculiar position. In every respect, except one, their country is the most remote from Russia, politically, historically, economically, industrially, and psychologically. But there is one point in common between the two countries: they are enormous in size, population, and resources, thereby differing from all other nations in Christendom. But, exactly where Russia is backward and deficient, America is advanced and developed, in education, intercommuni-

cation, industrial mechanization. Yet it is in America that Communism, like Socialism before it, has failed to evolve any non-European theory corresponding to the special needs and circumstances of American life. America has been spared many phases of European evolution and there is no reason why she should follow the pattern of the Old World. She has not done so up to now, save in the most superficial sense. It would be hard to imagine anything more alien to the American temperament than the totalitarian state. The United States is a powerful ally for all who are opposed to that form of government. But it has little use for doctrinaires and is traditionally pragmatic. Too many doses of *Das Kapital*, too many instructions from Moscow, too much class consciousness in Union Square — and Fascism will have the enthusiastic support of a bourgeois people.

THE ALPHABET BEGINS WITH AAA

BY AUGUST W. DERLETH

I

My Great-uncle Joe Stoll and I were over at Gus Elker's place when the government man came, a clean-looking Ford coupé stopping in the rutted road beyond the barnyard and disgorging him. He came toward us importantly, a young man in his thirties, neatly dressed, a vague professionalism in his horn-rimmed glasses, his topcoat, his felt hat. He looked from the bulk of my great-uncle to the wispy frailty of Gus Elker, and his eyes fixed finally upon Gus.

'I be dog if that man ain't a-lookin' for me,' said Gus in an undertone, thoughtfully probing his teeth with a straw.

We were sitting on the rail fence dividing the hogpen from the farmyard, Gus Elker having perversely led us there because my great-uncle protested incessantly about the smell. Gus and my great-uncle had spied each other in neighboring fields and had gravitated to the Elker farm for a mid-morning talk. Both were in overalls, dirt-stained and torn, Gus as usual in clothes much too large for him. My great-uncle's heavy-jowled face presented a sharp contrast to Gus Elker's moonlike features, sad-eyed and sad-moustached — a strawy, yellow growth curving around his thin mouth.

The April sun was warm, and high in the sky above us a line of crows swung against the blue, cawing harshly. At our feet Gus Elker's chickens

scratched lazily about in the yard. From the direction of my great-uncle's farm we could hear my Great-aunt Lou's voice rising and falling in the wake of the hired man. The lazy spring morning was heavy with the smell of growing things, of earth coming alive again.

The government man picked his way carefully and a little nervously over to us.

'Which one of you gentlemen is Mr. Elker?' he asked.

Gus made a strange sound in his throat.

'I'm from the government,' continued Gus Elker's visitor. 'My name's Frisbee — Henry Frisbee. I've been working this territory for the AAA.'

Gus nodded expectantly.

'Frankly, I've heard you're over your quota of hogs, and I've come to see about it.'

'Well, you come t' the right place,' said Gus, pointing over his shoulder to the hogpen.

'Looks like it, does n't it?' said the government man, smiling. 'Now, tell me, how many hogs have you got?'

'Oh, I can't rightly say offhand,' said Gus.

Frisbee looked surprised. 'You mean you don't know?' he asked incredulously.

'Well, anyway not until I know what this's for,' said Gus.

Frisbee smiled genially, as if this

were a simple matter to elucidate. 'You've heard of the government corn-hog programme, I suppose. It's all part of the plan to curtail production under the AAA.' Almost apologetically, Frisbee essayed a joke. 'In this alphabet government of ours, the first letter, agriculturally speaking, is AAA.'

Gus looked at him soberly, not a flicker disturbing the sad taciturnity of his lips. 'In my day it begun with A B C,' he said.

Frisbee was momentarily surprised, but laughed because he thought it was expected of him. 'Now that we understand each other,' he began . . .

'Hey?' protested Gus. 'I ain't understandin' you.'

'Well, in the simplest terms,' said Frisbee, 'the government is expecting you to cut down on hog production.'

'I been sellin' hogs right along,' said Gus. 'I'm fattenin' up 'bout a half-dozen right now t' take into Sac Prairie and ship t' Chicago come Thursday a this week.'

'That is n't quite what the government means, Mr. Elker,' said Frisbee. 'The government expects to have, say, one out of every five hogs now in existence killed, and expects to pay for every one not raised at the same ratio.'

II

Gus looked at the government man long and soberly, and then very carefully lowered himself from the fence so as to be ready for any emergency that might arise. He glanced at my great-uncle to suggest that he was, however obscurely, confronting the same emergency. The two men preserved for a long minute an almost stony silence.

Finally Gus said, 'You aimin' t' tell me I gotta kill some a my hogs jest because the gov'mint's got a bee in its bonnet?'

'Hardly that,' said Frisbee. 'The government'll pay you for them and

have them shipped away. Of course, we don't intend to pay the highest rate for them.'

'Well, I ain't got none t' sell t' the gov'mint,' said Gus at once.

'I'm afraid you are n't going to have much choice,' said Frisbee with rather strained affability.

'Hoh!' exclaimed Gus. 'I like t' see any gov'mint tellin' me what t' do with my hogs!'

It dawned upon the government man that his task was by no means as easy as he had supposed it might be. At the same time it came to my great-uncle that Frisbee was none too sure of his ground; I could tell what he was thinking by the way a grin started and spread slowly over his face. He waited, while the government man looked uncertainly from one to the other of them.

'Well, how many hogs have you got?' Frisbee asked finally. 'Maybe it won't be necessary to sell any.'

Gus looked him over carefully and was judicious about replying. 'Well, I got them six I'm aimin' t' send t' the market,' he said.

'We can count those off,' said Frisbee with what was intended, doubtless, to be a magnanimous gesture.

'Then I got four more good hogs, and two litterin' sows.'

There was a momentary silence, broken by the encroaching sounds of the barnyard. Gus Elker's hired man hallooed somewhere off near Stone's Pocket. The government man pushed back his hat and glanced around uneasily.

My great-uncle took a deep breath and said casually, 'And then there's Elmer — ain't you forgot him, Gus?'

Gus looked at my great-uncle with angry indignation in his watery eyes.

The government man, vaguely interested, asked, 'Who's Elmer?'

'Elmer's one a my pigs,' said Gus.

'Elmer's Gus's pet pig,' said my great-uncle. 'And Elmer's some pig,

Frisbee. Yessir, that pig's what I call a pig, I be dog if he hain't!

The government man, not entirely knowing whether or not his leg was being pulled, turned to Gus and asked, 'So that in fact you've got seven more hogs left, after sending those six to market?'

Gus nodded glumly.

'Then I'm afraid you'll have to sell one of those hogs, Mr. Elker,' said Frisbee in a very businesslike voice.

'I ain't aimin' to,' said Gus.

'Of course, you'll hardly want to part with the farrowing sows, so it'll have to be one of the others,' Frisbee went on. He looked around Gus into the hogpen and added, 'And they look like pretty good pigs to me.' Then he turned with tactical swiftness on Gus and asked, 'What is this about Elmer, and where is he?'

'In the barn,' said Gus, surprised into an admission by Frisbee's sudden move.

'I'll take a look at him,' said Frisbee.

III

If the government man had thought that Gus was joking about Elmer, he was wrong. Gus Elker did, in fact, have a pet pig. He had raised it with fondest personal attention and had it stabled on a chain with an old dog collar about its neck. The pig, however, despite Gus Elker's constant care, was a scrawny thing, of no fitness and certainly no use or value. But Gus prized it, erratically, and stood for being sarcastically ridden by my great-uncle because of the care he spent on it.

Gus led the way into the barn where Elmer was stabled. Elmer looked up nervously, came uncertainly toward Gus, and retreated, grunting. Frisbee took one look at the pig and nodded in a satisfied way.

'That's the one,' he said. 'That pig

is n't worth much to you. We'll make him into soap!'

'Soap!' exclaimed Gus Elker, honestly shocked. 'I like t' die if my Elmer's a-goin' inta soap — and at reduced rates, too! I tol' you, I ain't sellin', gov'mint or no gov'mint.'

'What you fail to understand, Mr. Elker,' said Frisbee, 'is that the government is doing this only to help the farmers.'

'Hey? Help the farmers? I ain't seein' it,' said Gus explosively.

My great-uncle put in a few conciliating words. 'They're aimin' t' push up prices, Gus, ez I understand it. And they reckon Elmer's got t' help.'

'I ain't sellin',' repeated Gus doggedly.

The hog-reduction programme might have reached a temporary impasse at that moment as far as Gus Elker was concerned if Frisbee had not decided to take a closer look at Elmer. At any rate, he stepped forward, directing a few words at Elmer in the manner of a man approaching a stray dog. Either Elmer sensed that his intention was not for the best or he simply did n't like Frisbee, for he grunted unamiably, jumped backward, slipped his collar, and was out of the barn before any of us could make a move to stop him.

'Judas pries', there goes Elmer!' cried Gus, dismayed.

The government man was momentarily taken aback. 'Catch him,' he suggested weakly.

Gus shot a glance of quizzical understanding at my great-uncle, and came back at Frisbee. 'Seein' as how you scared him, it ain't but fair you lend a hand. That pig's a-headin' for Stone's Pocket, and if we make time we c'n head 'im off. C'mon!'

He led the way out of the barn immediately, not giving Frisbee a chance to think about the matter. He ran awkwardly, his oversized clothes flapping about him. My great-uncle fol-

lowed as quickly as his bulk would allow him to.

Frisbee nervously ran after, calling, 'Where's Stone's Pocket, Mr. Elker?'

Gus gestured wildly ahead of him, steadily bearing down upon a steep slope which was part of the south side of Stone's Pocket. Though hepaticas and anemones were blooming in colorful profusion there, the slope was deceptive, for it was slushy and wet, much of the frost and ice still in the ground resisting thaw. Gus went over the edge of the slope with relentless purpose and caught at a tree. My great-uncle, uncertain because of his weight, stayed behind. So did I. Frisbee ingloriously followed Gus, slipped, and went headlong. He rolled halfway down the slope and came up against a tree with a sound like a mud ball striking the side of a building.

Gus instantly began to lament his plight in a loud voice. 'Now, ain't that a shame,' he kept saying. 'Can't figger out how I come t' fergit lettin' you know 'bout that slippery ground. I sure hope them nice clothes a yourn ain't ruint none.'

Frisbee laboriously got to his feet, steadying himself against the tree, and looked at Gus. His clothes were mud and water. He bent down and picked up his hat, crumpling it and putting it into a pocket in his topcoat.

'I don't see that pig,' he said acidly.

'He's went down,' said Gus volubly. 'I seen his tracks. I reckon maybe we better all spread out, so we c'n catch 'im before he gits caught by somethin' else.'

He began to lurch diagonally down the slope at once, careful to guide himself by the boles of trees and bushes, and my great-uncle and I did likewise, spreading in a fanlike manner, before Frisbee could change his mind. Frisbee, after one furious glance at Gus, began to pick his way gingerly and with much difficulty down into the valley. He fell

again near the brook which ran through the valley below, but got up immediately and went on.

Gus ran as if possessed into the valley, jumped the brook, and was soon out of sight. Frisbee by this time had lost all caution; he never hesitated, but plunged into the woods after Gus. My great-uncle looked after them in mild surprise, stopping at the bank of the brook. The crashing sounds of Frisbee's progress retreated before us. My great-uncle turned and looked at me.

'Are we pig-huntin', Old-Timer?' he asked.

'I guess not,' I said.

'Well, le's edge up the pocket and back t' Gus's.'

IV

We went leisurely up the valley, stopping occasionally to listen for any sound from the depths of the pocket, and once or twice to watch small fish in the clear brook. Presently we ascended a less precarious slope than that other, and came around behind Gus Elker's barn. At the same time Gus appeared from the opposite direction. He was breathing heavily.

'Say, Joe,' he called out, 'you recollect' that time you lost that hog a yourn down in the pocket and he was all et up by time you found him?'

My great-uncle looked at Gus as if Gus had lost his mind. He shoved back his hat and scratched his head. 'Now, Gus,' he began warily, 'I ain't —'

'I reckoned you'd recollect', Joe,' said Gus in an even louder voice. 'Too bad — I reckon Elmer's done for.'

The reason for his loud voice was now apparent. Frisbee was toiling up the slope behind him. He came up to us, breathing jerkily, and demanded, 'What's the matter?'

Gus shook his head dolefully. 'I reckon my Elmer's done for,' he said.

'Done for?' repeated the government man. 'What do you mean?'

'Why, the weasels has got 'im.'

'Weasels?'

'Sure, weasels,' put in my great-uncle. 'That-there pocket's full a weasels. I mind me the time they got one a my hogs — done for it in no time, and the crows and owls cleaned up what was left.'

Frisbee looked uneasily from my great-uncle to Gus. Their faces were impassive, a little sad. Frisbee himself was the epitome of discomfort. Not only were his clothes muddled and torn, but he had lost one of the lenses in his glasses and had sustained a long diagonal thorn scratch down one cheek, and blood was glistening there.

'Well, that's too bad,' said Frisbee.

'Too bad!' exclaimed Gus. 'I mind me it was you scared him. If 't were n't for you, Elmer'd be alive this minute.'

Frisbee took out a bedraggled handkerchief and attempted to take off the mud on his face and hands. He glanced toward where his car was standing with a vague wish to be gone in his troubled eyes. He turned back to Gus.

'Well, at any rate you seem to have consciously or unconsciously complied with the government's programme,' he said, smiling sourly.

Gus looked at him in hurt dignity.

'He means you and the government is square, Gus,' said my great-uncle. 'You got rid a that one hog now.'

'You mean I don't have t' sell one now?' asked Gus.

'That's right,' said Frisbee.

Gus nodded thoughtfully. 'But I ain't been paid for it,' he said.

'Oh, well,' said Frisbee, 'the government did n't get the pig, either.'

'But the gov'mint scared that pig right out a his life,' said Gus.

'I fail to see —' began Frisbee.

'Ain't you representin' the gov'mint?' demanded Gus.

'Why, yes, of course, but —'

'Then I got two witnesses besides myself saw you scarin' Elmer,' said Gus

with finality. 'And I aim t' c'lect for that pig a mine.'

Frisbee looked from my great-uncle to Gus, his lips pushing outward and together. 'How much do you figure that pig weighed?' he asked finally in a stifled voice.

Gus turned calculatingly to my great-uncle. 'Well, now, would you say two hundred and sixty, Joe?'

'Two hundred and sixty!' exclaimed Frisbee. 'That pig did n't weigh more than a hundred pounds, Mr. Elker.'

Gus looked hurt and indignant. 'And me spendin' all that time and money on Elmer! Maybe he did n' weigh two hundred sixty, but I be dog if he was a pound less'n two hundred fifty. How much's the gov'mint payin'?''

'Two and one-half cents,' answered Frisbee.

'Then he weighed two hundred sixty,' said Gus promptly.

'I reckon he did,' said my great-uncle.

Frisbee looked as if he might choke. 'How can I be sure that this pig Elmer actually is dead?' he demanded.

'If you knew anything about pigs, you'd sure know no pig'd stay away from home this long, Frisbee,' said my great-uncle with an air of indisputable authority.

'The weasels has got 'im,' said Gus. 'I know them weasels.' He looked up hopefully. 'Maybe I c'd show you his bones when we find 'em,' he added thoughtfully. 'Take some days, though. Comin' through here again?'

'Not if I can help it,' said Frisbee violently.

'Well, le's see, now — two hundred sixty at two and a half a poun' comes t' jest exactly six dollars and a half,' computed Gus carefully.

Frisbee said, 'The government is planning to pay five dollars a head for every one you don't raise.'

'I'll think that over,' said Gus.

'But jest now I'm a-thinkin' about Elmer. He was always a good pig.'

'I'll see to it that you get a check within a week,' said Frisbee angrily.

Then he pulled his hat out of his pocket, clapped it vehemently on his head, and stalked out of the yard, scattering the chickens and geese in all directions. The three of us watched him go in silence, watched him get into his car with one furious backward glance, and watched the car vanish presently along the winding road toward Sac Prairie.

V

Gus Elker looked casually away from the road into the blue of the April sky. 'I reckon he's sure gone now,' he said. 'What about it, you old pot-belly?'

'I guess he is,' said my great-uncle.

'That's easy money,' said Gus, a smile breaking into his moonlike face.

He turned, craning his neck, and looked around; then he whistled shrilly

and called, 'Elmer! Poo-ee! Poo-ee! Oh, Elmer, I'm a-callin' you!'

Immediately Elmer popped out from beneath the cornerib and scuttled over to Gus, grunting complacently and rubbing his head affectionately against Gus Elker's leg.

'I be dog if that pig ain't always a-come every time I call him like that,' said Gus, stooping to pull one of Elmer's hairy pink ears.

My great-uncle looked down at the pig, but said nothing.

Gus looked at him. 'You know what that AAA is, Joe?' he asked.

'Well, I ain't sure,' said my great-uncle reluctantly.

Gus glanced at me. 'What about you, Old-Timer?'

'Sure,' I said, 'as much as anybody knows. But it does n't worry me.'

Gus grinned thoughtfully, rubbing Elmer's head with one hand. 'I don't guess I'm far wrong thinkin' that Mr. Frisbee ain't none too sure about it hisself,' he said.

PAINLESS EDUCATION

BY E. A. CROSS

I

AMONG the patrons of the public schools there has grown up a conviction that something is vitally wrong with our system of education. This feeling at times breaks into verbal expression as a vague dissatisfaction, and again as a more localized faultfinding with some particular phase of education, such as spelling, arithmetic, or handwriting. Seldom does it go deep enough to touch the vital core of the malady.

The American system of education ought to be the best in the world. It is universal. Every child not only *may* attend school, but is *required* to do so. The state does not discontinue free education at the end of the elementary period, but permits attendance in tax-supported schools, colleges, and universities up to any age. In buildings and material equipment our schools are not equaled by any in the world. We have the most elaborate and expensive system of public training schools for teachers. We pay our teachers, not enough, but certainly more than teachers are paid in other countries.

But, with physical conditions as nearly ideal as we have them, the parents and the taxpaying public are not satisfied with the results we get. This dissatisfaction is not limited to critics who stand outside the organization and look on. It is shared by many of the most thoughtful teachers working within the system. They often see the faults more clearly than the parents,

the taxpayers, and the newspaper critics can see them. And thousands of teachers are willing and anxious to do something about these shortcomings.

If you visit a model pottery, you do not judge it by the building in which it is housed, by the cleanliness of the workers and their surroundings, by the contentment that seems to prevail, nor by any such things as these alone. Those items are important and very much to be desired; but if they exist in full measure and the one essential thing is missing, you are obliged to admit that the enterprise is a failure, or only a lame and partial success. That essential is an output excellent in quality and sufficient in quantity to justify the operation of the plant.

The products by which we must judge the schools are the children who come out of them at the age of fourteen, or eighteen, or twenty-two, labeled by the system as educated young people. One of the fundamental considerations offered to justify universal free education in a republic is that it creates thinking, law-abiding, and morally clear-seeing citizens. A self-governing state cannot continue without such a body of citizens. Do our schools succeed in turning out men and women of this kind? By the thousands, yes. But by the millions, no.

A great many school executives and teachers regard this sort of education for citizenship as their job, and work

conscientiously, intelligently, and with great patience to send out of their schools young people who have acquired skill in the use of the tools of education, who have learned to use leisure wisely, and who have habits of thinking and patterns of acting that will make them desirable members of society.

Another large section of the teaching guild assume that they fulfill their obligation to the public, that they return value to the state which pays their salaries, when they assist their pupils in learning to read, to write, to do their sums, and to accomplish the other things that are included in the catalogue of accepted physical and mental tasks of the modern school.

Perhaps the largest section of all are entirely indifferent to such matters. For them 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' They are not *professional* teachers. They are 'trippers.' Teaching, for doubtless as many as one third of the eight hundred and seventy-five thousand men and women who 'keep schools,' is still a temporary occupation. There are still many men every year who take up teaching as a financial steppingstone to law, medicine, engineering, or some other profession, business, or trade. Thousands of girls every year graduate from teachers' colleges, or otherwise become certificated teachers, who have no intention to teach except as an interim job between college graduation and matrimony. Many of these are good teachers, but the great majority of them have no care beyond 'giving satisfaction' and being reemployed as long as they need the jobs, a need which they hope will end when they hear the words of the marriage ceremony.

These young people who become teachers are drawn from all the levels of society and all kinds of homes and surroundings. Some of them come from home influences which have in-

delibly stamped them with the marks of intelligence and the instincts of good taste, refinement of speech and manners, and an inescapable sense of duty. These become the real and invaluable body of teachers who shape the lives of the children whom they teach.

II

There is another picture in sharp contrast to that. Consider a thousand high-school graduates in any one of the states. The average intelligence of those who decide to enter the teachers' college is not in the highest bracket, as you would wish and expect. The intelligence level of prospective teachers is not alarmingly low, but it is perceptibly lower than that of university students who expect to enter some of the other callings, — engineering and law, for example, — though higher than the intelligence rating of students in schools of dentistry and agriculture.

There are exceptions, of course. These statements apply to averages; there are exceptions in both directions. Out of the imaginary thousand, teaching would attract a few of the most brilliant — and a few of the very dullest. Each of the other professions named would have similar luck. But when a moron wears his way through a school of dentistry or law it is not so tragic as when he graduates as a doctor or a teacher. The first enters into competitive practice on his own and sinks or swims. The doctor suffers the same fate, but, like the teacher, he is dealing with human life. Failure due to limited intelligence, bad training, bad judgment, lack of information, and so forth, means more than his personal failure. It involves the lives of his patients.

The teacher is in a class by himself. His ignorance and stupidity do not often deprive him of his job and thus remove him from the possibility of

doing further harm. It is exceedingly difficult to measure the success or failure of a teacher. One who prevents the children from breaking out in chaotic disorder, who keeps them happy and satisfied in school and sends them home with good reports and high grades, is pretty generally regarded as a good teacher whether the children actually learn anything or not. The poor teacher moves from one district to another, but not *out* of the teaching business. The good teacher is often induced to enter other callings.

Like the physician, the teacher is dealing with human material every day of his life — the doctor with body and mind, mainly body, the teacher with mind and body, mind first. The teacher's successes contribute to the permanent well-being and happiness of the children — and to the permanent advantage of society. The coroner and the undertaker often dispose of the doctor's mistakes; but the mistakes of the teacher are projected into society as permanent liabilities or menaces. And so subtle and insubstantial is the influence, or lack of it, of the individual teacher that responsibility for failure, or credit for a great success, can seldom be ascribed to any one man or woman.

If the teachers' influence upon the lives of the young in their schools is as important as all this, it would seem that common prudence would require the teachers' colleges to survey the present needs of the schools of a state, to estimate the immediate future needs, and so admit to the colleges, to be trained for the teaching profession, only enough to fill the vacancies likely to occur naturally during the years when these students are to be graduated, making due allowance for emergency vacancies and vacancies caused by the removal of many incompetents. And, having given authority thus to limit the number of students in prep-

aration for teaching, it would seem that the state would not only *permit* these colleges to select only the most intelligent and those most promising in character and personality for this high service, but would strictly *require* them to make their selections of students on the basis of those specifications.

Teachers' colleges and schools of education do not get their students that way. In most states, the tax-supported university and colleges are required by law or custom to admit the graduates of any standard high school in the state. It is assumed that the unfit will be unable to pass the courses they enroll for in the college, and will voluntarily withdraw, or be required to withdraw, on account of failures. Local pressure has compelled the 'prudent' teachers in the high schools to pass and graduate all students, good, bad, and indifferent, who have persisted in attending those schools four years. The teachers' colleges are subject to the same pressure, only a little more distant. Practically all who are persistent enough graduate in the long run.

In a freshman class of four hundred in a teachers' college it is conservative to say that less than a hundred are endowed with those qualities that make the all-round good teachers of the country. Great teachers are exceedingly rare — maybe one in a thousand. Two hundred out of the four hundred would probably make *acceptable* teachers. But let any college send home a half, or even a fourth, of its freshmen during the year or at the end of the year, and the repercussions that would arise from the home towns and counties would be so violent and so threatening to the income of the college that even the staunchest college president would tremble before the uproar. If he persisted in being staunch and rock-ribbed, he would have to be so some-

where else, for his job would skid out from under his feet.

The practical result of the condition is that at the end of two, or three, or four years every student who has been stubbornly persistent is given the blessing of a reluctant Alma Mater and a certificate to teach in the public schools of the state. Persistence is one of the characteristics of the mentally slow. Well, thank God for that. It's a comfort to an employer who sets a dull laborer at a hard and disagreeable job to know that he will keep stubbornly at it till it is done. This same tenacity and slow patience will keep the dull student at the job of getting a teacher's certificate till her instructors, out of sympathy and admiration, 'pass' her, and she is at last graduated as a half-baked, half-educated, and temperamentally wholly unfit teacher. And this applies, of course, to boys as well as girls.

Now begins anew the vicious circle of painless education in the tax-supported schools of America. First, think of eight hundred and seventy-five thousand public-school teachers. No one knows how many of this number are wholly unfit to teach, how many are half-qualified, and how many excellent. Looking upon the results of public-school education, one is inclined to be generous and say that a fifth belong to the impossible class, three fifths to the 'fair,' or pretty good, and one fifth to the superior. The lowest fifth cannot teach successfully, no matter how hard they try; the middle three fifths could do pretty well if the present dominating philosophy of education and educational practice would permit effective teaching; the superior class succeed in spite of all discouraging hindrances.

III

Our system of education has developed a restless hierarchy of supervisors

and executives who so harass the teachers with the changing machinery of education that they cannot give their time and calm attention to the children, for whom the schools exist. *Learn to do by doing* is followed by *apperception*, and we suddenly learn to *proceed from the known to the unknown*; *apperception* gives way to *recapitulation*, *recapitulation* to the *five or seven primary objectives*; *objectives* are succeeded by *purposive motivations*; these by *activity leading to further activity*; then we find ourselves suddenly in a *child-centred school*; and just at the moment when we think the ship is swinging easily at her moorings for at least a temporary rest in a quiet harbor to take on fuel and cargo, we are dismayed to find her dragging anchor and in the outbound current of *progressive education*. Woven through this tangled warp of terms we find a mysterious woof of *objective standardized tests*, *grading on a curve*, a sinister, if not diabolical, *sigma* accompanied by *knowledge* and *skills* (both in the plural number), by *modes*, *averages*, *means*, *standard deviations*, *coefficients of reliability*, *researches*, *proximate* and *ultimate aims and ends*, and *frames of reference*.

The teacher who knows that her job is to assist some children to learn to read, to write, to add, subtract, multiply, and divide, to tell the truth, to keep clean and well, to respect the rights and property of others, to live usefully, peaceably, and happily in a complex social organization, and a few other simple things like these, finds herself hopelessly enmeshed in the pedagogical jargon. And late some night when she has a moment of comparative calm to look at her job dispassionately she will be comforted by discovering that the essential part of all that tangle of terms is just one or two things masquerading under a succession of names through several gener-

ations, and that she has always been *progressive* and *effective* in her teaching when she was let alone and permitted to do her work with children, rather than with machinery and 'statistical data,' and that through the years she has conducted a progressive, child-centred school.

Ambitious administrators mistake activity, restlessness, for progress. The engineer on an ocean liner is not forever fussing with his machinery, moving it about, juggling it. When the ship is moving easily at a satisfactory speed, on an economical allowance of fuel, oil, water, and so forth, the wise chief sits down in his office, reads a magazine, smokes a cigar, or takes a bit of a nap. Maybe he dresses in his best uniform and takes a stroll around the decks. He lets his subordinates give their attention to the one main business of running a ship with the greatest possible efficiency. Wise school superintendents and supervisors might follow his example.

Don't misunderstand me. The captain and the chief engineer are very valuable, indispensable officers on a ship. But if they should ever get to dancing around nervously, trying this valve, pulling this lever, and turning this wheel or that switch until they got the ship running at top speed in a circle under the impression that that was progressive navigation, they would become worse than useless.

The demands of the public are the next obstacle in the way of effective teaching. Any experienced teacher knows that she has to please the parents. She knows too that they will be displeased if the tasks of the school are hard, if the children find the table of sevens a drudgery, if home study has to be carried on to keep up with the class, if painstaking accuracy is required, if pressure is resorted to to compel unruly children to live in harmony in the little social state we

call a school, if report cards show low grades, and if children fail to 'pass' and thus become 'retarded.'

IV

A capable teacher realizes that she must, first of all, govern her little state so that all its citizens may live together in harmony, dealing justly with each other, none allowed to bully or dominate the rest, and each permitted to learn all he is capable of acquiring without being molested by others whose wishes and temperaments are different from his own. This school-room condition is the first necessity, but it is only a setting for the principal business of the school. Parents send children to school *to learn*. Seventy-five years ago children went to school only to acquire skill in using the tools of learning. These were reading, writing, and arithmetic — hammer and saw and square. In the twentieth century we recognize these tools for what they are — merely tools to be used in building up the real structure of education. That real structure consists of all the kinds of knowledge, the skills, the arts, the manners, the tastes, the principles of action, and the like, that the children can acquire to aid themselves in living most completely the fullest life each is capable of living in the society into which the circumstances of life have thrown him.

A lot of items called 'educational frills' are covered up in the language of that last sentence. But I maintain that those frills are important items in the catalogue of the things we live by — more important than the tools. Even so, the tools come first. We can't erect a beautiful and complex structure without tools and rough materials. It would seem, then, that after organizing her school into an orderly little state where each child may work and play without undue molestation, the teacher

should next see to it that the children acquire a working mastery of those elementary tools. But they don't.

They do not even learn to read. I take a class of forty singing freshmen — or singing seniors, for that matter. A third of them hate literature. They don't get anything out of history. Science bores them. Sociology and economics are the bunk. Ath-e-letics (that's the way they spell and pronounce it) are the college's only excuse for being. I put them through a diagnostic clinic to try to find out what's ailing. I ask them to read aloud a page of literary prose or poetry, a page of history, science, economics, or sociology. Then I know. They can't read. They can pronounce some of the words, maybe ninety out of a hundred. They know the meanings of most of them, perhaps seventy-five or eighty out of a hundred. But the ten they can't pronounce, and the next five, ten, or fifteen that have no meaning for them, or the wrong meanings, ruin the whole paragraph or page.

That lower third has not been taught how to look up the pronunciation of words in a dictionary. A few are unable even to find a word in a dictionary, to determine how to spell it, or to understand the meanings listed there. Many do not recognize a sentence. In writing they cannot distinguish a sentence from a non-sentence. They do not know how to place phrase and clause modifiers. The vocabularies they use in written English are very limited, and in spoken English even more so. In dealing with numbers this lower third is inaccurate even in the simplest operations in addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division.

These statements are not guesses. Any teacher who works with high-school or college students knows that they are the sad truth. The many tests given to thousands of college

students all over the nation verify these observations. If our elementary schools do not succeed in teaching these fundamental skills, how can we expect the young people to use them with intelligence and accuracy in the higher schools?

Students without a mastery of these skills go on into the high schools, then into the liberal arts and teachers' colleges; then they are graduated and begin to teach the next generation. Under our present educational practice with the best of teachers, a few of the duller children go through the schools in the manner indicated. What happens when the teacher is one of the uneducated persons? Not only a few dull children will fail to get any kind of acceptable education, but in fact the majority of the children of all grades of intelligence will have that experience, and the condition will become worse and worse with each lap of the vicious circle.

V

What can be done about it? First, we shall have to abandon our approval of painless education. Parents must not insist upon passing grades for their children unless the children actually learn. Being happy in school and liking the teacher are not enough.

Second, only real teachers should be permitted to continue in the profession. These are they who govern their schools satisfactorily; who inspire children to put forth their best efforts; who succeed in keeping children happy and satisfied even in the midst of patient drudgery when necessary; who teach all but the imbecile the mastery of the essential tools of learning; who succeed in helping the abler children and the brilliant to a mastery of those forms of knowledge and those skills that have either individual or social significance, each in proportion to his ability to learn; and who implant in

the mental and emotional nature of children a compelling wish for order, respect for law, respect for truth, disapproval of lying, cheating, stealing, greed, and all unsocial action that injures others. (When you consider the ever-mounting record of crime chargeable to young men and women 'educated' in the public schools of this country, you know that a whole article or a book should be written to lay that situation before the American people. There is no space or time for it here.) We do not have to guess who the real teachers are. We can examine the children whom they have taught. If at the end of a year the children have made no progress, then, conditions for teaching having been satisfactory through the year, the teacher has been a poor teacher, even though she may have been 'very sweet' and the children 'very happy.'

Third, we shall have to remove those pressures from the supervisors, principals, superintendents, even college presidents, that keep them dancing around in spirals and making believe

that movement in any direction is necessarily progress. Require performance and results of them, and not the attention-compelling waving of banners, shouting of slogans, blowing of trumpets, and ringing of bells now used in the frantic efforts of school executives to 'sell' the schools to the public. Make it possible for them to give their attention to the quality of the output of the plant rather than to the noise of the machinery.

Fourth, and last, let the whole state — taxpayers, parents, school boards, school executives, teachers, and children — join in a campaign of self-education against the insidious current belief that everything worth while can be attained without work. Help us, O God, to free our minds and souls of the moonstruck folly of the philosophy of painless education, and implant in us a spirit of willingness to go down into our pockets and find the money to give every child the fullest and most effective education he or she is able to take, each one according to his capacity and no more.

THE EUROPEAN PARADOX

BY FRANK H. SIMONDS

I

To anyone who has viewed the Ethiopian crisis with the slightest degree of detachment, it must have appeared a phenomenon in paradox almost without parallel. In these weeks of acute international controversy, the entire world, without previous warning and with the utmost solemnity, has stood on its head. For no visible reason, nations have abandoned policies which they have pursued with complete consistency during long years. Political parties within countries have hastily thrown overboard principles upon which they have based their appeal for popular support during all of the post-war period. The Right has turned up on the Left and the Left has apparently gone Right.

Most bewildering of all have been the repercussions in Great Britain of Mussolini's decision to establish another Roman Empire in a new quarter of Africa. In the face of this resolution the Tories, who had hitherto viewed Geneva with cold condescension, have rushed to the defense of the League of Nations with a passionate zeal which has taxed credulity and stimulated suspicion. Concomitantly, however, the die-hards, the Amerys and the Churchills, self-appointed guardians of the imperial faith, have protested against this procedure of the Baldwin Cabinet, explicable to the alien mind only in terms of imperial security.

Even more astonishing has been the performance of British Labor. Hither-

to, from the very hour of the Armistice, the English Socialists have been standing immovable upon the principle of peace at any price. They have pronounced the World War the product of pre-war imperialism. In any new conflict, they have discovered the menace of a fresh disaster to their class and country even more complete than that of the last. Yet, at a moment when a Tory government dispatched the Home Fleet to the Mediterranean and the clash between Italian and British imperialism seemed inevitable, they have cast aside their own leaders, who protested against this provocative gesture, and applauded the action of those of the opposing party who were responsible for it.

Nor has similar paradox been lacking on the Continent. On the contrary, in France the Nationalists, who for half a generation have pleaded with Great Britain to implement the Covenant of the League of Nations with the guarantees of the British fleet, have been revealed hanging back aghast as the bulk of England's sea forces have been concentrated in the Mediterranean to accomplish in fact what the French have demanded should be promised in principle. As for the Soviet Union, having for half a generation excoriated the antisocial nature of British imperialism, the Kremlin is now revealed not merely as the ally of that imperialism, but also as an ally seeking

tirelessly to push a Tory government into still more uncompromising intransigence.

Under the stress and strain of recent events, too, the League of Nations, hitherto conceived to be the instrument of a war-weary world, expressly designed to prevent another conflict like the last, has been unmistakably transformed into a punitive agency concerned primarily not with preserving peace in Europe but with punishing aggression in Africa, even at the cost of another general war like that of 1914. Thus during long weeks in which, with a sincerity born of desperation, Rome has been warning the world that effective sanctions must mean war, Geneva with dogged persistence has been piling Pelion on Ossa in the effort to make sanctions effective.

II

How has this universal and previously unimaginable *bouleversement* come about? Above all, why have the British Laborites become lions, where yesterday they were sheep and forced upon the extreme Tories an attitude not a little sheepish? For what reason have the English workingmen, after having for a decade and a half preached peace and clamored for disarmament, suddenly snatched the initiative from the Tories and enlisted in a new war, superficially at least, destined to be fought for the old familiar imperial objectives?

For the American audience, which likes its story simply told, what was taking place was no more than a revival of that piece first played in 1914. Another 'madman' was loose in the world. A second 'guilty' people was on the prowl. For William II, now safely in Doorn, Mussolini was substituted; for imperial Germany, Fascist Italy; for 'bleeding Belgium,' helpless Ethiopia. Thus, with a new cast, the old

drama was having a fresh production.

But satisfying in its simplicity as was this interpretation of the Ethiopian affair, it hardly stood the test of realistic examination. Instead of rising to this new battle cry of right and justice, thoughtful men and women the world over paused to consider the contrast between the attitude of the Tory cabinet in the face of Japanese imperialistic adventure in Manchuria and Italian in Ethiopia. Inescapably they were confronted by the question, Why Ethiopia and not Manchuria? Why Italy and not Japan?

Was it because the life line of British Empire runs through the Mediterranean and not through the China Sea? Was it because Manchuria was remote from Egypt and Ethiopia hard by? All the world recalled how one Tory government had sent the British fleet through the Dardanelles when Tsarist Russia approached Constantinople in the far-off days of the Treaty of San Stefano. Nor was it forgotten how still another Tory government had dispatched Kitchener up the White Nile in the less distant days of Fashoda.

Was Great Britain now making use of the League of Nations to achieve by indirection what it had accomplished by direct action in an earlier and less refined age? The threat implicit in the Italian purpose now was as patent as that which had formerly resided in both the Russian and the French designs. Nor was there anything novel in the spectacle of the British seizing upon a moral issue to disguise an imperial calculation. When they had, themselves, been engaged in empire building, they had described their enterprise as that of 'taking up the white man's burden.' Now that their own task was accomplished, what more natural than that they should invoke the new spirit of Geneva to forbid a too faithful imitation of their

ancient methods in an inconvenient region?

Completely satisfying as an explanation of Tory performance, this interpretation was less convincing as an elucidation of the course of Labor. That the Tories should rush to the defense of imperial interests, invoking moral precepts and at the same time mobilizing naval resources, was completely understandable in terms of their tradition. But ever since the Boer War those elements in Great Britain for which Labor now spoke politically had stood solidly against all war and cried out most vehemently against conflicts having their origin in imperialistic rivalries.

Now, however, when Lansbury, Ponsonby, and Cripps pointed out with utmost exactitude that Tory policy was driving the country to a war which visibly had its origin in the clash between British and Italian imperialism, Labor dropped these pilots, jettisoned the cargo of pacifism to which it had clung over so many stormy years and at such heavy costs, and the Trades-Union Congress voted, by a majority of twenty to one, to go forward to battle beside the Tories — in fact, to spare no effort to push their hereditary opponents ever more deeply into the fray.

What did all this mean? Had Labor gone imperialistic in the face of a plain threat to imperial security? Was the passion of the British workingman for peace only a delusion? Here again the simple explanation failed to carry conviction. There was, however, one other solution, which little by little began to claim attention. Was it not possible that this unexpected and unpredictable *volte-face* of Labor constituted the first clear evidence of the reaction of British Trade-Unionism to the fate which had overtaken its fellow workers in Italy, in Austria, in Germany, indeed wherever Fascism had triumphed? Had Mussolini by his Ethiopian enter-

prise provided Labor in England and the Left on the Continent, under British inspiration, with their first chance to strike back heavily and perhaps fatally?

III

It was true that at the outset Italian Fascism itself had produced few repercussions among the British workers. Between Italian and British Trade-Unionists the ties were slight, the differences in race and temperament enormous. Accordingly the British masses had viewed the March on Rome as something primarily Latin, and the earlier outbursts of Il Duce as designed to satisfy the appetite of a theatre-loving people for brag and bombast. But it was wholly different in the German case. Between British and German Trade-Unionists the bonds were very strong. The leaders in both countries had served together and worked together in international congresses, their associations were close, their personal intimacies real. And this friendship had explained why British Labor in the post-war years had constantly condemned French policies of coercion directed against Germany and, in its brief periods in office, had sought to replace France by Germany as Britain's first friend on the Continent.

With the triumph of Hitler, however, British Labor saw the leaders of the German Social Democracy, the representatives of Trade-Unionism in the Reichstag, herded into concentration camps or driven over the frontiers into exile. It witnessed the swift and wholesale destruction of German Trade-Unionism. It beheld the workers, having been politically disarmed and thus rendered helpless, deliberately turned over to the tender mercies of the leaders of heavy industry and big business, who had financed Hitler in the hope of crushing organized Labor and who were now collecting their rewards.

Hard on the heels of the German Revolution, British Labor also saw the arrival of the first *Putsch* in Vienna, patently engineered by Mussolini. It saw cannon turned upon the Austrian workers and, on the orders of Rome, the performance of a Socialist St. Bartholomew's. Thus enlightened as to the spirit of Italian Fascism, British Labor identified it as the agency of the same interests as was German National Socialism.

In the service of these interests, Fascism in Italy had submerged the Italian workers in a flood of frenzied nationalism, only to deprive them of political rights and class protection. In Germany, Trade-Unionism had been murdered in its bed, in Austria it had been shot down in the streets.

Out of these three examples British Labor drew a single conclusion: Fascism, wherever found, was *the* enemy; invariably its triumph was followed by the reduction of the workers to a condition of helpless subjection, and, where it prevailed, their standard of living declined. If it continued to march from victory to victory, it might in the end dominate the whole world. Warned by the persecutions of Berlin and the shambles of Vienna, British Labor came suddenly to the realization that to survive it must fight. It saw itself confronted by a battle for its very life, and, instinctively, it turned away from its pacifist leaders and principles, satisfied that these no longer met contemporary needs.

By the coming of the present year, Labor, still subliminally and inarticulately, but not less completely, had renounced world peace for class warfare. In its heart there was a growing perception of the menace for it implicit in Fascism, and beside this was a rapidly developing determination to meet the peril by the only weapon which could be effective, and that was force. And then, in June, an accident suddenly

shed light upon this complete transformation in the spirit and purpose of British Labor. This accident was the decision of the British League of Nations Union to hold a straw ballot to determine how the British public felt upon the question of continued membership in the League of Nations, and about the use of military sanctions, under the direction of the League, against an aggressor nation.

That peace plebiscite, as it was called, although it actually turned out to be more nearly a war plebiscite, had wholly unforeseen consequences. In the first place, not less than 11,000,000 electors, a number larger than the normal voting strength of any of the three British parties, participated. Of this huge total all but a minor fraction declared for the League, and an overwhelming majority for military sanctions if necessary. Here was an impressive, an incontrovertible demonstration that the mind of Labor had crystallized, for no one questioned that the bulk of these 11,000,000 votes came from its camp.

In League circles alike in the United States and in Great Britain, the results of this straw ballot were interpreted as a colossal endorsement of Geneva as the headquarters of world peace. In reality, however, no interpretation could have been more inexact, as the events of the following months were to demonstrate. In practice the two ideas of peace and military sanctions are mutually exclusive. To make war for peace is to make war none the less, and once the League had abandoned conciliation for coercion it was bound to be a weapon of war and not an instrument of peace.

Upon the Tory government, moreover, the returns from this peace plebiscite descended with the force of an avalanche. Baldwin, who had just taken over from MacDonald, had announced his purpose to go to the coun-

try in a general election before the close of the year. But since the normal voting strength of his party was below 9,000,000, it was patent that to return to power he must enlist the support of no inconsiderable fraction of the 11,000,000 electors who had plumped for Geneva, and must also pay heed to the will of the only less impressive majority which had declared for military sanctions in the face of actual aggression.

This plebiscite had, moreover, coincided with the clear disclosure of the nature and magnitude of Mussolini's designs in Africa. Already, in fact, Labor and Liberal newspapers in England had engaged in a violent battle with Fascist journals. And while these British newspapers assailed Il Duce for his undisguised purpose to violate the pledges of the Covenant of the League of Nations, they simultaneously demanded that the Tory government abandon its policy of passive acquiescence and back Geneva in that battle which must be joined once Mussolini had passed from preparation to action.

IV

So far Baldwin, who had known of Italian purposes since January, who, together with all the rest of the world, had for months watched the spectacle provided by the transport of men, *matériel*, and munitions from Italy to Eritrea, had given no sign. Not in June, not in July, in fact not until August was well advanced, did he actually move. But throughout the weeks following the straw ballot the pressure upon him arising from electoral considerations became ever more irresistible.

In mid-August, therefore, Baldwin acted, with lightning rapidity at last. Anthony Eden hurried to Rome and informed Mussolini that his war must not come off. This warning going unheeded, Sir Samuel Hoare traveled to Geneva and told the Assembly that

Great Britain would march abreast of the League in any undertaking to prevent or punish Italian aggression. Hoare's words also falling upon deaf ears in Rome, the Home Fleet was hurried to the Mediterranean, and naval bases from Gibraltar to Aden were stripped for action.

Suddenly the situation was back in the status of the crisis of the summer of 1914. An Anglo-Italian war had become probable if not yet certain. From Rome came defiance and not submission. Mussolini, the rainy season in Ethiopia being ended, launched his long-heralded offensive. And, when Geneva rushed to apply sanctions, Mussolini replied with the ominous warning that effective sanctions mean war. Faced by the impending conflict, the British Labor leaders protested that to travel farther along the present road must mean war. But their protests were unavailing, for Labor changes its leaders and not its purpose.

Meantime the situation of the Tory government is striking, and its ultimate purpose obscure. Apparently it originally intended to treat the Ethiopian affair as another Manchurian incident. Subsequently it explained its tardy intervention — fatally tardy from the point of view of arresting Italian operations — as taken in response to the mandate for action implicit in the result of the peace plebiscite. Conceivably it welcomed a convenient pretext for opposing an adventure which seemed harmless at first, but was assuming proportions which were not a little dismaying. Possibly the tone in which Rome met the challenge of Geneva, and the fashion in which reinforcements to Libya paralleled naval concentrations in Egypt, gave the Prime Minister pause.

But whether electoral necessities or imperial concerns dictated Baldwin's course is not relevant to the discussion of the course of British Labor. A com-

bination of circumstances, most of them certainly accidental, produced a situation in which the Tories and Labor, under different banners, were brought to serve the same cause, which was, in effect, anti-Fascist. J. A. Spender once wrote that there never has been any genuine peace sentiment in England, that, instead, opposing political parties only object to each other's wars. For once, however, the government and the opposition were in agreement about a policy which seemed more and more likely to end in war.

That was Mussolini's misfortune — his enormous and, so far as it is possible to judge, his incalculable hard luck. He reckoned on a divided England, he counted, doubtless, upon arousing the irritation of Tory imperialism, but he gambled not less heavily upon the restraining influence of Labor's pacifism. In the deadlock which he foresaw, he identified his opportunity to proceed. But suddenly British Labor discharged its leaders, discarded its pacifism, and seized upon the results of the recent peace plebiscite as a means to dragoon a hitherto passive Tory government into action unprecedented in its violence.

Across the Channel, too, the disarray in the French Left shed an interesting light upon the situation of British Labor. In January, when Laval negotiated a general liquidation agreement with Mussolini, which established a common front between Italy and France against Germany, even the Socialists, despite their hatred of Fascism, had forbore from indulging in unrestrained criticism. The fact that the bargain had enabled a financially hard-pressed government to reënforce garrisons on the Rhine with divisions drawn from the Alps, instead of having to increase the army, was equally appealing. Security and escape from fresh taxes, these made assent to the Ethiopian adventure seem by comparison of slight importance.

But when the British Government suddenly spoke in Geneva, when British Labor visibly went berserk over the Ethiopian affair, then of a sudden the Right and Left in France divided. On the Right the nationalists defended Italy, on the Left the Socialists supported Great Britain; between the two extremes the Radical Socialists, the party in power, were torn violently asunder, one faction following Laval in protest over British policy, the other endorsing Herriot in support of it.

Instinctively the real Left in France sensed the issue not as a question of national security but of class interest. France, too, unlike England, had experienced a genuine threat of Fascist upheaval, a threat rising to alarming proportions in the Paris riots of February 1934. Since this menace still continues in the form of the *Croix de Feu*, the new conflict between Left and Right had a significance lacking in the case of British Labor.

On the Right, the press thundered that British policy was destroying the Stresa front, driving France into war with Italy and presenting Hitler with an incomparable opportunity to carry out his designs upon Austria and Memel. On the Left, the newspapers proclaimed that to break with England was to end the Entente Cordiale, to sacrifice Locarno and to leave France isolated in the face of a rapidly rearming Reich. But, while all these considerations had reality and weight, underneath the surface there was common perception at the Right and at the Left that the deeper issue was between Fascism and Socialism, and that as a consequence, before the present dispute had ended, there might be civil war in France.

V

Not less interesting was the Russian reaction to the Ethiopian crisis. For the Kremlin, Fascism had long replaced

British and French capitalism as the immediate threat to the Soviet Union. Both Mussolini and Hitler had ridden to power on the crest of anti-Communist agitations. Each was the self-appointed executioner of his domestic Communism, and the German dictator also proclaimed his purpose to lay violent hands upon wide areas of Soviet territory. Now the prospect of a British attack upon Italian Fascism moved Moscow alike to enthusiasm and to action.

Accordingly Geneva was presently treated to the spectacle of Maxim Litvinov not merely seconding the punitive proposals of Anthony Eden, but also striving to speed up the process by which the noose of sanctions was to be drawn ever more tightly about the throat of the Italian dictator. On the other hand, every proposal of compromise made by Laval, always acutely aware that only concession could avert catastrophe, called forth protests from the Red Commissar which awakened prompt echoes in the Labor press of England. Hardly able to believe their eyes, not quite ready to trust their luck, the Soviet Union strove incessantly to push imperial England into collision with Fascist Italy, totally without concern for the possibility that both might emerge from such a smash completely crippled.

All over Europe, moreover, a thrill of hope was unmistakably awakening in Socialist and Communist quarters. For nearly a decade and a half Fascism had been on the march: Italy, Germany, and Austria had been conquered outright; in many other states the Fascist victory had been only less complete. In these three countries all the structure of social security and material well-being, the harvest of half a century of battle, had been destroyed. The rights of man had been abolished precisely as the standard of life of the workers had been lowered. Resist-

ance to Fascism had everywhere been crushed with indescribable brutality. Overthrow of existing Fascist régimes by domestic upheaval had now become unthinkable.

But if Great Britain, even though her concern were for her imperial security, was now prepared to fight Fascist Italy, then the Socialist and Liberal Left of the Continent could at last detect a turn in the tide. Deliverance, however, could only come with war, with a war in which foreign defeat brought disaster to a dictatorial domestic régime impregnable to attack on the home front. What Labor in England had already realized, the Left on the Continent by degrees grasped, and, having grasped it, was also modifying its principles to accord with its contemporary problem.

The fact that the Left in Europe, Labor in England, and Socialism on the Continent had thus broken with the old idea of peace and, so far from seeking to employ the machinery of Geneva to promote conciliation, were now exploiting it in a fashion which could hardly fail to produce hostilities, passed utterly unperceived on this side of the Atlantic. In American eyes the League of Nations was, in the Ethiopian crisis, merely fulfilling its fore-ordained functions. Unlike Labor, the Liberals, and the Socialists in Europe, no fraction of the American people had as yet realized that peace and Fascism could not both exist at one time on this planet.

To travel from one side of the Atlantic to the other was — again as in 1914–1917, when Europe was at war and the United States still neutral — to go from one world to another. America was still living in the immediate post-war era, when peace seemed the true objective of all mankind. In the age of Hitler and Mussolini, it was still talking in the language of Woodrow Wilson and thinking in

terms of perpetual peace. Europe, however, read the portents of later post-war history with exactness. It saw that between the Left — that is, between Labor, the Liberals, and the Socialists — on the one hand, and Fascism — whether Italian, German, or Austrian — on the other, there could never be anything but war.

Since Mussolini had blundered into a situation where the machinery of the League, under British impulsion, could be employed to shatter his prestige and to shake his régime, the European Left applauded the performance at Geneva. But it saw Geneva as a battleground and not as a seat of pacification. All of this, however, passed unnoticed in the United States, which was thinking of world peace and not of class warfare.

VI

Mussolini, by contrast, was under no illusion. Incredibly late, he grasped the fact that he was caught between the British Tories and British Labor. From the latter he recognized that he could expect no quarter. To the former he proffered every form of assurance as to imperial security. And at the same time he worked upon the Right in France, striving alike to exploit class solidarity and to use the ever-present fear of Germany. It was his one hope, but, both in Great Britain and in France, the manœuvre was identified and answered from the Left, which was conscious of its advantage and resolved to retain it.

Nor, in England, could the Tories, prior to the general election now fixed for mid-November, draw back even if they chose. They had decided to make their support of the League of Nations the basis of their claim for a new mandate. And Labor, penetrating this strategy, resolved to exact full price for that victory by holding its opponents to an uncompromising adherence to

League procedure, which was moving at headlong speed toward effective sanctions and consequent hostilities. Willy-nilly, therefore, the British Tories became the servants of the Labor opposition and the League the instrument not of conciliation but of conflict.

In the nature of things, too, Woodrow Wilson's creation was peculiarly designed to serve the present ends of Labor. In the pre-war era, old-fashioned diplomacy could have resolved the Ethiopian affair, once it was certain that neither Great Britain nor Italy was determined upon war. On that assumption it would have held a few mud huts in East Africa, a few acres of desert or mountain land in Abyssinia, negligible when weighed against the costs of a European conflict. It would have been concerned with what was expedient and not with what was ethical. It would have proceeded as it had at the Congress of Berlin, where the differences of great powers were resolved at the expense of the smaller countries.

But the League machinery had all the rigidity of the procedure of a court of law. Once the Ethiopian affair had been submitted to its jurisdiction, the operation of that machinery became automatic. Of the fact of Italian aggression there could be no question. Of the determination of Il Duce to continue upon his illegal way, the news from the Abyssinian battlefields was sufficient proof. To reward a criminal nation, as Italy now was, by the possession of the cities and provinces of its victim was to compound felony and to make the League itself an accessory after the fact of the violation of its own law. Compromise must inescapably be made at the expense of justice, and to assent to such compromise the Tory government had deliberately to affront the 11,000,000 voters of the Peace plebiscite, who were bound to avenge

betrayal of the League at the approaching general election.

If, judged by the ethical standards of Geneva, Italy was now a criminal nation, nevertheless, measured by the yardstick of political realism, she was still a great power. In the years since the March on Rome Mussolini had reorganized and rearmed the military forces of his country. He had provided it with a new and formidable navy. He had endowed it with an air force second to none. And now 44,000,000 Italians were wholly united and resolutely determined to follow the leader who, in their eyes, incarnated the greatness of the first Cæsar.

To yield to British coercion must be tantamount to a confession by Il Duce that, despite brave words, he was only a posturing pretender. For his country, submission ensured swift decline from the stature of a great power to the situation of a British satellite, condemned to spring to attention instantly whenever England played its own national anthem. Literally, Mussolini was 'on the spot,' his Fascist régime was standing with its back to the wall. For both, if Geneva continued to follow its contemporary course, the choice was to finish in a fight or a fiasco.

All the while, too, the machinery of Geneva was revolving at a speed which had become dizzy, turning out sanctions progressively more severe. To permit it to continue at its headlong pace must ensure a world-wide catastrophe. But to arrest it was certain to disclose the League of Nations to be as feeble in its punitive labors as it had been futile in its preventive enterprises. Under such circumstances Ethiopia would become another Manchuria and Geneva would be stripped of the last remnant of prestige.

In a word, the Fascist régime in Italy, the fate of the Tory government in Great Britain, the future of

the League of Nations in the world, were all visibly at stake.

But to British Labor, disaster for all three was a matter of not the smallest concern. On the contrary, Italian Fascism was its class enemy, the Tory Party its political foe. As for the League of Nations, since Labor was now in spirit already at war, having renounced its old principles and discarded its pacifist leaders, Geneva was valuable not as a means of preventing war, but only as a weapon for waging it. For Labor, the League of Nations was no longer an instrument to preserve peace in Europe, but a bludgeon to smash Fascism in Italy. Accordingly it continued to demand that the machinery of Geneva be driven ever more relentlessly and remorselessly, until the might of the entire British Empire had been conscripted for the class war that British Socialism was now embarked upon.

Even were this Anglo-Italian conflict to be averted, moreover, the implications of the course of British Labor would remain unmodified. In power or in the opposition, it was now committed to the destruction of Fascism by war, since no other means could prove effective. And if Geneva prevented conflict at the cost of concessions to Mussolini, Labor was certain to turn its back upon the League of Nations for precisely the same reason it had already thrown overboard its own leaders, for whom war and not a further triumph for Fascism had seemed the greater evil.

On his Ethiopian pathway, Mussolini had not only roused the British Lion, resentful of an intrusion into his imperial domain, but had also awakened British Labor, fearful for its very existence. What the outcome of this double encounter may be can hardly be foreseen until the world has read and digested the returns of the impending general election in England.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE LATE MR. THORPE

ONE morning, though the station clock said eight,

A Mr. Thorpe of Westerville, a man
Who lived in mortal fear of being late,
Defied his curse in sleep — some people can.

His wife, a Mrs. Thorpe, grew more and more

Ungentle as she called him; on his eyes
The sun began to shine; eight-twenty-four,
The station clock said now. He must arise.

He rose; he shaved and dressed; meanwhile
his wife

Relayed his breakfast like a juggler drilled
For years with cup and spoon, with plate
and knife.

Then Mr. Thorpe, a sprinter iron-willed,
Fled down the street as for his very life,
But, falling as he caught his train, was killed.

The station clock said just eight-fifty-two
When, from the crowd around the iron post
Where he had fallen, stepped, as good as new,

Not Mr. Thorpe, but his delighted ghost.
He pulled his coat down, brushed a dusty
knee,

And dropped his ghostly brief case on a
bench.

'I'll take my time,' he chuckled. 'Free!
I'm free!'

Fantastic thoughts of Cuban girls, and
French,

Flashed in his mind, and bloomed like
jungle flowers;

Life in the Balkan style, or Philippine;
Moonlight on Arab tents, or English towers.
No trains for ghosts. No clocks to mar the
scene.

No clocks to measure daylight into hours.
But when it came, he caught the nine-
fifteen.

JOHN HOLMES

ROOMMATE

I'VE seen George occasionally since he and Frank and I used to room together in college ten years ago, and, of course, in some respects he has changed. I still think of him, however, as he was then. What I mean is that George's personality used to shine — if you want to call it that — chiefly at night. In the daytime he was just a good ordinary roommate.

George hated to go to bed. It was n't that he frequently went to parties or caroused or shouted under people's windows. George simply sat around in the study till one or two o'clock nightly, doing very little, but actively not going to bed. We used to question him about it, and the invariable answer was: 'I inherit it from my mother.' George always explained his traits by attributing them to inheritance from his mother or father. It was obvious he considered this all the explanation necessary.

Evidently George's mother used to get more and more wide-awake the later it got, because that is what happened to George. We all slept in the same bedroom, and after we retired George would keep up a steady stream of talk until we had to beg him to stop. It took him, by his own confession, at least an hour to go to sleep after he went to bed, and of course you'd think that after he finally got to sleep nothing could wake him up. On the contrary, anything could wake him up, and invariably did.

I soon found that out to my sorrow. One night soon after we had started rooming together I happened to come home after George had retired — a very exceptional occurrence. I undressed in the study, after our custom, and went into the bedroom without turning on the light. George's bed happened to be between the door and my own, and I should tell you that George never slept with a pillow. 'None of my family ever use a pillow,' he declared.

This meant that George always threw his pillow on the floor when he retired, and

on the night in question I happened to stumble over it in the dark. I was thrown slightly — ever so slightly — off balance, and in endeavoring to right myself I had to put my hand very lightly on the head of George's bed. Like a flash he sat bolt upright, and shouted, in an unearthly quavering voice, 'My God! What's the matter!'

I have a very strong heart, doctors tell me, but I am sure that I nearly died at that moment. I sat down limply on my own bed, too paralyzed with fear, for some moments, to reassure George that he had nothing to fear. He immediately broke into a stream of incoherent mutterings, first of bewilderment, then of protest as the situation began to dawn on his befuddled mind. Finally, owing to the reaction from the nervous shock, he began to laugh wildly. I did the same. This, of course, waked Frank, our other roommate, who grumpily demanded the big idea.

George, now in as full possession of his faculties as he ever was after sundown, broke into further peals of laughter. This was another of his characteristics. I mean his unfailing ability to be amused at any and all accounts of his nocturnal vagaries. In his presence — usually at his urging, in fact — I have told that story to other people at least ten times, and on every occasion George has roared with mirth at it.

There happened to be an epidemic of double, triple, and quadruple Canfield sweeping the college at that particular time. It was much too nerve-racking a game for Frank and me, but of course it fitted in perfectly with George's nocturnal temperament. He used to go to other fellows' rooms and play the game until (he told us) he would be covering aces with two spots and queens with kings in his sleep.

One night he came back with a fellow from a neighboring dormitory in tow, and started to play in our study after we had gone to bed. George got very much worked up over the game. He swore or gloated so loudly that we had to tell him to stop. The first thing we knew he had taken his companion, the table, and the cards and set up operations outdoors under a light at the corner of one of the dormitories. They played until quarter past eight the next morning, at which point, George maintains, he was seventy-three up on his opponent.

The dean of the law school happened to walk by their table at that point, but that was n't what broke up the game. It was daytime, and George suddenly decided the whole thing was very foolish.

George merely drowsing or trying to get to sleep reacted differently from George asleep. Shortly after the 'My God, what's the matter' incident, Frank and I came home to bed one evening evidently not very long after George had retired. When we went into the bedroom George said: 'Is n't that terrible about Miss Sanderson?' The two Miss Sandersons, elderly ladies, were our landladies in the small private house in which we roomed. When we asked him what was terrible, he replied: 'Have n't you heard? She committed suicide.' Incredulously we pressed him for details, and he told us that she had taken poison. Had n't we read about it in the papers?

We were a little dubious about the proper method of condoling the surviving Miss Sanderson, but that problem was neatly solved for us the following morning when we encountered both Miss Sandersons, looking completely unpoisoned, in the downstairs hallway. Of course we questioned George about this with special reference as to whether he considered that sort of thing funny. He replied — and I believe quite truthfully — that he did n't think anything about it. He claimed that he had n't thought up the fable consciously, but that something had irresistibly impelled him to tell it when we came in the room and discovered him three-quarters asleep. I believe this was an honest explanation, because when I asked him whether he had actually believed what he was telling us he admitted that in all frankness he could n't say that he had. George told us a good many other whoppers after that, but we made it a rule — and a successful one — never to believe anything he said unless he had his clothes on.

As I remarked, I have n't seen nearly so much of George since graduation, but I have heard stories from other people. From the gist of these I see no reason to believe that George has changed much in the intervening years. What really prompted me to write this is the news that George has recently become engaged. I should like to have a talk with his fiancée.

THE P. P. A.

LET us pause and consider for a moment the pedestrian. No one else does. If you will study him unobserved, you will note that he is a combination of track star, trick dancer, contortionist, and a man of infinite patience.

Someone — not a wit, but a wise man — once said, 'There are two kinds of pedestrians, the quick and the dead.'

I propose, therefore, establishing the P. P. A. — Pedestrian Protective Association. It shall attempt to write into the laws of the land the following measures: (1) Motorists shall give the pedestrian at least a five-yard start; (2) It shall be unlawful for any motorist to come up more than three feet on the sidewalk to get a pedestrian; (3) Motorists shall not laugh unduly loud after hitting a pedestrian; (4) Motorists missing pedestrians shall not use language offensive to anyone; (5) The motorist's quota of pedestrians shall not be more than nine in any one season; (6) Motorists uprooting trees, shrubbery, or lawns must replace them or be ruled off the course; (7) Motorists using special instruments on front fenders for spearing pedestrians must see that they do not interfere with other cars.

These laws may seem unduly oppressive to the motorists, but they should be able to bear up.

THREE BLIND MICE

A MAN would be a fool to attempt a complete list of the sick souls who inhabit this globe, but after one has reached middle age certain ailments begin to stand out and lead one to think that if they could be cured the most important of our troubles would be over. There are three of these maladies which I have been observing for the last twenty-five years, and I should hazard the guess that they are among our most pernicious. They are three forms of blindness.

The first is that of the people who hate to be moral. I should be the last to admit that one could tell whether a bouillabaisse is good or not by applying the standards of ethics. There is nothing right or wrong ethically about a flavor. There are ob-

viously scores of things which we have the right to praise or blame without reference to morality. But there are other things which it is insane to judge æsthetically or logically or whatever the other alternatives are, and a person who does n't see that simply does n't know how to think.

But when an occasion arises on which moral standards ought to be applied the first of our Three Blind Mice begins to squirm. He will object strongly to the behavior he is judging, but will immediately add, 'Not that I have any *moral* objections,' when moral objections are precisely the kind most in order. I heard a young graduate of a women's college recently condemning a friend for her disloyalty. 'I don't care what she does or does n't do. Her life is her own. But to act like that is so *ugly*.'

'Why don't you call it wrong?' I asked from the heights of senility.

'Oh, I don't say it was *wrong*. I should n't *dream* of calling it wrong. Moral standards are changing and we must be *tolerant*. But it's so *ugly*.'

It is, of course, true that moral standards are changing; so are metric standards. And a change in standards is always bewildering. But because one is bewildered does n't prove that there is nothing to be bewildered about. The point is not that moral standards are changing, but that they are bad form. It is considered more sophisticated to call a thing '*ugly*' than to call it '*wrong*.' But even if one uses an adjective from the field of æsthetics, one has simply added to its already large burden of ambiguity — unless one has robbed it of all meaning.

So radical is this blindness to moral values that some people have been known to take on a disguise of immorality though living almost puritanical lives. I know of one couple in New York who, though legally married, insist on preserving all the outward signs of living in sin, thus making life at least twice as inconvenient as it normally is. The wife wears no wedding ring, keeps her maiden name, refuses to accept mail and telephone calls addressed to Mrs. Unetelle, has her own name as well as her husband's over the mailbox, and has a wonderful time raising Ned with what she calls '*conventions*.' She forgets that her own little convention is as narrow as those of society at large and much more annoying.

The second Blind Mouse hates to be intelligent, having been blinded by truth, I suppose. He has a deadly fear of seeming highbrow. This afflicts men more than women in this country, where the kingdom of the mind is largely in the hands of the Amazons. 'We are each of,' says Plotinus, 'an intelligible world,' but it is considered very ill-bred to admit it. Thus, if someone is discussing a play or a picture or a book, he will avoid fine discriminations and feel it enough to distinguish between the 'swell' and the 'lousy.' There must be some things in the world which are neither swell nor lousy: for instance, the novels of Jane Austen, the pictures of Hubert Robert, the music of Gluck, the Institut de France. But the second Blind Mouse does not find them. Or, if he does, he is ashamed to say so. For the discovery of even one of the grosser nuances might be a mark of intelligence; and that would degrade him in the eyes not only of his fellows but of himself.

College professors find this individual one of their greatest problems. For to teach him is to combat the resistance not so much of an individual as of a social class. It is as if one should try to induce the football squad to take up embroidery. Just how one can mould taste on a social scale is not very well understood and is probably impossible for one who stands without the group.

Why the fear of intelligence should be so strong is difficult to understand. Intelligence, it is true, is often critical, analytical, and destructive of custom. But at the same time it is creative, solves problems, and is utilized by the very people who fear it most. Americans are very proud of their inventions, and yet inventions cannot be made without deeply novel ways of thinking. One would imagine that here of all countries intelligence would be honored. But I think it was Edith Wharton who once said that no language other than our own has a term of reproach the equivalent of our 'highbrow.'

The third Blind Mouse is more pathetic than the others. He is the person who is afraid to be himself. By the time a person has reached maturity his character is pretty well determined and most people by then have access to their inner natures. Yet, instead of taking stock and being faithful to their real desires and abilities, most of them try to be anything other than what

they are. Here again social pressure has its influence; there are certain approved occupations in every group and it is next to impossible to persuade anyone to engage in any other. Mothers, fathers, rich relatives, teachers, clergymen, friends, professional writers — everyone is ready and eager to advise the young on what they should be. But they already are. And all the advice in the world won't turn a girl who really wants to be a woman into a happy archæologist or a highly paid secretary or a musician. In the case of girls, womanhood is definitely looked down upon; a woman who is in love with her husband and happy in educating her children feels disgraced. How often one hears remarks like these: 'What a pity Clara has done nothing with her music!' 'Poor Helen has n't written a line since her marriage!' 'Mary used to be the life of the Current Events Club, but now it's nothing but John and the children.' No one stops to think that Clara and Helen and Mary are much better off — and society is too — than would be the case were they playing Liszt in a concert hall or banging out short stories on a typewriter or delivering 'reports' on the Future of Democracy.

But women are not the only victims. Every year I have five or ten students who go into law or business or medicine because Dad would be sore if they did n't. Good mechanics, farmers, haberdashers, are lost every year because boys are afraid to be what they are. Like Peter Bell's primrose, they must be everything but a primrose.

Started off with so devious a push, it is no wonder that they land in strange places. I have done my share of lecturing about the country, God forgive me, and am constantly saying to myself, as my deep-bosomed hostess tells me how much they all adored the lecture she thinks I gave, 'You, dear Madame, were you true to yourself, would be in the Maison Tellier,' or, 'What took you out of the kitchen?' or, 'If you only knew how ashamed I am to be telling you such stuff.'

When the Three Blind Mice ran after the Farmer's Wife, she cut off their tails with a carving knife. How effective such therapy was the song does not tell. But it must have relieved the poor woman's feelings. I have no carving knife; I have only a mirror. But, alas, these mice are blind.

The Atlantic

INDUSTRIAL PORTFOLIO

A STUDY OF 12 BASIC INDUSTRIES IN COOPERATION WITH

GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY

GOODYEAR TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
RUBBER INDUSTRY

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (NEW JERSEY)
OIL INDUSTRY

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
BUILDING MATERIALS

UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION
STEEL INDUSTRY

LIBBEY-OWENS-FORD GLASS COMPANY
GLASS INDUSTRY

CONTINENTAL CAN COMPANY, INC.
CONTAINER INDUSTRY

GENERAL MILLS, INC.
CEREAL PRODUCTS

NORTON COMPANY
ABRASIVE INDUSTRY

NATIONAL DAIRY PRODUCTS CORPORATION
DAIRY PRODUCTS

KIMBERLY-CLARK CORPORATION
PAPER INDUSTRY

Each of the papers published in the series by Arthur Pound represents one chapter from the author's forthcoming book—INDUSTRIAL AMERICA: ITS WAY OF WORK AND THOUGHT. Of particular significance to ATLANTIC readers is the fact that, in preparing these articles and presenting them as advertising, Mr. Pound has been given every assistance by the staffs of these corporations in collecting his materials and in verifying his facts. His series of interpretations therefore have the distinction of being in every instance authenticated at the original source.

NORTON ABRASIVES AT WORK IN INDUSTRY

Grinding as the Common Denominator of Mass Production

BY ARTHUR POUND*

I

THIS series on twelve great fabricating industries began on the note of Precision and Perspective. The first article, that on General Motors, bore that phrase for a title. Each of the subsequent articles presented various phases of the relationship between precise manufacturing methods and the satisfaction of public needs through improved goods and services. The series ends, with this article on the Norton Company, on the same note of precision and perspective. Purposely this article has been held for the final position because Norton products — abrasives in many forms — enter directly or indirectly into all the complicated fabricating and processes which have been discussed.

Grinding is a common denominator of refined fabrication. In metals it has become the essential element of machine practice, both in the creation of better machines for all lines of production and in the operation of those machines in the quantity output of consumers' goods. The automobile, steel, electrical, and paper industries, in their later phases, all owe to abrasives a large part of their ability to supply quality goods at low cost, while the efficiency of the other industries studied depends largely on machine equipment

ground and finished to better than hairline precision. The shining stainless pipes of the modern dairy, the massive steel beds on which plate glass is carried under the polishing pads, the trim machines which shape and test tin cans in endless procession, the presses which give shape to asbestos products, the mighty valves which control the passage of oil through the refinery, and the steel rolls which turn wheat into flour — all these take shape and depend for repair upon grinding machines and grinding wheels. There is scarcely an aspect of modern industry which could function at its present speed and effectiveness if grinding had failed to advance with other branches of applied science.

II

The use of abrasives is as old as the hills which provided primitive warriors with stones on which to grind their arrowheads. You use abrasives when you bring a lead pencil to a point on a piece of sandpaper. Hardly a dwelling or a piece of furniture stands in the world that has not felt the smoothing touch of an abrasive. But the natural abrasives in the hand of man could not cope with all the grinding tasks set up by the delicate requirements of modern industry as it developed increasingly hard materials and advanced to new

* Twelfth in a series of advertisements on Industrial America: Its Way of Work and Thought.

standards of precision. In this transition the Norton Company of Worcester, Massachusetts, through its research, inventions, and policies, has earned a proud place in American industrial history by pioneering in the manufacture of artificial abrasives and their machine use at high speeds.

The centre of this great business, now basic and world-wide in scope, remains in Worcester, where it took root many years ago as a pottery. F. B. Norton, however, was a potter willing to flirt with a new idea; and when one of his employees suggested making a grinding wheel out of emery, in 1873, he agreed to back the effort. After six years of trial and error, finally crowned with success, the Norton emery wheel came to market. Another six years and Norton Emery Wheel Company was formed, just fifty years ago. With Mr. Norton at that time were John Jeppson, master craftsman, who almost single-handed mixed, fired, trued, and sold the early output, and Charles L. Allen, bookkeeper, later General Manager for forty-eight years, then President and now Chairman of the Board. This group was joined by two professors of science from Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Milton P. Higgins and George I. Alden, who gave the Norton Company the benefit of their trained minds and accurate knowledge while continuing their teaching careers, and later became active in Company affairs. Their influence brought Norton into the orbit of applied science at a time when most American industries were still following rule-of-thumb methods, and left with the institution a tradition of exact methods. In 1886 the Company built at Barber's Crossing, north of Worcester, a modest building forty-two feet by one hundred, which still stands as part of the vast Norton factories on the present site.

Scientific aid proved timely, for

revolutionary changes were in train for all American industry and particularly for the abrasive arts. By the end of the century the possibilities of the natural grits, emery and corundum, had been exhausted. The industry turned to two types of artificial abrasives, both products of the electric furnace. First in the field was silicon carbide, made from silica sand, coke, and sawdust. Possessing hard, sharp, though somewhat brittle crystals, it was suited to grinding the materials low in tensile strength. Its limitations soon became apparent. The next great gift to the industry was an aluminum oxide abrasive, produced by fusing the mineral bauxite, a Norton development which was trade-named Alundum. Manufacture of the abrasive which was to become so successful in the working of steel and steel alloys began at Niagara Falls in 1901.

About the turn of the century occurred two seemingly unrelated happenings which were to join forces with tremendous vigor. The automobile, after several false starts, swung into its stride with the initial commercial success of Olds Motor Works at Detroit. At the same time Charles H. Norton was designing his first cylindrical grinding machine at Providence, Rhode Island. He found a willing backer in the grinding wheel company at Worcester and in 1900 the Norton Grinding Machine Company was established.

Here was precisely the medium the automobile industry needed to shape interchangeable parts to close measurements from tough stock at low cost, an abrasive that could stand the gaff and, properly bonded, grind the common metals down to a thousandth of an inch, thereby eliminating expensive lathe work. Here, too, was a machine on which grinding wheels of greater breadth could be mounted and moved transversely, under accurate and

mechanically controlled guidance, across securely held metals. From the start the combination of Alundum wheels and Norton machines was ideal for grinding the all-important crankshafts and camshafts. For years leading automobile makers sent camshafts to Worcester to be ground; but gradually, as Norton machines and wheels became more common and more mechanics mastered the art of grinding, this practice lapsed, until to-day every automobile factory has in its shops employees equal to the most delicate tasks required.

Norton has never been content to rest on its priority in past performances, or to attempt quick profit at the expense of industry as a whole. Its superior knowledge of the grinding art was early placed at the service of manufacturers and mechanics, and education of the men behind the machines the country over has always been one of its chief concerns. Norton has for years presented technical lectures and demonstrations in industrial towns and cities so that a more intimate and comprehensive knowledge of abrasives and grinding-machine manufacture might be passed along to supervisors and operators interested in their application. That is perhaps one reason why Norton innovations encounter so little resistance in the shops among men naturally conservative. Here is registered Norton's faith that every improvement in grinding widens the field for abrasives and that this ever-broadening use more than makes up in the long run for decrease in immediate sales caused by wheels that last longer and do more work.

III

Artificial abrasives are born in the electric furnace. Norton established its first electric furnace plant in 1901 at Niagara Falls, where cheap current

was available, and its second across the Niagara River in Chippawa, Ontario, in 1910. The Chippawa plant is now the largest electric-furnace operation in the world for the production of abrasives, with an annual capacity of 50,000 tons of Alundum and Crystolon abrasives.

In this great plant one sees bauxite ore being transformed into Alundum abrasive in long rows of Higgins water-cooled, arc-type pot furnaces, invented in 1904 by Aldus C. Higgins, now President of the Norton Company. Mr. Higgins received the John Scott medal for this basic improvement, which made the steel furnace capable of holding and utilizing heats which otherwise would have destroyed the shell. Out of these furnaces come huge white-hot ingots, the core of which is almost pure aluminum oxide, ready, after cooling, for granular division into the various abrasive sizes.

Crystolon, or silicon carbide, the other standard abrasive for high-speed work, is made in resistance furnaces from sand, coke, and sawdust. The sand is almost pure silica; the coke, source of carbon, is the best grade obtainable; the sawdust is hardwood residue from lumber camps, and effective chiefly in lightening the mix to permit easy escape for gases. Under electric heat the mix cooks long and thoroughly, shrinking the while; and when the core has been cleared of sinter the humble coke and sand have been transformed into a mass of iridescent crystals, running from light blue to black-green, which in the course of time will be buffing leather, grinding metals and wood pulp, smoothing automobile finishes, and cutting granite.

IV

Ever since Charles H. Norton built his first cylindrical grinder in 1900, a feat which years later was recognized

by the award of the coveted John Scott medal, the Norton Company has been building, in the best New England tradition, machinery for use in the abrasive arts. For a century Worcester has enjoyed a reputation for machine design and construction and Worcester workers have been nurtured in a tradition of machine precision. In the beginning the Norton grinding machine was an important element in opening the market for Norton abrasives; where other abrasive manufacturers could offer only the materials for the new grinding technique, Norton offered both materials and machines, thereby clearing the path to increased efficiency at one sweep. At once a close and enduring relation arose between Norton and the users of Norton abrasives. Through the years Norton leadership grew naturally out of this union of machine building and abrasive production.

Norton's first grinding machine removed one cubic inch of metal per minute, with greater accuracy than ever before known. Both in quantity and in quality of work it more than met all the inventor's claim for economy, becoming a cutting tool as well as a finishing tool. Since then Norton machines have been developed to the point where capacity for removing metal has reached twelve cubic inches per minute, while accuracy of grinding has risen from a thousandth of an inch to a fraction of a ten-thousandth. Divide a cross section of a hair of your head thirty times and a Norton grinder will match that minute measurement in repeat operations. The trend has been away from the original general-purpose grinder toward specialized machines to cope with the growing refinement in shop practices; at present Norton makes approximately one hundred machines of various sizes and types. Among recent developments are lapping machines, which bring ground

surfaces to still further smoothness by removing the microscopic marks left by grinding wheels.

Throughout the entire industrial world, but particularly in the iron-working industries, the grinding machine has become indispensable to quantity manufacture in a degree incomprehensible to the hurrying public that daily uses its products. It is one of the decisive hidden factors in the low cost and high output of machine tools, automobiles, locomotives, wood-working machinery, automatic refrigerators, armament, printing presses, cash registers, typewriters, adding machines, linotypes and monotypes, and agricultural equipment from simple hand tools to mammoth combination reapers and binders. The automobile industry, dependent for its amazing advances upon complete interchangeability of machined parts, could hardly have reached its present volume but for the steady increase in accuracy at low cost made possible by the grinding machine. No machine development of the past century has affected more profoundly the efficiency of manufacturing precision goods, and through them the way of life of the people.

V

Norton research, now represented by three staffs, has played a master rôle in the development of abrasives ever since the industrial developments of the turn of the century brought precision grinding into new importance. The Norton conception of research is eminently practical, in natural reaction to industry's unrelenting pressure for better grinding tools and materials. An example was the demand which the automobile industry raised when the practice of buffing solder placed labor in danger of lead poisoning in an industry highly cautious against that menace. In response, the Behr-Manning

division research staff developed water-proof grinding disks, in order that dangerous dust could be wet down and washed away by water at every point in the operation.

Another research rescue by Norton followed the development of the so-called cemented carbides. Tools made of these new products were of superior hardness and cut extremely well; but they were difficult to condition. Norton met this challenge by creating the diamond (bort) wheel, the abrasive consisting of crushed diamonds of commercial grade. These wheels immensely widened the field of utility for cemented carbides; in addition, their use penetrated other industrial processes of most precise nature, rendering commonplace certain refined operations in grinding which had never been commercially possible before.

The above were special quests, undertaken to relieve distressed customers and meet the more demanding requirements of advancing industry. An equally important class of research problems arise through the chronic dissatisfaction of research scientists with existing products and processes. At first these may be general quests, originating with an individual's idea that improvement is possible; but as the search proceeds it involves teamwork of all members and sections. In each branch of science experts carry the search along until what was at first merely an idea has been materialized, manufactured, tested, and sold.

A new product discovered through this indirect approach is Norbide, the trade name for Norton boron carbide, a compound of such extreme hardness that it ranks next to the diamond in the hardness scale. The research staff at Chippawa, constantly experimenting with various carbon compounds in their electric furnaces, found new ways of combining carbon and boric acid. Norbide is making its way in powdered

or grain form as lapping material for tasks requiring extreme precision, and in moulded forms, such as nozzles for sandblasting, where utmost hardness is needed to resist intense wear. However, no one knows how far any new material will go in industry once the formula has been found for its successful manufacture. The artificial abrasives which are now the foundation of the grinding art were once highly expensive; but with increasing demand ways were found to cheapen them until they could become the backbone of quantity production. This may be equally true of Norton's new find under changing conditions.

More meaningful from the standpoint of immediate acceptance on a broad scale, because it could be applied promptly to large use, is the now famous 'B' bond.

Norton's experience with bonds ran back fifty years, to the pioneer days when grinding wheels occasionally burst under stress, and extreme precautions for safety marked the rise of the company. In the meantime Norton had developed and adopted shellac, silicate of soda, Bakelite, and rubber bonds for special purposes, but the standard bond for grinding wheels remained vitrified bond, a clay bond which under the intense heat of firing turns to glass, tough, highly resistant glass capable of holding abrasive grains under tremendous stresses. These clay glasses offer a wider range of materials and qualities than the other bonding materials; if the ideal materials existed they would probably be discovered in this field. Before these were found, however, between two hundred and three hundred different glasses were made and studied until at last the correct formula was reached and industry was given a superior cutting tool.

In this long search all sections of the Norton laboratories coöperated. The microscopic section studied glass sam-

ples with the petrographic microscope, which reveals the shape and nature of crystals, identifies the elements in the compound, and shows the distribution of the elements more clearly than chemical analysis. Physical chemists ran qualitative tests; industrial physicists studied the new bond with relation to the plant problems of mixing, refining, and firing. Ceramic engineers considered the application of the new products in factory processes; mechanical engineers experimented with the machine phases of the problem. When the time came to put 'B' bond into production, Norton followed its usual procedure of keeping the development research in control of those particular factory processes until the new materials had been manufactured, shipped, and tested in use in the production plants of its customers. Not until the worth of the new bond has been proved up to the hilt under widely varying conditions in actual commercial work is a Norton innovation left to the usual factory control staff. In this case five years elapsed between the conception of this research problem and its materialization as a fully tested and standardized Norton product definitely proved to be dependable and superior in grinding precision.

'B' bond overcomes undesirable features which unfit ordinary vitrified bonds for precise tool and cutter work — chemical reactions which occur during burning in the kiln and physical strains which develop during subsequent cooling. These affect adversely the internal arrangement of the grains, or abrasive cutting points of the wheel, and also the strength — uniformity of the bond. Gripping each individual abrasive grain uniformly, 'B' bond makes for slow wearing and cool, free cutting.

A grinding wheel may weigh anything from ten tons to ten grams, and its work may be anything from grind-

ing logs into pulp to slotting a fountain pen. But, whatever the size or material, all wheels consist of three factors — the abrasive which removes the material, the bond which holds the abrasive in place, and the pores or air spaces which permit the chips to escape during the grinding operation. The relation of these three factors determines the serviceability of the tool both in quality and quantity of work and in length of life. If their relationship changes even slightly during stress of work, the result is something less than perfection. Variations were not important in the early days of industrial grinding; but with the growing use of harder and more expensive steels, and the pressure toward greater accuracy, every grinding improvement became a vital step in industrial efficiency.

Control of structure is another contribution of Norton research, through which the actual spacing of the abrasive grains — the tiny cutting particles — is accurately regulated. Each spacing of the grains — each structure — is designated by a definite symbol and can be specified and duplicated at any time, just as grain size and grade are specified. The result is ability to provide customers with wheels more rigidly standardized than was possible before.

Once a Norton product has been standardized for production and sale, its control passes from research to the general inspection staff, which continues the routine work of inspection along lines laid down by research, referring to the latter department only special cases. The research department, however, maintains a check of all Norton products made in the foreign plants. From the Canadian plant at Hamilton, Ontario; the French at La Courneuve, near Paris; the British plant at Welwyn Garden City, near London; the German plant at Wesseling, near Cologne; and the Italian plant

at Corsico, near Milan, samples are sent to Worcester for elaborate tests in order that Norton products may be kept to rigid quality the world over, establishing the same confidence among foreign users as at home.

VI

Norton's foreign plants, situated in the great industrial nations, are becoming vital links in a world-wide system. Each is the answer to a commercial necessity arising out of tariffs, variations in exchange values, quota systems, or some other factor interfering with the flow of American-made abrasive products in foreign trade. Norton would have preferred to keep all this work at home, but under present world conditions this is impossible. The products from the Norton abrasive plant are transferred to Worcester, where they are crushed to commercial grain sizes and separated into various sizes for further manufacture both at home and abroad. The finished material of the Chippawa plant becomes in turn the raw material of the Worcester plant, and part of that volume, as semi-finished material, goes abroad to become the raw material of overseas operations. Part of the work has been saved for American labor, and at the same time each of the leading foreign industrial countries is assured of safe domestic production of abrasives, a matter of such moment to industrial welfare and national defense that abrasive manufacture would have gone forward there in any case, whether Norton had coöperated or not.

VII

As the Norton Company advanced from emery toward the more competent artificial abrasives, it shortened its name; and through astute national advertising has managed to make the

word Norton synonymous with abrasives. To give complete abrasive service, Norton entered allied fields through combination with Behr-Manning Corporation at Troy, New York, and the Pike Manufacturing Company, now the Norton Pike Company, situated at Littleton, New Hampshire.

Behr-Manning makes sandpapers and other coated abrasive products in bewildering variety, using as its abrasives flint (really quartz), emery, garnet (from the Adirondacks), Alundum and Crystolon grains (supplied by Norton). Itself a merger of the Herman Behr and Manning interests, this company maintains decisive leadership in its field. In a plant filled with originally designed machinery, the chief exhibit is the electro-coating or 'Lightning' process, by means of which high electrical charges automatically sort abrasive grains into even spacing at minute distances from each other and draw them into the bonding glue in the upright position where they perform best. Until one visits Behr-Manning, he never dreams how complicated the abrasive business is, even with as apparently simple a commodity as sandpaper.

The Norton Pike Company can trace its ancestry back to 1823, when the Pike Manufacturing Company was established for the purpose of converting New Hampshire rock into scythe-stones. As time passed, products made of natural stones found in half a dozen different states and several foreign countries were manufactured to meet specific sharpening requirements. Of these, the most distinctive products are those made from the Arkansas novaculites, used for sharpening surgeons' and engravers' tools. With the introduction of artificial abrasives, the widely known India oilstones, made from Norton Alundum abrasive, were brought on the market, followed by others made from the silicon carbide abrasive Crystolon. Thus all abrasive

demands from the hardware trade and the household user have been included in the Norton line.

In addition to these standard products, Norton markets a broad range of abrasive goods in other forms. For the building trade it manufactures non-slip floors, tiles and treads in a wide variety of colors and designs, providing sure traction. Or it will sell you Alundum aggregate and tell you how to mix it with terrazzo and cement for walkways where traffic is heavy. Its porous plates, practically indestructible filters, are used not only in laboratory work but in the activated sludge type of sewerage disposal plants. Abrasive grains for polishing can be bought in all sizes. Norton bricks and sticks are available for all manner of cleaning, smoothing, and polishing jobs. The high resistance of Norton abrasives to heat makes Norton refractories available for many furnace operations beyond the range of ordinary firebrick. The huge Norton pulpstones are converting logs of the forest into pulp for newsprint. These materials represent as yet only a fraction of Norton's production, but they are part of the Norton plan to anticipate market needs by research and development, providing complete coverage in abrasives even though new products are brought out in advance of effective demand.

VIII

These are among the tangible factors in the manufacture of Norton abrasives. But in industry, as in life itself, intangibles are equally important. We have seen, in other chapters of this series, how great corporations function in welfare work, employee education, labor-relations plans, insurance protection, following lines of thought and action directed toward individual improvement and community betterment.

Norton also has done its share in

these directions, but it has succeeded better than most in avoiding both complexity and paternalism in these group relationships. It has relied chiefly on keeping alive and effective under modern conditions and increasing size the spirit which was so strikingly evident in its early days, when bosses were artisans as well as employers and when every workman knew what everyone else in the business was doing to advance the general welfare of the group. A pleasant custom of celebrating festivals together comes down from a time when the labor staff was small enough to gather with management around a table for Christmas dinner. Growth of numbers rendering this impossible, Norton now gives a Christmas turkey to every employee — 4000 employees, 4000 turkeys. Through a service director the company guides work in education, recreation, sanitation, dental care, safety, health, and nursing, and coöperates with employee groups interested in housing, insurance, mutual loans, agriculture, photography, and sports.

The Norton spirit — the intangible behind the tangibles of production — is materialized artistically in Norton Hall, in the heart of the big Worcester plant. On the walls of Norton Hall are a series of ten impressive murals by Arthur Covey, each panel illustrating labor's part in the rise of the abrasive industry. And occupying the end of the room is a graphic tree of Norton history, containing the names of all the men who, from bench to desk, contributed outstandingly to the beginnings and rise of the company. There is preserved, for the eye of future generations of Norton men and women, recognition of the part played by personalities and loyalties in the rise of this enterprise to leadership in the intricate business of making abrasives a key factor in America's industrial advance.

NORTON ABRASIVES



The first major Norton contribution:— Electricity creating an inferno in the arc furnace, 3700° F. protected by a Norton-invented water-cooled shell, fusing nature's aluminum oxide — gave to the industrial world the abrasive trademarked Alundum.

For exactly fifty years, Norton Abrasive research has carried on, Norton scientists solving vital problems of workers in iron, steel and other metals. They have created GRINDING WHEELS for thousands of operations, for use in a million ways.

Scientific grinding has made possible the use of new, harder alloys so necessary to modern high production machines.

Norton designers have produced grinding machines that have raised machining standards — and grinding standards are measured in tenths of a thousandth.

It is largely because of the fifty years of Norton research that Norton Abrasives are serving so well the world's industries.

Industry should look to "Norton" abrasives.

NORTON COMPANY, WORCESTER, MASS.

Behr-Manning Corporation and Norton Pike Co., Troy, N. Y.
are Divisions of Norton Company

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

VERY many of our friends have been asking about the long-promised series by Walter Lippmann. Mr. Lippmann has planned the project on an important scale and it promises to be an achievement of no mean order. But it must not be hurried work and we know we are voicing the wish of our readers in agreeing with Mr. Lippmann that his series is to be published only when finished as the author would have it. We have so written in response to the following letter:—

Please forgive me for having to put off a little while longer the series of articles for the *Atlantic*. You are perhaps more to blame than I, for it was you who incited me to undertake a job which became more difficult and more fascinating the more I worked on it. It has been my main preoccupation for more than a year, but, as you know, I have been constantly interrupted and delayed, most recently by the all-summer session of Congress. All I can tell you now is that I am working on that and nothing else, but when it will be fit to print I don't know. I'll send it to you as soon as I possibly can.

WALTER LIPPMANN

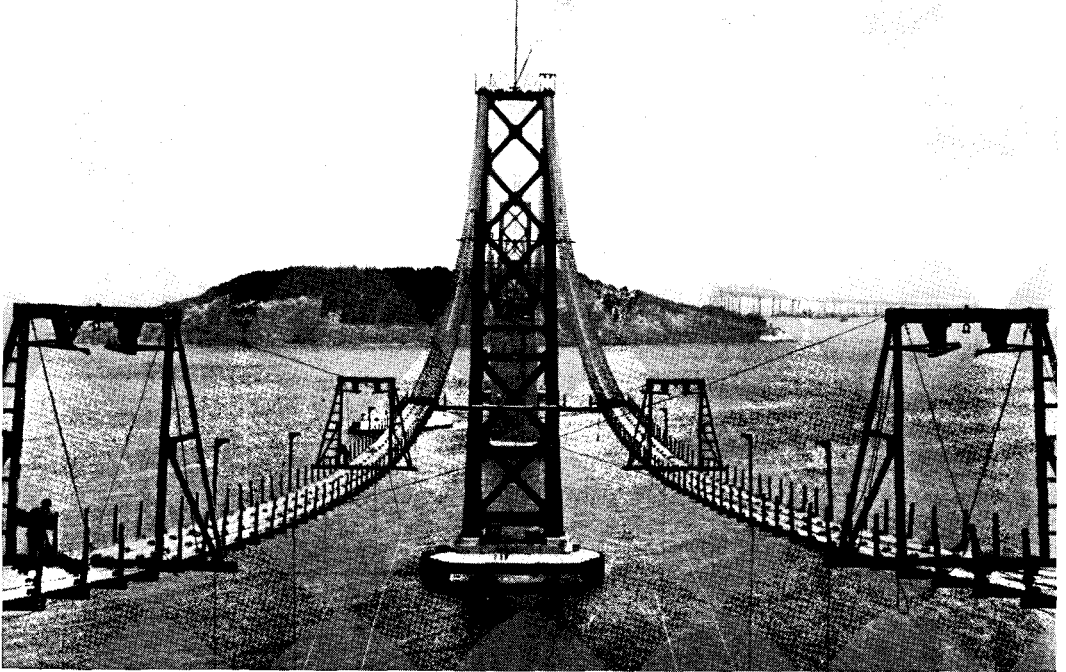
Since 1911 **John W. Owens** has been a moving spirit on that preëminent daily, 'the Sunpaper' of Baltimore, since 1927 its editor. A Marylander by birth and education, he is by disposition a judgmental Democrat. It embarrasses him—as well it might—to see his friends, the Republicans, between the Devil and the Democrats. **Jo Pagano**, who lives in San Francisco, knows the Italian-American temperament better than any other writer we could name. He should, since it is his own. **Forrest Davis** was born in a Decatur, Indiana, parsonage in 1893. A trained and skillful journalist, he is now on the staff of the *New York World-Telegram*, which assigned him to 'cover' Father Coughlin. Visits to the Detroit diocese and reciprocal hospitality in Manhattan left him with a friendly understanding of his subject. Mr. Davis's new book, *Huey Long: A Candid Biography*, is fresh from the press this autumn.

Ann Bridge, author of *Peking Picnic* and *Illyrian Spring*, enjoys living in a country where a king is still a king. **The Honorable Lewis W. Douglas** continues his scrutiny of the fiscal prob-

lems which are to-day a burden to public men and private citizens. Every man knows that new taxes mean for him new days of toil when he works not for himself but for the government. The longer we wait to balance the budget, the bigger the load each of us will have to carry. **Δ** Educated at Rugby and Oxford, **George Allen** had a year of lecturing at Hamburg University before coming to this country as a recipient of a Commonwealth Fellowship in Literature. **Δ** Born in the Netherlands thirty years ago, **David Cornel DeJong** has seen his poems, short stories, and one novel in print. A second is promised for next spring. Meantime he lives on the fringe of Providence (R.I.), 'waiting for one of the novels to do big things.'

Dr. Friedrich Jensen is one of the leading consultants at that distinguished German institution, Dr. Lahmann's Sanatorium, 'Weisser Hirsch,' Dresden. The author of a standard work, *Approaches to Personality*, he gives us insight into those neuroses which are so often discussed and so seldom understood. His paper has been translated by Florence L. Kite. **Francis Henry Taylor**, who uses the Philadelphia accent, studied at the University of Pennsylvania and the Sorbonne before assuming his responsibilities as curator of the Worcester Art Museum. He is one of the youngest and ablest critics now at large. **Δ** Of his story, *Dr. Winton*, **Albert Halper** writes, 'I had been carrying it around inside of me for about five years before I wrote it.' **Δ** The scene so memorably described by **Paul Hoffman** actually took place at Old Stone Farm on the outskirts of Wiscasset, Maine. **Δ** To seek the survival of the Hellenic spirit **Lucien Price**, a Bostonian, traveled through northern Europe questioning those mortals who keep the Greek flame alive.

Translator, critic, and of liberal sympathies, **Ernest Boyd** wrote his essay 'in the height of intellectual excitement,' and now 'looks forward with real pleasure to a reply from some American communist who can be original enough to adapt his philosophy to the psychology and general conditions of this country.' **August W. Derleth**



Fabrication and erection (cable spinning included) of the superstructure for this section of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge are being done by American Bridge Company; materials entering into the structure are products of Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation, American Steel & Wire Company, Columbia Steel Company, National Tube Company, and Federal Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company. All are wholly owned Subsidiaries of United States Steel Corporation.

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United States Steel Corporation

took his degree at the University of Wisconsin in 1930. To-day he lives in Sauk City and claims to be as great a devotee of the Wisconsin countryside as his *Atlantic* neighbor, Charles D. Stewart. Author of four mystery novels, Mr. Derleth says that he works 'very fast, mystery novels at the rate of 10,000 words daily, quality work at half that rate. Revision minor.' Whew! Δ Clergyman and educator, **Dr. E. A. Cross** is at present Hoyt Professor of Old Testament interpretation at the Colgate-Rochester divinity school. Δ With farsighted binoculars **Frank H. Simonds** studies the European horizon for signs of storm. Δ An historian with special interest in New York State, an economist familiar with almost every phase of mass production, a farmer who takes his acres seriously, **Arthur Pound** is well qualified to discuss the modern complications of supply and demand.

* * *

The ranking of American universities in order of their scholarly eminence is a perplexing task, chiefly because no acceptable yardstick is available. In the June *Atlantic* Edwin R. Embree, President of the Julius Rosenwald Fund, made his careful selection. An interesting alternative to Mr. Embree's ranking is submitted to us by Mr. Walter C. Eells, of Washington, D. C.

Dear *Atlantic*, —

I have read with unusual interest Edwin R. Embree's stimulating although somewhat dogmatic and annoying article in which he attempts to rank in order of scholarly merit the eleven most eminent American universities.

To accomplish this, he made use of the 1934 report of the committee on graduate instruction of the American Council on Education 'as a basis.' Over a year ago I published an article, 'American Graduate Schools' (*School and Society*, June 2, 1934), in which the same fundamental data were used, immediately after their publication, exactly for this purpose — but without subjecting them to such violent and perhaps questionable treatment as Mr. Embree accords them, and with somewhat different results.

In my study the institutions were ranked in order — first according to number of departments in which they were judged to be 'adequately staffed and equipped,' and second by a composite method in which a weight of 2 was assigned to each field in which an institution was judged as distinguished and a weight of 1 to each field in which it was judged adequate but not distinguished.

By the first method the University of California and University of Wisconsin are tied for first place, each adequately staffed and equipped in 31 of 35 departments, while Harvard is third with 29. By the second (or weighted) method, which combines both factors, California and Harvard are tied for first place, with Columbia third. If we judge by distinguished departments alone, as Mr. Embree does,

the original material places Harvard first, with 23 such departments, while California, Columbia, and Chicago are tied for second place with 21 such departments each, but with California judged as adequate in 31, Columbia in 28, and Chicago in only 26. Mr. Embree, by his special method of combining 35 departments at will into only 24, places Chicago second, Columbia third, and California fourth!

The results just stated, based upon no such arbitrary elimination and combination of the American Council's original fields of study as Mr. Embree uses, cast some doubt upon his positive and unqualified statements: 'Harvard is in a class by itself,' 'Chicago stands at least second by all the tests of eminence that have been applied,' and 'by any tests of scholarly eminence Columbia easily stands third among American universities.' A slightly different use of the original data, with decidedly less disturbance to the form in which it was assembled, evidently produces somewhat different results. Few if any would question that Harvard, Chicago, and Columbia belong in the group of five or six most outstanding universities, but to assign them such unequivocal one-two-three priority seems hardly scientific.

Mr. Embree's first five institutions are Harvard, Chicago, Columbia, California, and Yale. My study, by either method of ranking, makes Harvard, California, Columbia, and Wisconsin the first four and either Chicago or Cornell the fifth. Yale takes either seventh or ninth place. According to Mr. Embree, however, 'the next six universities fall clearly into the second bracket.' In this group he includes Wisconsin, although it has only 31 departments in which it is judged to be adequately staffed (tying with California for first place by this criterion), in 17 of which it is distinguished, while Yale is credited with adequacy in 26 and with distinction in only 16. Yet Yale is given fifth place and Wisconsin tenth place by Mr. Embree.

He further states that 'no other institution, by any objective test that I have applied, approaches the eminence of the eleven that I have listed.' The American Council's report credits Illinois with 27 departments in which it is adequately staffed for graduate work, Stanford with 23, Ohio State with 22, Pennsylvania with 21, and Iowa with 18, as compared with Princeton with only 17. Yet Princeton is included in Mr. Embree's favored list of eleven — that preëminent group not even approached by any of the others.

Mr. Embree mentions the earlier Hughes study of 1925, but does not carry out the significant comparisons that it makes possible. I also analyzed the findings of this earlier study in an article, 'A Study of the Graduate Schools of America' (*School and Society*, April 24, 1926). In my 1934 article I showed that the sixteen leading institutions in 1925 as determined by the Hughes study are the same sixteen that occupy the top places in 1934, although the order is quite different. The most striking and significant fact indicated by the two comparable studies is the marked increase in rank of the publicly supported universities in comparison with those on

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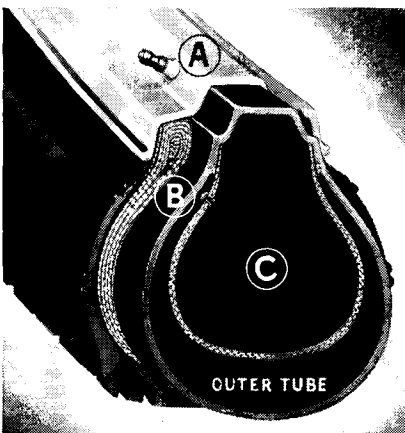
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private foundations. Each of the seven publicly controlled institutions on the list raised its rank in the short period of nine years. The change of California from tenth to first and of Wisconsin from seventh to second are particularly noteworthy. On the other hand, seven of the nine privately controlled institutions lost in rank. The only two to advance in relative position were Cornell, by four places, and Stanford, by two places. Such facts as these raise the question as to whether primacy in graduate work is passing from the privately controlled institutions to those under public control.

It is evident that the ranking of American universities in order of scholarly eminence is not such a simple and unequivocal matter as the average reader of Mr. Embree's article might assume. The truth probably is that there are comparatively slight differences between successive institutions, considered as a whole, in the first score or more of American universities arranged in order by any reasonable objective criteria, although there may be marked differences in specific departments. The nature of such a complex institution as the American university is too diverse to justify with finality any arbitrary and deceptively simple appraisals.

Letters from dog lovers all over the world have come to us in praise of MacKinlay Kantor's splendid story, 'The Voice of Bugle Ann.' From the mailbag we single out one of special interest.

Dear Atlantic, —

Congratulations upon publishing 'The Voice of Bugle Ann'! There was not a dull sentence in the whole story.

I find my mind treasuring the sheer love of Spring for Bugle Ann. Perhaps I should not have been so sensitive to this love if I had not seen it demonstrated a few weeks ago — one moonlight night on my back lawn.

A very mangy dog came into the yard one very hot morning and, being a great lover of dogs, I felt for this poor, sick animal, got a pan of water, and talked to him. He was in such misery he would run in and out of my shrubs looking for the cool earth to ease the sores upon his body. The hair was nearly gone from it. While I was working in my garden, he left. I told my maid I wished I had never seen him, it distressed me so.

That evening about dinner hour, when I went to turn on the lawn sprinkler, there was the dog under the shrubs. My heart went out to him. I got a fresh pan of water; he ate seven large dog biscuits and a can of prepared food for dogs.

I knew he was my problem by this time and so I asked my husband to examine his collar and see if there was a name of the owner, and address. There was, and I began searching via long-distance telephone for the owner. Even the long-distance operator was interested and called another city and rural numbers, but to no avail. So I drove to where I thought I might get information — and to my amazement it was the home of the owner of the dog. I found that they had lost a dog four months before by the name of Speaker. The wife told me she was

sure her husband would come down that night and get him.

We had been home but about fifteen minutes when he arrived. I was certainly pleased that I had asked the dog's name, for he had broken his rope and was gone upon my return. I called his name and soon I heard sounds coming from another part of the garden. And Speaker was at my feet, wanting to lick my hands and tell me how happy he was to hear his name.

When his master came I was not sure if I was going to laugh or cry. What did his master care if his body was covered with sores or that there was a very unpleasant odor about him? I can see his hands so lovingly go all over his body, from his head to his tail — the cry of joy Speaker kept making was enough to reach anyone's heartstrings.

As I lay in my bed that night, I could see that great love of master and dog. I could see Speaker's poor sore feet, for no doubt he had been stolen and was 'beating it back' to his old home as fast as he could. Sickness, starvation, had come upon him and he found a friend fourteen miles from home. Speaker is the finest coyote hound in this part of Oklahoma.

MABEL CASE MCCLINTOCK
Bartlesville, Oklahoma

The travel notes of Miss Juanita Harrison have made many friends for this extraordinary colored woman. Here is a letter from one who knew her.

Dear Atlantic, —

I was greatly amused by the article in the October issue by Juanita Harrison, which was brought to my attention by a former colleague in the Foreign Service of the United States Government because the little remark made on page 443 is about our Pearl, who has been in our family a great many years, and she is a black gem. I am the gentleman in the Diplomatic Service, with the four children and all. We got a great kick out of the article, even though it said we came from Albany; but we won't hold that against Juanita, because our home is Skaneateles, New York, and who could possibly spell that?

I am under the impression that I am going to have some reaction from former service men, because this nursemaid was the only colored American in the Foreign Service, and she was a great favorite with all Foreign Service men.

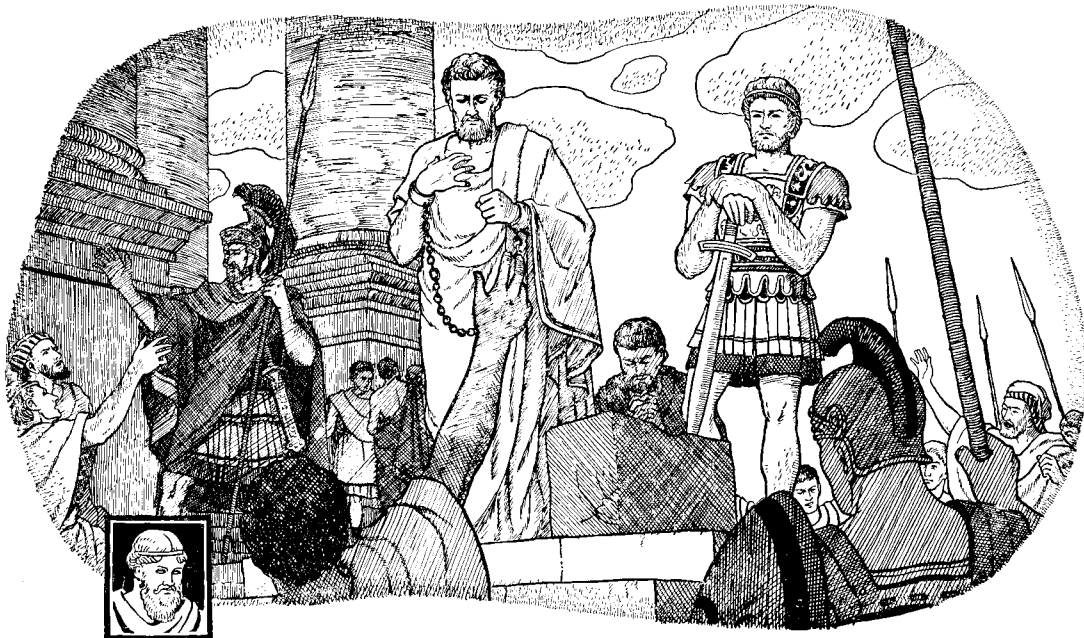
JOSEPH M. MARRONE
New York City

Incidentally our publication of Miss Harrison's serial, 'My Great, Wide, Beautiful World,' has raised an interesting point in phraseology. We should like to reproduce the letters to and from our Editorial Department.

Dear Atlantic, —

In your use of the word 'Negress' with reference to Miss Juanita Harrison in the Contributors' Column of the October issue of the *Atlantic*, I assume that you do not realize the offense you give to your Negro readers and subscribers. Even the most ordinary

Not the Headsman's Sword but lack of printing retarded Christianity for 300 years



UNCONSCIOUS of everything, save the memory of a voice crying, "Why persecutest thou me?", Saul stumbled into Damascus. When he left that city he was no longer Saul the Pharisee — but had become Paul the Evangelist, whose mission it was to convert the Western World.

Yet despite his energy, the conviction of his speech and pen, Paul was to make small headway. Three hundred years were to pass before the beliefs he taught were to be accepted by even one nation. For, besides indifference and persecution, no printing existed to multiply his words or his efforts. Truly, the world can count no invention equal in significance to printing — that science which makes it possible for a new idea to gain instantaneous circulation. And no list of developments which have made modern printing possible would be complete without naming the most recent of all — Kleerfect, the Perfect Printing Paper.

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newspapers north of the Mason-Dixon line no longer use the vile term and the best papers and periodicals everywhere are ceasing to use it. I am genuinely surprised that a magazine of the calibre of the *Atlantic* should be so callous in the choice of words.

The word is obnoxious to Negroes chiefly because of the sordid, loose, and often degrading connotations it has been forced to carry. From the standpoint of etymology I believe I am right in saying that the use of *ess* as a suffix to designate the women of any race is practically obsolete. Out of courtesy to a race and a sex I suggest that you hereafter discard the offensive term 'Negress.'

It was petty, to say the least, to refer to Miss Harrison as Juanita in the editorial preface to her letters. Perhaps it is mere class distinction, but class distinction should be beneath the dignity of your pages. A witness in a recent kidnapping case, though only a nursemaid, was referred to as Miss Betty Gow. Certainly Miss Harrison, whose honesty you commend and whose native intelligence merited a place in your pages, deserves at least common courtesy at your hands.

ISADORE CECILIA WILLIAMS
Washington, D. C.

Dear Miss Williams, —

Yours is a dignified and interesting letter of protest. My own defense is that I really did not know the word 'Negress' carried a derogatory connotation. I suppose that the feeling must come from the analogy of the suffix *ess* being used throughout the animal kingdom.

Regarding Juanita Harrison, the note was not written by me. However, in the correspondence regarding her which came from a former employer, she was continually referred to as Juanita, and it was natural to transfer this designation to the *Atlantic*. We certainly meant no disrespect, for, as you surmise, we thought her an honest, interesting, and able character. You would not, I imagine, mind our printing your letter. I am not sure that we care to take these subjects up, but it might be wise to print it, as it makes the point you have at heart succinctly and well.

Your letter has interested me so much that I have gone into the question of our use of 'Negress' further. Both Webster and the Oxford Dictionary (our own counselor and guide) give 'Negress' simply as a 'female Negro.' The Oxford further remarks that the ending *ess* is used to denote female persons or animals. Also I would contest one of your arguments by calling your attention to the familiar terms 'Jewess' and 'Quakeress.' I rather think that the terminal *ess* owes its common use to the consonants which precede it rather than to any subconscious effort to link the termination with animal life.

THE EDITOR

North and South, *Atlantic* readers have arisen to criticize or defend the position of Wendell Brooks Phillips, who was, as he tells us, Fired from a Hick College. There is space for only a fraction of the rebuttal.

Dear Mr. Phillips, —

I heartily agree that you are well out of a dangerous and unholy mess. Your case seems similar to that of Pearl Buck, who finally terminated her connection with the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. I believe this was only fair, since she had outgrown the faith she represented. Were not both of you flying under false colors? Does it come down to this, that the Roman Catholics represent the only unevolving Christian doctrine? If liberalism teaches us each to formulate his own religion, can we expect Christian churches, with definitive standards even when creedless, to pay for liberal education? The individual and the group cannot well keep step.

Secondly, you advise students to demand that they be educated. Since they come to college to learn the meaning of this very word, what right have you to expect them to ask wisely for higher education? To me the only answer lies in letting the isolated, charity-financed, and sectarian institution quietly pass out. We can try to keep the state colleges as liberal as the majority in the state, and we can point out, to those who have money for endowments, the limitations of the small and the needs of the larger, the public colleges. Meanwhile there is a consolation for the student of the hick college. He will either transmute what he learns, like your sociologist, or he will simply 'revert.' In the light or your own naturalistic religion, don't you think we might twist Lincoln's phrase and say, 'They will little note nor long remember what you say here, but they will less easily forget what they did here'? Students do carry away something from the habit of study which is not to be confused with the doubtful transfer of learning. And besides, they can count on the development of skills. Perhaps their philosophy and critical faculty are really developed from an inherent capacity to meet life. Perhaps the lack of liberal-mindedness is not very important to the student, when found in the institution, though personally I much prefer it to be there.

This letter can only be excused because the problem you describe is vital to the evolution of American culture.

Here are my thanks to you and the *Atlantic*.

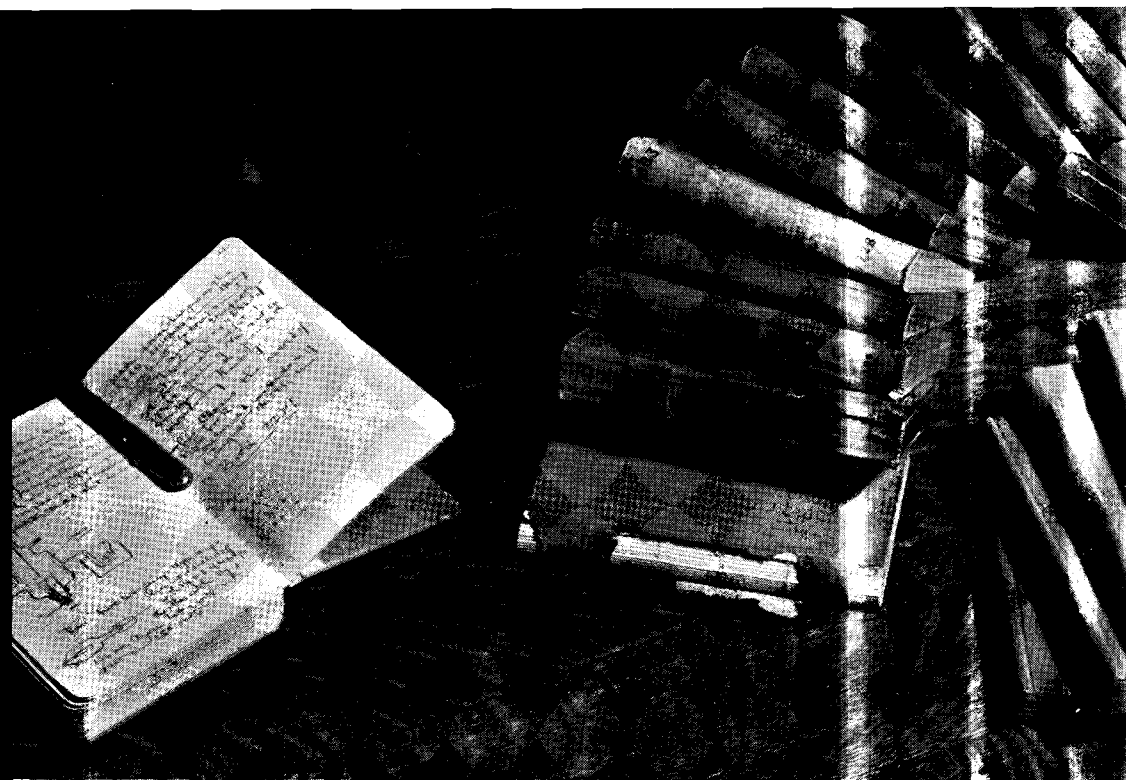
A. KENNON DUNHAM
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Atlantic, —

'I Was Fired from a Hick College' is a glaring example of what results when fanatics collide.

Anyone familiar with the Southern scene is well aware of the penetration of religion into all phases of life, including education. Handed down from ancestors are deeply ingrained ideas of right and wrong that incessantly collide with the modern liberalism of thought. These people *believe* in a personal God, who has established definite rules of conduct to guide His children in their constant thoughts and acts.

What I am unable to understand is the attitude of a supposedly intelligent individual, brought up among this people and knowing, as he admits, their



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Here are the steps in the development of the tungsten lamp and the marvel of modern lighting—of the Coolidge x-ray tube and a new weapon against disease—of the high-vacuum tube and the miracle of radio—new tools for industry—copper brazing, atomic-hydrogen welding, Carboloy. Here is a rich and increasing treasure of fundamental knowledge, uncovered by G-E scientists—a reservoir on which the future will draw for ever-new developments.

These records of scientific adventure are also guidebooks to the creation of wealth, the founding of new industries, the employment of new thousands of people—the results of G-E research that has saved the public from ten to a hundred dollars for every dollar it has earned for General Electric.

96-198

GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**

intolerance of atheistic teachings, who continues through the years to insult their honest beliefs. Mr. Phillips was 'hired' to teach English in this 'hick' college, but, like so many of his brethren scattered through the schools of the nation, he felt it was his duty to destroy the 'superstitions' of the young people in his care.

Why is Professor Phillips so sure he is the injured party in this childish squabble? Why do he and many others like him think they have a commission to sit in judgment on the deep-seated convictions of the people? Why? Because they are just as intolerant as the people they seek to enlighten.

PAUL M. STRAIN
Bloomington, Indiana

Dear Atlantic, —

As I read the article by Wendell Brooks Phillips in the October *Atlantic*, I could n't help wondering whether he had not gone too far in his negative teaching. Of course, any creed that does not permit the acceptance of scientific truth is vicious. But in a world so full of mysteries it ill becomes anyone to attempt to overthrow any belief that is helpful to right living. For the importance of a religious belief does not depend upon its truth, but upon its inspirational value. In any case, all our explanations of life and its meaning are only feeble stabs at the reality, and what may uplift one may be a stumblingblock to another. So why take oneself so seriously? Think and let think.

In this connection I beg leave to append a sonnet which embodies the thought I wish to present.

The youth grows up and finds that fairy tales,
The figments of a rich poetic brain,
Do not explain his world. In fine disdain
He throws them overboard and loudly rails
At long-discarded theories, and hails
His great discovery, which to attain
He had to burn with fierce hepatic pain,
While fire divine lights up the hills and dales.
Now Truth shall have her day upon the earth —
If only men will listen to her lore —
And no one need be hoodwinked any more
And none shall pine from scientific dearth.
Just so the calf discovers grass is good
And wonders why his mates drink milk for food.

FRANCIS A. WOOD
La Jolla, California

When manuscripts go home.

Dear Atlantic, —

I thank you for your most considerate rejection slip. Herein I place a stamp to defray the shipping charge. I do not want the *Atlantic* to slip into bad habits — loose living and prodigal spending.

My preference to have 'guillotined mss.' journey to a basket rather than return home is owing to the exhorting publicity my self-addressed envelopes receive from a vixen that goes for my sister — a sweet New England girl as to color, shape, and form, but endowed at birth with an Italian market place for a voice: 'If you'd join the navy and go around getting

smacks and rejections from your sweethearts at every port I'd be proud of you, but to be hit about by troublemakers — yeah. . . . If everybody would n't talk or write more than cows or horses the world would be a fit place to live in and not the dirty mess those talking and writing men made of it.' That my sister means business I gathered from an advertisement she tried to print in a reputable magazine: —

'Wanted for my brother:

A wealthy, good-looking girl with or without morals
To divorce him from poetry — by marriage any kind.'

ELIHU COOPER
Norwich, Connecticut

The lesson of deafness has drawn this sympathetic reply from a fellow sufferer.

Dear Atlantic, —

Being one of the ten million deafened in the United States, I wish to refer to 'The Lessons of Deafness' in the August Contributors' Column.

Self-reliance can and should be developed. Then, too, the eyes are equal to doing more work to help the erring ears. We easily learn that most people use far too many words to express an idea and often from a very few words can get the full meaning.

'Deafness is a wound of the Spirit' is the truest statement I have found. Those who have experienced it feel an eager interest to work for prevention and aid for children at an early age.

E. F. SWIFT
Andover, Massachusetts

Signs from the Orient.

Dear Atlantic, —

Possibly our genial *Atlantic* has wall space for a few more 'Signs of the Times.' During a recent visit to Dairen, Manchukuo, on a modern showcase in a store I saw a card bearing these words: PLEASE HAND OFF. Posted in the entrance lobby of the best hotel in Tokyo, Japan, this notice was seen: NO DOGS ALLOWED IN THIS HOTEL UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES. In Peking, China, some of the following signs we saw and some a friend resident vouched for having seen. On a tailor shop: LADIES AND GENTLEMENS TAILORS. LADIES HAVE FITS UP STAIRS. On a furrier's establishment: COATS MADE FROM YOUR OWN SKIN OR OURS. On a store front I saw this one: BIG SALE LAST WEEK. On the business office of an optician and dentist this: EYES AND TEETH INSERTED — LATEST METHODIST.

G. B. F. HALLOCK
Rochester, New York

Upstate papers please copy.

Dear Atlantic, —

In the 'Gay Nineties' I used to spend my summers in a small village in southwestern New York where the butcher's name was Bacon, the undertaker's Mummy, the livery stable proprietor's Muckey, and the blacksmith's Stryker.

WINFRED KNIGHT THORNTON
Wellsville, New York